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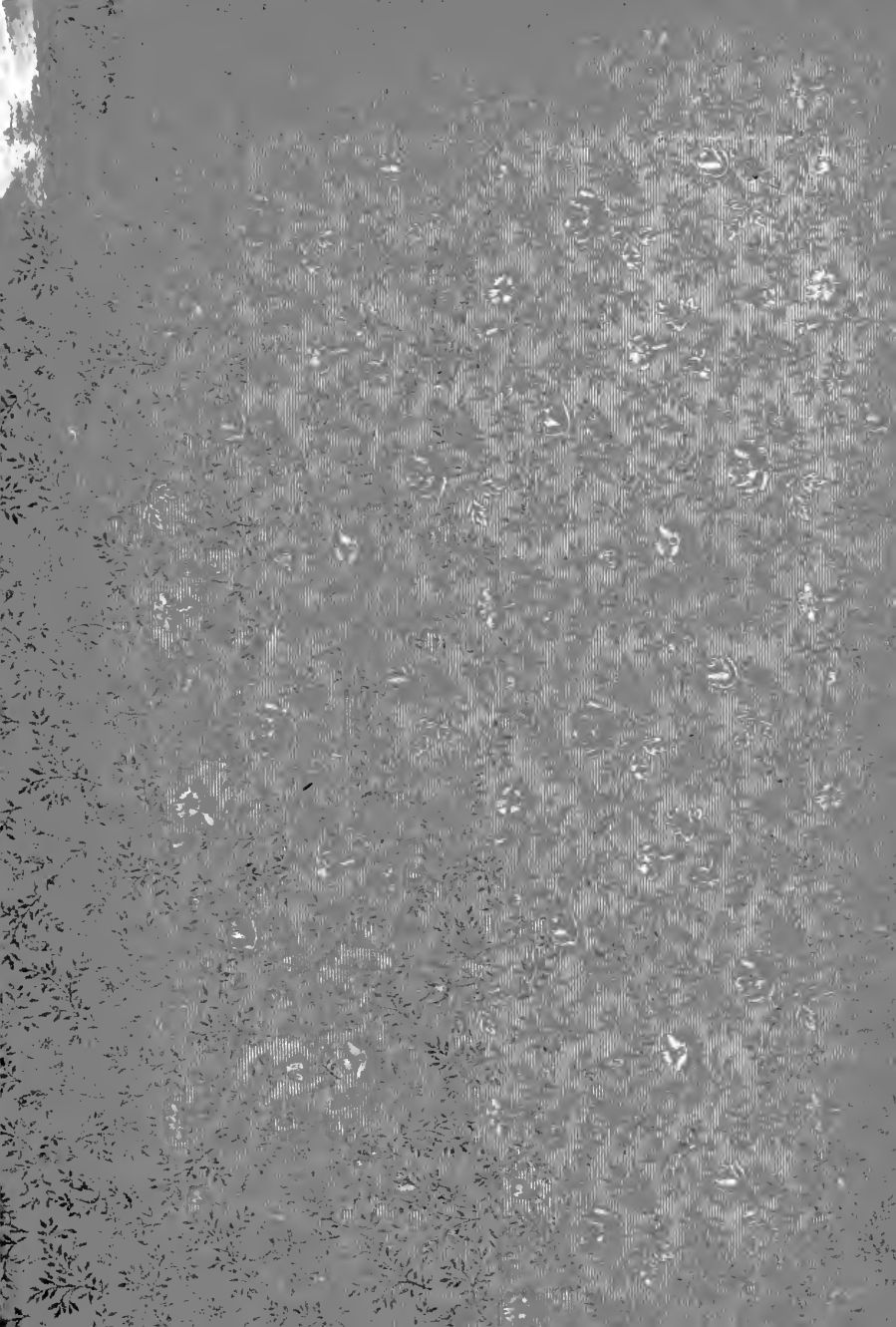
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THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS..— Page 111.

# FAVORITE POEMS.

SELECTED FROM

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS.

*Joseph H. Head, compiler*

Illustrated by

GARRETT, GIFFORD, HAYDEN, SCHELL, MERRILL, TAYLOR,  
AND WOODWARD.

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Engraved by

GEORGE T. ANDREW.



NEW YORK:

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.,

No. 13 ASTOR PLACE.

1883

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## PREFACE.



IT has been the object of the compiler, in issuing this volume, to unite a collection that will afford a well-selected variety for the lovers of poetry, and form an appropriate present for all seasons and occasions. Most of the selections are the brightest gems from American and English authors, and will live as long as a love of the beautiful and the true spirit of poetry find an abiding place in the human heart. It is submitted to the public, with the hope that it will be found to be an acceptable gift.





# CONTENTS.



	PAGE
THE SPOILS OF TIME. . . . .	<i>Shakspeare.</i> . . . . 17
MANFRED'S SOLILOQUY. . . . .	<i>Byron.</i> . . . . . 20
JOY AND SORROW. . . . .	<i>Hedderwick.</i> . . . . 21
MUSIC OF NATURE. . . . .	<i>Pierpont.</i> . . . . 22
REMEMBRANCE. . . . .	<i>Southey.</i> . . . . 23
THE DESERTED VILLAGE. . . . .	<i>Goldsmith.</i> . . . . 25
EVENING. . . . .	<i>Milton.</i> . . . . 27
THE DAFFODILS. . . . .	<i>Wordsworth.</i> . . . . 28
DOMESTIC LOVE. . . . .	<i>Croly.</i> . . . . 29
ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD. . . . .	<i>Gray.</i> . . . . 30
THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE. . . . .	<i>Wolfe.</i> . . . . 35
YOUTH. . . . .	<i>Scott.</i> . . . . 36
THE NEW YEAR. . . . .	<i>Willis.</i> . . . . 37
FOREST HYMN. . . . .	<i>Bryant.</i> . . . . 38
MAN'S LIFE. . . . .	<i>Crabbe.</i> . . . . 39
LYCIDAS. . . . .	<i>T. B. Aldrich.</i> . . . . 40
'TIS A LITTLE THING. . . . .	<i>Talfourd.</i> . . . . 41
NIGHT. . . . .	<i>Southey.</i> . . . . 42
THE SNOW STORM. . . . .	<i>Emerson.</i> . . . . 43
A PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH. . . . .	<i>Burns.</i> . . . . 44
HIAWATHA'S WOOING. . . . .	<i>Longfellow.</i> . . . . 45
A BRIDAL MELODY. . . . .	<i>J. T. Fields.</i> . . . . 54
WHEN I AM OLD. . . . .	<i>Caroline A. Briggs.</i> 55
THE REVELLERS. . . . .	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i> . . . . 57
PRACTICAL CHARITY. . . . .	<i>Crabbe.</i> . . . . 59

THE FAITHFUL DOG. . . . .	<i>Mrs. Sigourney.</i>	60
EXHORTATION TO COURAGE, . . . . .	<i>Shakspeare.</i>	61
COUNTRY AND PATRIOTISM. . . . .	<i>Bailey.</i>	62
THE OLD HOME. . . . .	<i>Tennyson.</i>	63
NATURE. . . . .	<i>Young.</i>	64
FOUND DEAD. . . . .	<i>Albert Lighton.</i>	65
ONLY A YEAR. . . . .	<i>Mrs. H. B. Stowe.</i>	66
LONG LIFE. . . . .	<i>Kennedy.</i>	68
PRESS ON. . . . .	<i>Park Benjamin.</i>	69
PROPOSAL. . . . .	<i>Bayard Taylor.</i>	70
RAPHAEL'S ACCOUNT OF THE CREATION. . . . .	<i>Milton.</i>	71
DARKNESS. . . . .	<i>Byron.</i>	73
THE TRUE ARISTOCRAT. . . . .	<i>Stewart.</i>	76
THE SHIP. . . . .	<i>Southey.</i>	77
THE OLD MAN BY THE BROOK. . . . .	<i>Wordsworth.</i>	78
THE BRIDE. . . . .	<i>Mrs. Sigourney.</i>	79
THE COMMON LOT. . . . .	<i>Montgomery.</i>	81
TWENTY YEARS AGO. . . . .	<i>Home Journal.</i>	83
THE WORLD'S WANDERERS. . . . .	<i>Shelley.</i>	84
SPEAK GENTLY. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i>	85
WANING SPIRIT. . . . .	<i>Bailey.</i>	86
MORNING AMONG THE HILLS. . . . .	<i>Percival.</i>	87
THE DEATH BED. . . . .	<i>Hood.</i>	89
MY DARLINGS' SHOES. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i>	90
THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT. . . . .	<i>Burns.</i>	91
HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY. . . . .	<i>Shakspeare.</i>	98
HAPPINESS. . . . .	<i>Keble.</i>	99
THE TRUMPET. . . . .	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i>	100
ODE ON CECILIA'S DAY. . . . .	<i>Dryden.</i>	101
SKATER'S SONG. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i>	103
ON LENDING A PUNCH BOWL. . . . .	<i>O. W. Holmes.</i>	104
SONG. . . . .	<i>T. B. Aldrich.</i>	107
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i>	108
THE LOST MEXICAN CITY. . . . .	<i>McLellan.</i>	109
THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS. . . . .	<i>Longfellow.</i>	111
HEALING OF THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS. . . . .	<i>Willis.</i>	113
THE SEASONS. . . . .	<i>Grahame.</i>	118

THE SEASONS. . . . .	<i>Thomson.</i>	119
WEDDING GIFTS. . . . .	<i>Tupper.</i>	120
BRING FLOWERS. . . . .	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i>	121
SOLITUDE. . . . .	<i>Byron.</i>	122
FOR 'A THAT AND A' THAT. . . . .	<i>Burns.</i>	123
KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM. . . . .	<i>Cowper.</i>	124
NOVEMBER. . . . .	<i>Bryant.</i>	125
THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK. . . . .	<i>Wordsworth.</i>	126
OVER THE RIVER. . . . .	<i>Nancy A. W. Priest.</i>	128
"FALL OF THE INDIAN." . . . .	<i>McLellan.</i>	130
WHEN I AM DEAD. . . . .	<i>Emma A. Browne.</i>	131
OUR COLORS AT FORT SUMTER. . . . .	<i>Aldrich.</i>	132
TWO HUNDRED YEARS. . . . .	<i>Pierpont.</i>	133
ONE HEART'S ENOUGH FOR ME. . . . .	<i>Auguste Mignon.</i>	134
ADDRESS TO THE COMET. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i>	135
TO A POET WHO DIED OF WANT. . . . .	<i>L. Filmore.</i>	137
WOMAN'S LOVE. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i>	138
THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS. . . . .	<i>Hood.</i>	139
THE POET DREAMT OF HEAVEN. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i>	143
ON THE SEA. . . . .	<i>Bayard Taylor.</i>	144
THE SOUL. . . . .	<i>Addison.</i>	145
THE PRAYER OF NATURE. . . . .	<i>Byron.</i>	146
IN REVERIE. . . . .	<i>H. McEwen Kimball.</i>	148
THE TEMPEST. . . . .	<i>James T. Fields.</i>	149
FROM "THE PRINCESS." . . . .	<i>Tennyson.</i>	150
JOE. . . . .	<i>Albert Lighton.</i>	151
THE DYING ALCHEMIST. . . . .	<i>Willis.</i>	153
THE PLEASURES OF HOPE. . . . .	<i>Campbell.</i>	157
JUNE. . . . .	<i>Bryant.</i>	158
THE VILLAGE PREACHER. . . . .	<i>Goldsmith.</i>	159
HE LIVES LONG WHO LIVES WELL. . . . .	<i>Randolph.</i>	161
FAIR INES. . . . .	<i>Hood.</i>	162
THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD. . . . .	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i>	164
LIFE. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i>	165
THE OPENING OF THE PLANO. . . . .	<i>Atlantic Monthly.</i>	166
THE BEAUTIFUL. . . . .	<i>Burrington.</i>	168
THE BABY. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i>	169

TO A FRIEND. . . . .	<i>Daniel A. Drown.</i>	170
EFFECT OF ORATORY ON A MULTITUDE. . . . .	<i>Croly.</i>	171
THE RAVEN. . . . .	<i>Edgar A. Poe.</i>	172
PLEASURES OF MEMORY. . . . .	<i>More.</i>	178
REFLECTIONS. . . . .	<i>Crabbe.</i>	179
THE SERENADE. . . . .	<i>Shelley.</i>	183
HEALTH. . . . .	<i>E. C. Pinckney.</i>	184
TO THE PORTRAIT OF ONE "GONE BEFORE." . . . .	<i>A. M. Butterfield.</i>	185
ANGEL OF THE RAIN. . . . .	<i>H. McEwen Kimball.</i>	186
WORLDLY TREASURES. . . . .	<i>Bailey.</i>	187
THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS. . . . .	<i>Bryant.</i>	188
THE AURORA BOREALIS. . . . .	<i>H. F. Gould.</i>	190
NEW ENGLAND. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i>	191
THE PITY OF THE PARK FOUNTAIN. . . . .	<i>Willis.</i>	192
MARCH OF THE REBEL ANGELS. . . . .	<i>Milton.</i>	193
THE SAGAMORE. . . . .	<i>P. B. Shillaber.</i>	194
THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE. . . . .	<i>Burns.</i>	195
THE FAMINE. . . . .	<i>Longfellow.</i>	196
THE LADY OF THE EARL. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i>	202
MIGNON ASPIRING TO HEAVEN. . . . .	<i>Goethe.</i>	204
THE HOPE OF AN HEREAFTER. . . . .	<i>Campbell.</i>	206
ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER. . . . .	<i>Byron.</i>	206
ON A TEAR. . . . .	<i>Rogers.</i>	207
THE LIFE CLOCK. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i>	208
KNOW THYSELF. . . . .	<i>Mrs. Sigourney.</i>	210
O, NOT BY GRAVES. . . . .	<i>W. R. Wallace.</i>	212
SOMETHING CHEAP. . . . .	<i>Charles Swain.</i>	213
SWEET REMEMBRANCES. . . . .	<i>More.</i>	214
CHARITY. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i>	215
RELIANCE ON GOD. . . . .	<i>Casket.</i>	216
THE GORLET. . . . .	<i>Bayard Taylor.</i>	218
THE FLOWERS. . . . .	<i>Henry Bacon.</i>	221
THE DAY IS DONE. . . . .	<i>Longfellow.</i>	223
THOUGHTS. . . . .	<i>Bailey.</i>	224
THE SILENT MULTITUDE. . . . .	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i>	225
A VISION. . . . .	<i>A. M. E.</i>	226
LOST. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i>	228

THE PICKET BEFORE BULL RUN. . . . .	<i>John William Day.</i>	229
THE SONG OF SEVENTY. . . . .	<i>Tupper.</i>	231
GOOD AND BETTER. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i>	233
BUILDING UPON THE SAND. . . . .	<i>Eliza Cook.</i>	234
REMEMBRANCE. . . . .	<i>Percival.</i>	236
DEDICATION OF A SCHOOLHOUSE. . . . .	<i>Miss Louisa Simes.</i>	236
THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i>	237
THE PROVINCE OF WOMAN. . . . .	<i>Hannah More.</i>	238
WOMAN'S FOUR SEASONS. . . . .	<i>Bailey.</i>	239
MAUD MULLER. . . . .	<i>Whittier.</i>	240
HOW TO LIVE. . . . .	<i>Bryant.</i>	244
ADVERTISEMENT OF A LOST DAY. . . . .	<i>Mrs. Sigourney.</i>	245
THE WRECK. . . . .	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i>	246
THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i>	248
MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN. . . . .	<i>Burns.</i>	249
UNSEEN SPIRITS. . . . .	<i>Willis.</i>	252
THE TRUE MEASURE OF LIFE. . . . .	<i>P. J. Bailey.</i>	253
FLOWERS. . . . .	<i>Thomas P. Moses.</i>	254
LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY. . . . .	<i>Shelley.</i>	256
THE MOUNTAIN CHURCH. . . . .	<i>Mrs. Gilman.</i>	257
SABBATH MORNING IN THE COUNTRY. . . . .	<i>Bailey.</i>	258
MAKE YOUR MARK. . . . .	<i>David Barker.</i>	259
LIFE'S MORNING, NOON, AND EVENING. . . . .	<i>L. M. D.</i>	260
DISASTERS. . . . .	<i>Longfellow.</i>	261
WEALTH IS NOT HAPPINESS. . . . .	<i>Mrs. Norton.</i>	262
THE CHARNEL SHIP. . . . .	<i>L. M. Davidson.</i>	263
A HOME TO REST IN. . . . .	<i>Morford.</i>	265
THE EVENING SAIL. . . . .	<i>Crabbe.</i>	266
THE GRAVE OF MRS. JUDSON. . . . .	<i>Miss M. Remick.</i>	268
HAPPINESS. . . . .	<i>Pollok.</i>	269
THE CORNELIAN. . . . .	<i>Byron.</i>	270
GOD BLESS OUR FATHER LAND. . . . .	<i>O. W. Holmes.</i>	271
ONLY ONE LIFE. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i>	272
THE MAY QUEEN. . . . .	<i>Alfred Tennyson.</i>	273
BONDS OF AFFECTION. . . . .	<i>Landon.</i>	278
MY CREED. . . . .	<i>Alice Cary.</i>	279
THE ROSE BY THE WAYSIDE. . . . .	<i>D. A. Drown.</i>	280

FROM AN ITALIAN SONNET. . . . .	<i>Rogers.</i> . . . .	281
LOVE AND REASON. . . . .	<i>More.</i> . . . .	282
THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL. . . . .	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i> . . . .	284
THE DAYS OF YORE. . . . .	<i>Douglas Thompson.</i> . . . .	285
THE PATH OF INDEPENDENCE. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i> . . . .	286
A PICTURE. . . . .	<i>B. P. Shillaber.</i> . . . .	287
AN ACROSTIC. . . . .	<i>F. A.</i> . . . .	289
FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. . . . .	<i>Shakspeare.</i> . . . .	290
THE POET. . . . .	<i>Scott.</i> . . . .	291
ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE. . . . .	<i>O. W. Holmes.</i> . . . .	295
THE DIVER. . . . .	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i> . . . .	295
THROUGH THE DARKNESS. . . . .	<i>William Winter.</i> . . . .	297
LIFE AND DEATH. . . . .	<i>Ben Jonson.</i> . . . .	296
THE COUNTRY LASSIE. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i> . . . .	296
THE BREEZE IN THE CHURCH. . . . .	<i>Miss Hinzham.</i> . . . .	300
ODE ON ART. . . . .	<i>Sprague.</i> . . . .	302
I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER. . . . .	<i>Hood.</i> . . . .	303
SENSIBILITY. . . . .	<i>Rogers.</i> . . . .	304
THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i> . . . .	305
LOVED YOU BETTER THAN YOU KNEW. . . . .	<i>Atlantic Monthly.</i> . . . .	306
TIME AND ITS CHANGES. . . . .	<i>Bailey.</i> . . . .	308
THE TOAST. . . . .	<i>Scott.</i> . . . .	309
TIME. . . . .	<i>Young.</i> . . . .	311
THE HEART'S FINE GOLD. . . . .	<i>W. O. Bourne.</i> . . . .	312
THE OLD FOLKS' ROOM. . . . .	<i>Anon.</i> . . . .	313
ELEGY—WRITTEN IN SPRING. . . . .	<i>Bruce.</i> . . . .	314
THE RIVER PATH. . . . .	<i>Whittier.</i> . . . .	316
THE BANQUET. . . . .	<i>Landon.</i> . . . .	318
TIME, HOPE, AND MEMORY. . . . .	<i>Hood.</i> . . . .	319
LITTLE ROSE. . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Mag.</i> . . . .	320
POESY. . . . .	<i>O. W. Holmes.</i> . . . .	322
ADVICE TO A RECKLESS YOUTH. . . . .	<i>Ben Jonson.</i> . . . .	323
GOOD COUNSAIL. . . . .	<i>Geoffrey Chaucer.</i> . . . .	324
FREEDOM. . . . .	<i>John Barbour.</i> . . . .	325
THE M-INISTRY OF ANGELS. . . . .	<i>Spenser.</i> . . . .	326
THE PLEASURES OF HEAVEN. . . . .	<i>Ben Jonson.</i> . . . .	327



TO BLOSSOMS. . . . .	<i>Robert Herrick.</i>	328
VERTUE. . . . .	<i>George Herbert.</i>	329
LOVE. . . . .	<i>Samuel Butler.</i>	330
MARINER'S HYMN. . . . .	<i>Mrs. Southey.</i>	331
PEACE. . . . .	<i>George Herbert.</i>	332
RULE BRITANNIA. . . . .	<i>Thomson.</i>	334
THE MAID'S LAMENT. . . . .	<i>Landor.</i>	336
HOME. . . . .	<i>Montgomery.</i>	337
ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN. . . . .	<i>Procter.</i>	338
JEANIE MORRISON. . . . .	<i>Wm. Motherwell.</i>	339
THE EXILE'S SONG. . . . .	<i>Robert Gilfillan.</i>	342
TEN YEARS AGO. . . . .	<i>Alaric Alex. Watts.</i>	343
WE MET. . . . .	<i>Thomas H. Bayly.</i>	344
FROM "THE LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME." . . . .	<i>Macaulay.</i>	345
CASTLES IN THE AIR. . . . .	<i>James Ballantine.</i>	347
THE MEN OF OLD. . . . .	<i>R. M. Milnes.</i>	349
CLEAR THE WAY. . . . .	<i>Charles Mackay.</i>	350
FROM "BABE CHRISTABEL." . . . .	<i>Gerald Massey.</i>	352
THE GRANDMOTHER. . . . .	<i>Victor Hugo.</i>	354
THE SKELETON IN ARMOR. . . . .	<i>Longfellow.</i>	357
THE PRESENT CRISIS. . . . .	<i>Jas. Russell Lowell.</i>	363
SONG OF THE STARS. . . . .	<i>Bryant.</i>	369
BINGEN ON THE RHINE. . . . .	<i>Mrs. C. E. Norton.</i>	371
LOVE.—(SONGS OF SEVEN.) . . . . .	<i>Jean Ingelow.</i>	375
EVELYN HOPE. . . . .	<i>Browning.</i>	376
GIVING IN MARRIAGE.—(SONGS OF SEVEN.)	<i>Jean Ingelow.</i>	378
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. . . . .	<i>Longfellow.</i>	380
YOUTH, THAT PURSUETH. . . . .	<i>R. M. Milnes.</i>	382
AMONG THE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES. . . . .	<i>Alice Cary.</i>	383
EACH AND ALL. . . . .	<i>Emerson.</i>	384
THE PRESENT. . . . .	<i>Adelaide A. Procter.</i>	386
THE BELLS. . . . .	<i>Edgar A. Poe.</i>	388
RAIN IN SUMMER. . . . .	<i>Longfellow.</i>	392
ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL. . . . .	<i>Leigh Hunt.</i>	394
THE INCHCAPE ROCK. . . . .	<i>R. Southey.</i>	395
THE RAINBOW. . . . .	<i>J. Keble.</i>	398

ONLY A CURL. . . . .	<i>Mrs. Browning.</i> . . .	396
DOUGLAS, DOUGLAS, TENDER AND TRUE. . .	<i>Dinah Maria Mulock.</i>	402
RING OUT, WILD BELLS. . . . .	<i>Tennyson.</i> . . . .	403
STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY. . . . .	<i>Adelaide A. Procter.</i>	404
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK. . . . .	<i>Tennyson.</i> . . . .	405
THE GIFTS OF GOD. . . . .	<i>George Herbert.</i> . . .	406
INCOMPLETENESS. . . . .	<i>Adelaide A. Procter.</i>	407
THE RETURN OF YOUTH. . . . .	<i>Bryant.</i> . . . .	408
LABOR AND REST. . . . .	<i>Dinah Maria Mulock.</i>	410
THE SANDS O' DEE. . . . .	<i>C. Kingsley.</i> . . . ,	411
THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS. . . . .	<i>Longfellow.</i> . . . .	412
THE SUMMER SHOWER. . . . .	<i>T. B. Read.</i> . . . .	416
THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS. . . . .	<i>R. Southey.</i> . . . .	417
AUTUMN. . . . .	<i>P. B. Shelley.</i> . . . .	418
TO DAFFODILS. . . . .	<i>R. Herrick.</i> . . . .	419
THE FOUNTAIN. . . . .	<i>Jas. Russell Lowell.</i>	420
THE NOBLE NATURE. . . . .	<i>B. Jonson.</i> . . . .	422
LIFE'S "GOOD MORNING." . . . .	<i>Anna L. Barbauld.</i> . . .	422
HASTE NOT! REST NOT! . . . . .	<i>Goethe.</i> . . . .	423
BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US. . . . .	<i>Elizabeth Akers.</i> . . .	424
THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS. . . . .	<i>Oliver W. Holmes.</i> . . .	425
THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW. . . . .	<i>George Berkeley.</i> . . .	427
A STRIP OF BLUE. . . . .	<i>Lucy Larcom.</i> . . . .	428
SONG. . . . .	<i>R. M. Milnes.</i> . . . .	431
JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG. . . . .	<i>Bret Harte.</i> . . . .	432
QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR. . . . .	<i>Sarah M. B. Piatt.</i> . . .	436
THE DOORSTEP. . . . .	<i>E. C. Stedman.</i> . . . .	438
LARVE. . . . .	<i>Mrs. Whitney.</i> . . . .	440
SPINNING. . . . .	<i>Helen Fiske Hunt.</i> . . .	441
BABIE BELL. . . . .	<i>T. B. Aldrich.</i> . . . .	442
BUST OF DANTE. . . . .	<i>Thos. W. Parsons.</i> . . .	446



## The Poetic Principle.



**A**N immortal instinct, deep within the spirit of man, is a sense of the Beautiful. This it is which administers to his delight in the manifold forms, and sounds, and perfumes, and sentiments, amid which he exists. And just as the lily is repeated in the lake, or the eyes of Amaryllis in the mirror, so is the mere oral or written repetition of these forms, and sounds, and colors, and perfumes, and sentiments, a duplicate source of delight. But this mere repetition is not poetry. He who shall simply sing, with however glowing enthusiasm, or with however vivid a truth of description, of the sights, and sounds, and perfumes, and colors, and sentiments which greet him in common with all mankind—he, I say, has yet failed to prove his divine title. There is still a something in the distance which he has been unable to attain: we have still a thirst unquenchable, to allay which he has not shown us the crystal springs. This thirst belongs to the immortality of Man. It is at once a consequence and an indication of his perennial existence. It is the desire of the moth for the star. It is no mere appreciation of the beauty before us, but a wild effort to reach the beauty above. Inspired by an ecstatic prescience of the glories beyond the grave, we struggle, by

multiform combinations among the things and thoughts of time, to attain a portion of that loveliness whose very elements, perhaps, appertain to eternity alone. And thus when by poetry, or when by music — the most entrancing of the poetic moods — we find ourselves melted into tears — we weep then, not as the Abbate Gravina supposes, through excess of pleasure, but through a certain petulant, impatient sorrow at our inability to grasp *now* wholly, here on earth, at once and forever, those divine and rapturous joys, of which *through* the poem, or *through* the music, we attain to but brief and indeterminate glimpses.

The struggle to apprehend the supernal loveliness — this struggle, on the part of souls fittingly constituted — has given to the world all *that* which it (the world) has ever been enabled at once to understand and *to feel* as poetic.

The Poetic Sentiment, of course, may develop itself in various modes — in painting, in sculpture, in architecture, in the dance — very especially in music — and very peculiarly, and with a wide field, in the composition of the Landscape Garden. It is in music, perhaps, that the soul most nearly attains the great end for which, when inspired by the poetic sentiment, it struggles — the creation of supernatural beauty. It *may* be, indeed, that here this sublime end is, now and then, attained *in fact*. We are often made to feel, with a shivering delight, that from an earthly harp are stricken notes which *cannot* have been familiar to the angels. And thus there can be little doubt that in the union of poetry with music, in its popular sense, we shall find the widest field for the poetic development.

## The Spoils of Time.

*Shakespeare.*



HERE art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long  
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?  
Send'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,  
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects  
light?

Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem  
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;  
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,  
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.  
Rise, restive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,  
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;  
If any, be a satire to decay,  
And make Time's spoils despised every where.  
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;  
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

What's in the brain that ink may character,  
Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?  
What's new to speak, what now to register,  
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?  
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine  
I must each day say o'er the very same;  
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine;  
Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name.  
So that eternal love in love's fresh case  
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,

Not gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
But makes antiquity for aye his page;  
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,  
Where time and outward form would show it dead

If there be nothing new, but that which is  
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,  
Which laboring for invention bear amiss  
The second burden of a former child!  
O that record could with a backward look,  
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,  
Show me your image in some antique book  
Since mind at first in character was done!  
That I might see what the old world could say  
To this composéd wonder of your frame;  
Whether we are mended, or wher better they,  
Or whether revolution be the same.  
O! sure I am, the wits of former days  
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

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And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced  
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age ;  
When sometimes lofty towers I see down-razed,  
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage ;  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,  
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;  
When I have seen such interchange of state,  
Or state itself confounded to decay ;  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminatè : —  
That time will come and take my love away.  
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose  
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,  
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,  
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?  
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out  
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,  
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays ?  
O, fearful meditation ! where, alack !  
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid  
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?  
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?  
O, none — unless this miracle have might,  
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.



## Manfred's Soliloquy.

*Byron.*

THE stars are forth, the moon above the tops  
Of the snow-shining mountains. — Beautiful!  
I linger yet with Nature, for the night  
Hath been to me a more familiar face  
Than that of man; and in her starry shade  
Of dim and solitary loveliness,  
I learned the language of another world.  
I do remember me, that in my youth,  
When I was wandering, — upon such a night  
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,  
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;  
The trees which grew along the broken arches  
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the star  
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar  
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and  
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came  
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,  
Of distant sentinels the fitful song  
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.  
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach  
Appeared to skirt th' horizon, yet they stood  
Within a bowshot — where the Cæsars dwelt,  
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst  
A grove which springs through levelled battlements  
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths:  
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth; —


But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,  
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection !  
 While Cæsars' chambers and the Augustan halls  
 Grovel on earth in indistinct decay. —  
 And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon  
 All this, and cast a wide and tender light,  
 Which softened down the hoar austerity  
 Of rugged desolation, and filled up,  
 As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries,  
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,  
 And making that which was not, till the place  
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er  
 With silent worship of the great of old ! —  
 The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule  
 Our spirits from their urns. — 'Twas such a night  
 'Tis strange that I recall it at this time ;  
 But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight  
 E'en at the moment when they should array  
 Themselves in pensive order.



## Joy and Sorrow.

*Hedderwich.*




 HE gayest hours trip lightly by.  
 And leave the faintest trace ;  
 But the deep, deep track that sorrow wears  
 Time never can efface.

## Music of Nature.

*Pierpont.*



**S**P N what rich harmony, what polished lays,  
Should man address thy throne, when Nature pays  
Her wild, her tuneful tribute to the sky!  
Yes, Lord, she sings thee, but she knows not why.  
The fountain's gush, the long-responding shore,  
The zephyr's whisper, and the tempest's roar,  
The rustling leaf, in autumn's fading woods,  
The wintry storm, the rush of vernal floods,  
The summer bower, by cooling breezes fanned,  
The torrent's fall, by dancing rainbows spanned,  
The streamlet, gurgling through its rocky glen,  
The long grass, sighing o'er the graves of men,  
The bird that crests yon dew-bespangled tree,  
Shakes his bright plumes, and trills his descant free,  
The scorching bolt, that, from thine armory hurled,  
Burns its red path, and cleaves a shrinking world, —  
All these are music to Religion's ear: —  
Music, thy hand awakes, for man to hear.



## Remembrance.

*Southey.*



**H**AN hath a weary pilgrimage,  
 As through the world he wends;  
 On every stage from youth to age  
 Still discontent attends;  
 With heaviness he casts his eye  
 Upon the road before,  
 And still remembers with a sigh  
 The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,  
 Torn from his mother's arms, —  
 What then shall soothe his earliest woes,  
 When novelty hath lost its charms?  
 Condemned to suffer through the day  
 Restraints which no rewards repay,  
 And cares where love has no concern,  
 Hope lengthens as she counts the hours  
 Before his wished return.  
 From hard control and tyrant rules,  
 The unfeeling discipline of schools,  
 In tought he loves to roam,  
 And tears will struggle in his eye  
 While he remembers with a sigh  
 The comforts of his home.

Youth comes; the toils and cares of life  
 Torment the restless mind;

Where shall the tired and harassed heart  
Its consolation find ?  
Then is not Youth, as Fancy tells,  
Life's summer prime of joy ?  
Ah, no ! for hopes too long delayed,  
And feelings blasted or betrayed,  
Its fabled bliss destroy ;  
And Youth remembers with a sigh  
The careless days of Infancy.

Maturer Manhood now arrives,  
And other thoughts come on,  
But with the baseless hopes of Youth  
Its generous warmth is gone ;  
Cold, calculating cares succeed,  
The timid thought, the wary deed,  
The dull realities of truth ;  
Back on the past he turns his eye.  
Remembering with an envious sigh  
The happy dreams of Youth.

So reaches he the latter stage  
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,  
With feeble step and slow ;  
New ills that latter stage await,  
And old Experience learns too late  
That all is vanity below.  
Life's vain delusions are gone by ;  
Its idle hopes are o'er ;  
Yet Age remembers with a sigh  
The days that are no more.

## The Deserted Village.

*Goldsmith.*



**S**WEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring  
swain,  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed.  
Dear, lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,  
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness' endeared each scene!  
How often have I paused on every charm, —  
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade  
For talking age, and whispering lovers made!  
How often have I blessed the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its aid to play,  
And all the village train, from labor free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree!  
While many a pastime circled in the shade, —  
The young, contending, as the old surveyed;  
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.  
Sweet, smiling village, loveliest of the lawn;  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;

Amid thy bowers, the tyrant's hand is seen,  
And desolation saddens all thy green :  
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way ;  
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay ;  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,  
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.  
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,  
Amid thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,  
And, many a year elapsed, return to view  
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,  
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs, — and God has given my share, —  
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down ;  
To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting by repose :  
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return, — and die at home at last.

O blest retirement ! friend to life's decline,  
Retreat from care, that never must be mine.  
How blessed is he who crowns, in shades like these,  
A youth of labor with an age of ease ;



Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!  
 So on he moves to meet his latter end,  
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;  
 Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,  
 While resignation gently slopes the way;  
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,  
 His heaven commences ere the world be past.

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### Evening.

*Milton's "Paradise Lost."*

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**N**OW came still Evening on, and Twilight gray  
 Had in her sober livery all things clad.  
 Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,  
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,  
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;  
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;  
 Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament  
 With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led  
 The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon,  
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,  
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

## The Daffodils.

*Wordsworth.*



WANDERED lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden daffodils,  
Beside the lake, beside the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.


Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay ;  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee ; —  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company ;  
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought  
What wealth that show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie,  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude ;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

## Domestic Love.

*Croly.*



**D**OMESTIC love ! not in proud palace halls  
Is often seen thy beauty to abide ;  
Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,  
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide ;  
With hum of bees around, and from the side  
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring,  
Shining along through banks with harebells  
dyed,  
And many a bird, to warble on the wing,  
When Morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth  
doth fling.

O love of loves ! to thy white hand is given  
Of earthly happiness the golden key ;  
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,  
When the babes cling around their father's knee ;  
And thine the voice that on the midnight sea  
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,  
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.  
Spirit ! I've built a shrine ; and thou hast come,  
And on its altar closed — forever closed thy plume !



## Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.

*Gray.*



THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;  
 The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea ;  
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ; —

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
 The moping owl does to the moon complain  
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
 The swallow, twittering from the straw-built shed,  
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care :



“Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.” — Page 30.



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Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;  
How jocund did they drive their team a-field !  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await, alike, the inevitable hour ; —  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where, through the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death ?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid  
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined; —  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray:



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Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet, e'en these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelled by the unlettered Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply ;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned, —  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day, —  
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires :  
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,  
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,  
“ Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,  
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“ There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;  
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“ One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,  
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree :  
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he.

“ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne.  
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

### The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth  
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown :  
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere :  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :  
He gave to misery all he had — a tear : —  
He gained from Heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode, -  
 (There they, alike, in trembling hope, repose,)  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.



### The Burial of Sir John Moore.

*Wolfe.*



**N**OT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
 As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;  
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
 O'er the grave where our Hero we buried.

We buried him darkly; at dead of night;  
 The sods with our bayonets turning,  
 By the struggling moon-beams' misty light,  
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast.  
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;  
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought — as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow —  
 How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
 And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;  
 But little he'll reckon, if they let him sleep on  
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,  
 When the clock tolled the hour for retiring,  
 And we heard the distant and random gun,  
 That the foe was sullenly firing. —

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory.  
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,  
 But left him — alone with his glory !



## Youth.

*Scott.*



**T**HE Tear down Childhood's cheek that flows,  
 Is like the dew-drop on the Rose ;  
 When next the Summer breeze comes by,  
 And waves the bush, the Flower is dry.

## The New Year.

*Willis.*

**F**LEETLY hath passed the year ; the seasons came  
 Duly as they were wont, — the gentle Spring,  
 And the delicious Summer, and the cool  
 Rich Autumn, with the nodding of the grain,  
 And Winter, like an old and hoary man,  
 Frosty and stiff, — and so are chronicled.

We have read gladness in the new green leaf,  
 And in the first-blown violets ; we have drunk  
 Cool water from the rock, and in the shade  
 Sunk to the noontide slumber ; we have plucked  
 The mellow fruitage of the bending tree,  
 And girded to our pleasant wanderings  
 When the cool winds came freshly from the hills ;  
 And when the tinting of the Autumn leaves  
 Had faded from its glory, we have sat  
 By the good fires of Winter, and rejoiced  
 Over the fulness of the gathered sheaf.

“ God hath been very good.” ’Tis He whose hand  
 Moulded the sunny hills, and hollowed out  
 The shelter of the valleys, and doth keep  
 The fountains in their secret places cool ;  
 And it is He who leadeth up the sun,  
 And ordereth the starry influences,  
 And tempereth the keenness of the frost ;  
 And, therefore, in the plenty of the feast,  
 And in the lifting of the cup, let Him  
 Have praises for the well-completed year.

## Forest Hymn.

*Bryant.*



THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man  
 learned  
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,  
 And spread the roof above them, — ere he framed  
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
 The sound of anthems, — in the darkling wood,  
 Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down  
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
 And supplication. Let me, then, at least,  
 Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,  
 Offer one hymn — thrice happy, if it find  
 Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand  
 Hath reared these venerable columns ; thou  
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down  
 Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose  
 All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun  
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,  
 And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow  
 Whose birth was in the tops, grew old and died  
 Among their branches, — till, at last, they stood,  
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,  
 Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold  
 Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,  
 These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride  
 Report not. No fantastic carvings show



“The groves were God’s first temples.” — Page 38.





The boast of our vain race to change the form  
 Of thy fair works. But thou art there; thou fill'st  
 The solitude; thou art in the soft winds  
 That run along the summit of these trees  
 In music; thou art in the cooler breath,  
 That, from the inmost darkness of the place,  
 Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,  
 The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.



## Man's Life.

*Crabbe.*



**MINUTELY** trace man's life; year after year,  
 Through all his days let all his deeds appear,  
 And then, though some may in that life be  
 strange,  
 Yet there appears no vast nor sudden change:  
 The links that bind those various deeds are seen;  
 And no mysterious void is left between.  
 But let these binding links be all destroyed,  
 All that through years he suffered or enjoyed,  
 Let that vast gap be made, and then behold —  
 This was the youth, and he is thus when old;  
 Then we at once the work of time survey,  
 And in an instant see a life's decay.

## Lycidas.

*T. B. Aldrich.*



WALKED with him one melancholy night  
Down by the sea, upon the moon-lit strands,  
While in the silent heaven the Northern Light  
Beckoned me with flaming hands! —

Beckoned and vanished, like a woful ghost  
That fain would lure us to some dismal wood,  
And tell us tales of ships that have been lost,  
Of violence and blood.

And where yon dædal rocks o'erhang the froth,  
We sat together, Lycidas and I,  
Watching the great star-bear that in the North  
Guarded the midnight sky.

And while the moonlight wrought its miracles,  
Drenching the world with silent silver rain,  
He spoke of life and its tumultuous ills;  
He told me of his pain.

He said his life was like the troubled sea  
With autumn brooding over it; and then  
Spoke of his hopes, of what he yearned to be,  
And what he might have been.

“I hope,” said Lycidas, “for peace at last;  
I only ask for peace! my god is Ease!

Day after day some rude Iconoclast  
Breaks all my images.

“There is a better life than I have known —  
A surer, purer, sweeter life than this :  
There is another, a celestial zone,  
Where I shall know of bliss.”

Close his sad eyes and cross his helpless hands,  
And lay the flowers he loved upon his breast ;  
For time and death have stayed the golden sands  
That ran with such unrest.


You weep : I smile : I know that he is dead ;  
So is his passion ; and 'tis better so :  
Take him, O earth, and round his lovely head  
Let countless roses blow .



## 'Tis a Little Thing.

*Talfourd.*



 O give a cup of water ; yet its draught  
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,  
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame  
More exquisite than when nectarian juice  
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.  
It is a little thing to speak a phrase  
Of common comfort, which by daily use

Has almost lost its sense ; yet on the ear  
 Of him who thought to die unrenowned, 'twill fall  
 Like choicest music ; fill the glazing eye  
 With gentle tears ; relax the knotted hand  
 To know the bonds of fellowship again ;  
 And shed on the departing soul a sense,  
 (More precious than the benison of friends  
 About the honored death bed of the rich,)  
 To him who else were lonely, that another  
 Of the great family is near and feels —



### Night.


*Southey.*



**H**OW beautiful is night !  
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air ;  
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain  
 Breaks the serene of heaven ;  
 In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine  
 Rolls through the dark-blue depths.  
 Beneath her steady ray  
 The desert-circle spreads  
 Like the ocean girdled with the sky.  
 How beautiful is night !

## The Snow Storm.

*Emerson.*

NNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air  
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,  
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.  
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit

In a tumultuous privacy of storm.  
Come, see the north wind's masonry!  
Out of an unseen quarry, evermore  
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer  
Curves his white bastions, with projected roof,  
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door;  
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work,  
So fanciful, so savage; nought cares he  
For number or proportion; mockingly,  
On coop or kennel, he hangs Parian wreaths;  
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn,  
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,  
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and, at the gate,  
A tapering turret overtops the work;  
And when his hours are numbered, and the world  
Is all his own, returning, as he were not,  
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art  
To mimic in slow structure, stone by stone,  
Built in an age, the mad wind's night work,  
The frolic architecture of the snow.

## A Prayer in the Prospect of Death.

*Burns.*

THOU unknown, Almighty Cause  
Of all my hope and fear!  
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,  
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wandered in those paths  
Of life I ought to shun;  
As something, loudly, in my breast  
Remonstrates I have done, —

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me  
With passions wild and strong;  
And list'ning to their witching voice  
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,  
Or frailty steps aside,  
Do thou, All-Good! — for such thou art —  
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have erred,  
No other plea I have,  
But, Thou art good; and goodness still  
Delighteth to forgive.

Hiawatha's Wooing.

*Longfellow.*



S
 unto the bow the cord is,  
 So unto the man is woman ;  
 Though she bends him, she obeys him,  
 Though she draws him, yet she follows,  
 Useless each without the other ! ”

Thus the youthful Hiawatha  
 Said within himself and pondered,  
 Much perplexed by various feelings,  
 Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,  
 Dreaming still of Minnehaha,  
 Of the lovely Laughing Water,  
 In the land of the Dacotahs.

“ Wed a maiden of your people,”  
 Warning said the old Nokomis ;  
 “ Go not eastward, go not westward,  
 For a stranger, whom we know not !  
 Like a fire upon the hearthstone  
 Is a neighbor's homely daughter,  
 Like the starlight or the moonlight  
 Is the handsomest of strangers ! ”

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,  
 And my Hiawatha answered  
 Only this : “ Dear old Nokomis,  
 Very pleasant is the firelight,  
 But I like the starlight better,  
 Better do I like the moonlight ! ”

Gravely then said old Nokomis :  
“ Bring not here an idle maiden,  
Bring not here a useless woman,  
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling :  
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,  
Heart and hand that move together,  
Feet that run on willing errands ! ”

Smiling answered Hiawatha :  
“ In the land of the Dacotahs  
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsomest of all the women.  
I will bring her to your wigwam,  
She shall run upon your errands,  
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,  
Be the sunlight of my people ! ”  
Still dissuading said Nokomis :

“ Bring not to my lodge a stranger  
From the land of the Dacotahs !  
Very fierce are the Dacotahs ;  
Often is there war between us ;  
There are feuds yet unforgetten,  
Wounds that ache and still may open ! ”

Laughing, answered Hiawatha :  
“ For that reason, if no other,  
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,  
That our tribes might be united,  
That old feuds might be forgotten,  
And old wounds be healed forever ! ”

Thus departed Hiawatha  
To the land of the Dacotahs,



To the land of handsome women ;  
 Striding over moor and meadow.  
 Through interminable forests,  
 Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasons of magic,  
 At each stride a mile he measured ;  
 Yet the way seemed long before him,  
 And his heart outrun his footsteps,  
 And he journeyed without resting,  
 Till he heard the cataract's laughter,  
 Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
 Calling to him through the silence.  
 "Pleasant is the sound !" he murmured,  
 "Pleasant is the voice that calls me !"

On the outskirts of the forest,  
 'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,  
 Herds of fallow deer were feeding,  
 But they saw not Hiawatha ;  
 To his bow he whispered, " Fail not . '  
 To his arrow whispered, " Swerve not " "  
 Sent it singing on its errand,  
 To the red heart of the roebuck ;  
 Threw the deer across his shoulder,  
 And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam  
 Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,  
 In the land of the Dacotahs,  
 Making arrow-heads of jasper, —  
 Arrow-heads of chalcedony.  
 At his side, in all her beauty,  
 Sat the lovely Minnehaha,

---

Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,  
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes ;  
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,  
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,  
Of the days when with such arrows  
He had struck the deer and bison,  
On the Muskoday, the meadow ;  
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,  
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa ;  
Thinking of the great war-parties,  
How they came to buy his arrows,  
Could not fight without his arrows.  
Ah, no more such noble warriors  
Could be found on earth as they were :  
Now the men were like the women,  
Only used their tongues for weapons !

She was thinking of a hunter,  
From another tribe and country,  
Young and tall and very handsome,  
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,  
Came to buy her father's arrows,  
Sat and rested in the wigwam,  
Lingered long about the doorway,  
Looking back as he departed.  
She had heard her father praise him,  
Praise his courage and his wisdom ;  
Would he come again for arrows  
To the Falls of Minnehaha ?  
On the mat her hands lay idle,  
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,  
 Heard a rustling in the branches,  
 And with glowing cheek and forehead,  
 With the deer upon his shoulders,  
 Suddenly from out the woodlands  
 Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow maker  
 Looked up gravely from his labor,  
 Laid aside the unfinished arrow,  
 Bade him enter at the doorway,  
 Saying, as he rose to meet him,  
 "Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the feet of Laughing Water  
 Hiawatha laid his burden,  
 Threw the red deer from his shoulders;  
 And the maiden looked up at him,  
 Looked up from her mat of rushes,  
 Said with gentle look and accent,  
 "You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,  
 Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,  
 With the Gods of the Dacotahs  
 Drawn and painted on its curtains,  
 And so tall the doorway, hardly  
 Hiawatha stooped to enter,  
 Hardly touched his eagle-feathers  
 As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,  
 From the ground fair Minnehaha  
 Laid aside her mat unfinished,  
 Brought forth food and set before them.

Water brought them from the brooklet,  
Gave them food in earthen vessels,  
Gave them drink<sup>o</sup> in bowls of bass-wood,  
Listened while the guest was speaking,  
Listened while her father answered,  
But not once her lips she opened,  
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened  
To the words of Hiawatha,  
As he talked of old Nokomis,  
Who had nursed him in his childhood,  
As he told of his companions,  
Chibiabas, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind,  
And of happiness and plenty  
In the land of the Ojibways,  
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

“After many years of warfare,  
Many years of strife and bloodshed,  
There is peace between the Ojibways  
And the tribe of the Dacotahs.”

Thus continued Hiawatha,  
And then added, speaking slowly,

“That this peace may last forever,  
And our hands be clasped more closely,  
And our hearts be more united,  
Give me as my wife this maiden,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Loveliest of Dacotah women !”

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
Paused a moment ere he answered,

Smoked a little while in silence,  
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,  
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,  
And made answer very gravely.

“Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;  
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!”

And the lovely Laughing Water  
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,  
Neither willing nor reluctant,  
As she went to Hiawatha,  
Softly took the seat beside him,  
While she said, and blushed to say it,  
“I will follow you, my husband!”

This was Hiawatha's wooing!  
Thus it was he won the daughter  
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs.

From the wigwam he departed,  
Leading with him Laughing Water;  
Hand in hand they went together,  
Through the woodland and the meadow,  
Left the old man standing lonely  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to them from afar off,  
“Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!”

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
Turned again unto his labor,  
Sat down by his sunny doorway,  
Murmuring to himself, and saying:  
“Thus it is our daughters leave us.

Those we love, and those who love us !  
Just when they have learned to help us,  
When we are old and lean upon them,  
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,  
With his flute of reeds, a stranger  
Wanders piping through the village,  
Beckons to the fairest maiden,  
And she follows where he leads her,  
Leaving all things for the stranger !”

Pleasant was the journey homeward,  
Through interminable forests,  
Over meadow, over mountain,  
Over river, hill, and hollow.  
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,  
Though they journeyed very slowly,  
Though his pace he checked and slackened  
To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers  
In his arms he bore the maiden ;  
Light he thought her as a feather,  
As the plume upon his head-gear ;  
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,  
Bent aside the swaying branches,  
Made at night a lodge of branches,  
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,  
And a fire before the doorway  
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

All the travelling winds went with them,  
O'er the meadow, through the forest ;  
All the stars of night looked at them,  
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber ;


From his ambush in the oak-tree  
 Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
 Watched with eager eyes the lovers ;  
 And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
 Scampered from the path before them,  
 Peering, peeping from his burrow,  
 Sat erect upon his haunches,  
 Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward !  
 All the birds sang loud and sweetly  
 Songs of happiness and heart's-ease.  
 Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
 " Happy are you, Hiawatha,  
 Having such a wife to love you !"  
 Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
 " Happy are you, Laughing Water,  
 Having such a noble husband !"

From the sky the sun benignant  
 Looked upon them through the branches,  
 Saying to them, " O my children,  
 Love is sunshine, hate is shadow ;  
 Life is checkered shade and sunshine ;  
 Rule by love, O Hiawatha !"


From the sky the moon looked at them,  
 Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,  
 Whispered to them, " O my children,  
 Day is restless, night is quiet,  
 Man imperious, woman feeble ;  
 Half is mine, although I follow ;  
 Rule by patience, Laughing Water !"


Thus it was they journeyed homeward ;  
Thus it was that Hiawatha  
To the lodge of old Nokomis  
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,  
Brought the sunshine of his people,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsomest of all the women  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
In the land of handsome women.



### A Bridal Melody.

*J. T. Fields.*



 HE stood, like an angel just wandered from heaven,  
A pilgrim benighted away from the skies,  
And little we deemed that to mortals were given,  
Such visions of beauty as came from her eyes.

She looked up and smiled on the many glad faces,  
The friends of her childhood, who stood by her  
side ;

But she shone o'er them all, like a queen of the Graces,  
When blushing she whispered the vow of a bride.

We sang an old song, as with garlands we crowned her,  
And each left a kiss on her delicate brow ;  
And we prayed that a blessing might ever surround her,  
And the future of life be unclouded as now.



## When I am old.

*Caroline A. Briggs.*

**W**HEN I am old — (and O, how soon  
 Will life's sweet morning yield to noon,  
 And noon's broad, fervid, earnest light  
 Be shaded in the solemn night!  
 Till like a story well-nigh told  
 Will seem my life, when I am old.) —  
 When I am old, this breezy earth

Will lose for me its voice of mirth;  
 The streams will have an undertone  
 Of sadness not by right their own;  
 And spring's sweet power in vain unfold  
 In rosy charms — when I am old.  
 When I am old, I shall not care  
 To deck with flowers my faded hair;  
 'Twill be no vain desire of mine  
 In rich and costly dress to shine;  
 Bright jewels and the brightest gold  
 Will charm me nought — when I am old.


When I am old, my friends will be  
 Old and infirm and bowed, like me;  
 Or else, — (their bodies 'neath the sod,  
 Their spirits dwelling safe with God), —  
 The old church-bell will long have tolled  
 Above the rest — when I am old.  
 When I am old, I'd rather bend  
 Thus sadly o'er each buried friend

Than see them lose the earnest truth  
That marks the friendship of our youth ;  
'Twill be so sad to have them cold,  
Or strange to me — when I am old !  
When I am old — O, how it seems  
Like the wild lunacy of dreams,  
To picture in prophetic rhyme  
That dim, far-distant, shadowy time. —  
So distant, that it seems o'er bold  
Even to *say*, “ When I am old.”

When I am old — perhaps ere then  
I shall be missed from haunts of men ;  
Perhaps my dwelling will be found  
Beneath the green and quiet mound ;  
My name by stranger hands enrolled  
Among the dead — *ere* I am old.  
*Ere* I am old ? — that time is now,  
For youth sits lightly on my brow ;  
My limbs are firm, and strong, and free ;  
Life hath a thousand charms for me ;  
Charms that will long their influence hold  
Within my heart — *ere* I am old.  
*Ere* I am old, O, let me give  
My life to learning *how to live* !  
Then shall I meet with willing heart  
An early summons to depart,  
Or find my lengthened days consoled  
By God's sweet peace — when I am old.

## The Revellers.

*Mrs. Hemans.*


 RING, joyous chords! — ring out again!  
 A swifter still, and a wilder strain!  
 They are here — the fair face and the careless  
     heart,  
 And stars shall wane ere the mirthful part.  
 But I meet a dimly mournful glance,  
 In a sudden turn of the flying dance;  
 I heard the tone of a heavy sigh  
 In a pause of the thrilling melody!  
 And it is not well that woe should breathe  
 On the bright spring flowers of the festal wreath!  
 Ye that to thought or to grief belong,  
     Leave, leave the hall of song!

Ring, joyous chords! — but who art thou,  
 With the shadowy locks o'er thy pale, young brow,  
 And the world of dreamy gloom that lies  
 In the misty depths of thy soft, dark eyes?  
 Thou hast loved, fair girl, thou hast loved too well;  
 Thou art mourning now o'er a broken spell;  
 Thou hast poured thy heart's rich treasures forth,  
 And art unrepaid for their priceless worth;  
 Mourn on! — yet come thou not here the while;  
 It is but a pain to see thee smile;  
 There is not a tone in our songs for thee —  
     Home with thy sorrows flee.

Ring, joyous chords! ring out again!  
But what dost thou with the revel's train?  
A silvery voice through the soft air floats,  
But thou hast no part in the gladdening notes;  
There are bright young faces that pass thee by,  
But they fix no glance of thy wandering eye.  
Away! there's a void in thy yearning breast,  
Thou weary man; wilt thou here find rest?  
Away! for thy thoughts from the scene have fled,  
And the love of thy spirit is with the dead!  
Thou art but more lone 'midst the sounds of mirth.  
    Back to thy silent hearth!

Ring, joyous chords! ring forth again!  
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!  
But thou, though a reckless mien be thine,  
And thy cup be crowned with the foaming wine,  
By the fitful bursts of thy laughter loud,  
By thine eye's quick flash through its troubled cloud,  
I know thee! it is but the wakeful fear  
Of a haunted bosom that brings thee here!  
I know thee! thou fearest the solemn night,  
With her piercing stars and her deep wind's might!  
There's a tone in her voice which thou fain wouldst shun  
For it asks what the secret soul had done!  
And thou, there's a dark weight on thine — away! —  
    Back to thy home and pray!

Ring, joyous chords! ring out again!  
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!  
And bring fresh wreaths! we will banish all  
Save the free in heart from our festive hall.

On! through the maze of the fleeting dance, on!  
 But where are the young and the lovely? gone!  
 Where are the brows with the Red Cross crowned,  
 And the floating forms with the bright zone bound?  
 And the waving locks and flying feet,  
 That still should be where these mirthful meet?  
 They are gone, they are fled, they are parted all:  
 Alas! the forsaken hall!



## Practical Charity.


*Crabbe.*



**A**N ardent spirit dwells with Christian love, —  
 The eagle's vigor in the pitying dove:  
 'Tis not enough that we with sorrow sigh,  
 That we the wants of pleading man supply;  
 That we in sympathy with sufferers feel,  
 Nor hear a grief without a wish to heal; —  
 Not these suffice; to sickness, pain, and woe,  
 The Christian spirit loves with aid to go;  
 Will not be sought, waits not for Want to plead,  
 But seeks the duty, — nay, prevents the need;  
 Her utmost aid to every ill applies,  
 And plants relief for coming miseries.

## The Faithful Dog.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*



**S**EE! how he strives to rescue from the flood  
The drowning child, who, venturous in his play,  
Plunged from the slippery footing. With what joy  
The brave deliverer feels those slender arms  
Convulsive twining round his brawny neck,  
And saves his master's boy!

A zeal like this,  
Hath oft, amid St. Bernard's blinding snows,  
Tracked the faint traveller, or unsealed the jaws  
Of the voracious avalanche, plucking thence  
The hapless victim.

If thou hast a dog  
Of such a noble race, let him not lack  
Aught of the kind requital, that delights  
His honest nature. When he comes at eve,  
Laying his ample head upon thy knee,  
And looking at thee with a glistening eye,  
Repulse him not, but let him on the rug  
Sleep fast and warm, beside thy parlor fire.  
The lion-guard of all thou lov'st is he,  
Yet bows his spirit at thy least command,  
And crouches at thy feet. On his broad back  
He bears thy youngest darling, and endures  
Long, with a wagging tail, the teasing sport  
Of each mischievous imp. Enough for him,  
That they are thine

'Tis but an olden theme  
 To sing the faithful dog. The storied page  
 Full oft hath told his tried fidelity,  
 In legend quaint. Yet if in this our world  
 True friendsh'p is a scarce and chary plant,  
 It might be well to stoop and sow its seed  
 Even in the humble bosom of a brute.  
 — Slight nutriment it needs, — the kindly tone,  
 The sheltering roof, the fragments from the board,  
 The frank caress, or treasured word of praise  
 For deeds of loyalty.

So mayst thou win  
 A willing servant, and an earnest friend,  
 Faithful to death.



## Exhortation to Courage.

*Shakespeare.*



UT wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?  
 Be great in fact, as you have been in thought;  
 Let not the world see fear and sad distrust  
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye;  
 Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
 Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow  
 Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes,  
 That borrow their behaviors from the great,

Grow great by your example ; and put on  
 The dauntless spirit of resolution ;  
 Show boldness and aspiring confidence.  
 What ! shall they seek the lion in his den,  
 And fright him there, and make him tremble there ?  
 O, let it not be said ! Forage, and run  
 To meet displeasures further from the doors,  
 And grapple with him ere he comes so nigh !



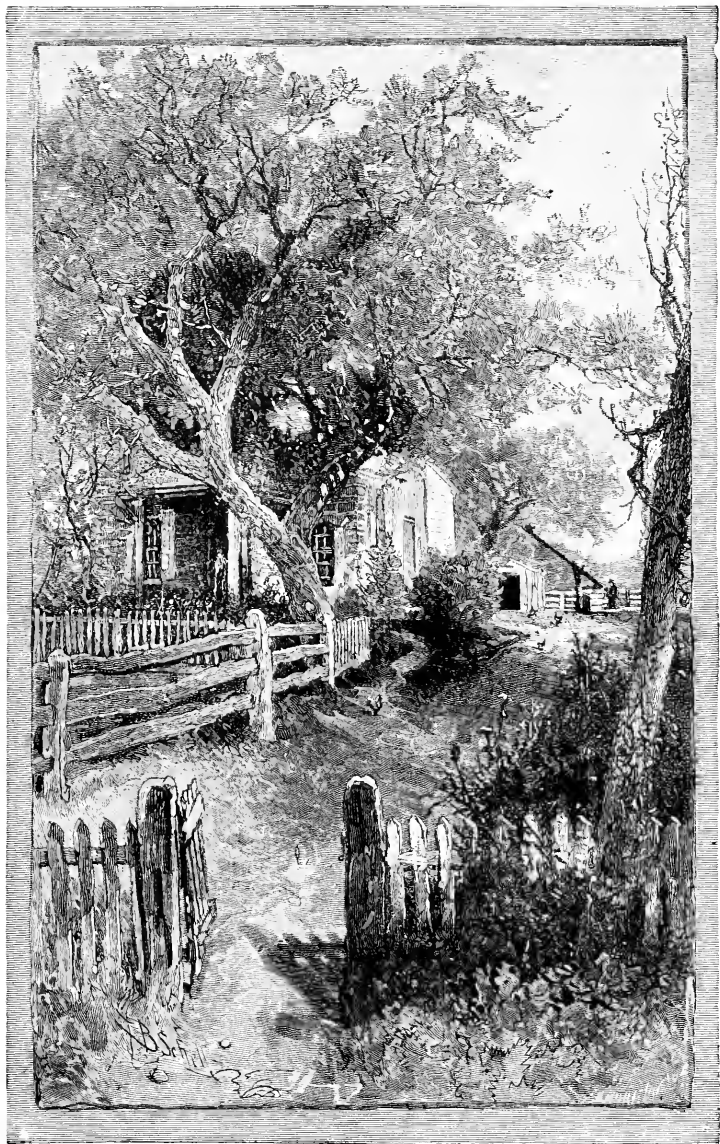
## Country and Patriotism.

*Festus.*



**L**OVE my God, my country, kind and kin ;  
 Nor would I see a dog robbed of his bone.  
 My country ! if a wretch shall e'er arise  
 Out of thy countless sons, who would curtail  
 Thy freedom, dim thy glory, — while he lives  
 May all earth's peoples curse him, — for of all  
 Hast thou secured the blessing : and if one  
 Exist, who would not arm for liberty,  
 Be he, too, cursed living, and when dead,  
 Let him be buried downwards, with his face  
 Looking to hell, and o'er his coward grave  
 The hare skulk in her form.





THE OLD HOME. — PAGE 63.



## The Old Home.

*Tennyson.*



WE love the well-belovéd place  
Where first we gazed upon the sky;  
The roofs that heard our earliest cry  
Will shelter one of stranger race.

We go, but ere we go from home,  
As down the garden-walks I move,  
Two spirits of a diverse love  
Contend for loving masterdom.

One whispers, "Here thy boyhood sung  
Long since its matin song, and heard  
The low love-language of the bird,  
In native hazels tassel-hung."

The other answers, "Yea, but here  
Thy feet have strayed in after hours  
With thy best friend among the bowers,  
And this hath made them trebly dear."

These two have striven half the day,  
And each prefers his separate claim,  
Poor rivals in a losing game,  
That will not yield each other way.

I turn to go : my feet are set  
 To leave the pleasant fields and farms ;  
 They mix in one another's arms  
 To one pure image of regret.



## Nature.

*Young.*

**L**OOK Nature through, 'tis revolution all ;  
 All change ; no death. Day follows night ; and  
 night  
 The dying day ; stars rise and set, and rise ;  
 Earth takes th' example. See, the Summer gay,  
 With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,  
 Droops into pallid Autumn : Winter gray,  
 Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,  
 Blows Autumn and his golden fruits away ;  
 Then melts into the spring ; soft Spring, with breath  
 Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,  
 Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades ;  
 As in a wheel, all sinks, to reascend —  
 Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

## Found Dead.

*Albert Laighton.*

FOUND dead! dead and alone!  
 There was nobody near, nobody near  
 When the Outcast died on his pillow of stone —  
 No mother, no brother, no sister dear,  
 Not a friendly voice to soothe or cheer,  
 Not a watching eye or a pitying tear —  
 O, the city slept when he died alone,  
 In the roofless street, on a pillow of stone.

Many a weary day went by,  
 While wretched and worn he begged for bread,  
 Tired of life, and longing to lie  
 Peacefully down with the silent dead;  
 Hunger and cold, and scorn and pain,  
 Had wasted his form and seared his brain,  
 Till at last on a bed of frozen ground,  
 With a pillow of stone, was the Outcast found.

Found dead! dead and alone,  
 On a pillow of stone in the roofless street;  
 Nobody heard his last faint moan,  
 Or knew when his sad heart ceased to beat;  
 No mourner lingered with tears or sighs,  
 But the stars looked down with pitying eyes,  
 And the chill winds passed with a wailing sound  
 O'er the lonely spot where his form was found.

Found dead ! yet *not* alone ;  
 There was somebody near — somebody near  
 To claim the wanderer as his own,  
 And find a home for the homeless here ;  
 One, when every human door  
 Is closed to his children scorned and poor,  
 Who opens the heavenly portal wide ;  
 Ah, God was near when the Outcast died.



## Only a Year.

*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*



ONE year ago — a ringing voice,  
 A clear blue eye,  
 And clustering curls of sunny hair,  
 Too fair to die.

Only a year — no voice, no smile,  
 No glance of eye,  
 No clustering curls of golden hair,  
 Fair but to die !

One year ago — what loves, what schemes  
 Far into life !  
 What joyous hopes, what high resolves,  
 What generous strife !

---

The silent picture on the wall,  
The burial stone, —  
Of all that beauty, life, and joy,  
Remain alone!

One year — one year — one little year,  
And so much gone!  
And yet the even flow of life  
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair,  
Above that head;  
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray  
Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds  
That sing above,  
Tell us how coldly sleeps below  
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?  
What hast thou seen?  
What visions fair, what glorious life?  
Where hast thou been?

The veil, the veil! so thin, so strong,  
'Twixt us and thee;  
The mystic veil! when shall it fall,  
That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone;  
But present still,

And waiting for the coming hour  
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,  
Our Saviour dear,  
We lay in silence at thy feet  
This sad, sad year.



## Long Life.

*Kennedy.*



**C**OUNT not thy life by calendars; for years  
Shall pass thee by unheeded, whilst an hour —  
Some little fleeting hour, too quickly past —  
May stamp itself so deeply on thy brain,  
Thy latest years shall live upon its joy.  
His life is longest, not whose boneless gums,  
Sunk eyes, wan cheeks, and snow-white hairs  
bespeak  
Life's limits; no! but he whose memory  
Is thickest set with those delicious scenes  
'Tis sweet to ponder o'er when even falls.



## Press On.

*Park Benjamin.*



PRESS on! surmount the rocky steeps,  
 Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;  
 He fails alone who feebly creeps;  
 He wins who dares the hero's march.  
 Be thou a hero! let thy might  
 Tramp on eternal snows its way,  
 And, through the ebon walls of night,  
 Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on! if once and twice thy feet  
 Slip back and stumble, harder try;  
 From him who never dreads to meet  
 Danger and death, they're sure to fly.  
 To coward ranks the bullet speeds,  
 While on their breasts, who never quail,  
 Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,  
 Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

Press on! if Fortune play thee false  
 To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;  
 Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,  
 Taking old gifts, and granting new.  
 The wisdom of the present hour  
 Makes up for follies past and gone;  
 To weakness, strength succeeds, and power  
 From frailty springs! Press on, press on!

Therefore, press on, and reach the goal,  
 And gain the prize, and wear the crown ;  
 Faint not, for to the steadfast soul  
 Come wealth, and honor, and renown.  
 To thine own self be true, and keep  
 Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil ;  
 Press on, and thou shalt surely reap  
 A heavenly harvest for thy toil.



## Proposal.

*Bayard Taylor.*



**T**HE violet loves a sunny bank,  
 The cowslip loves the lea,  
 The scarlet creeper loves the elm,  
 But I love — thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,  
 The stars they kiss the sea,  
 The west winds kiss the clover bloom,  
 But I kiss — thee.

The oriole weds his mottled mate,  
 The lily's bride o' the bee ;  
 Heaven's marriage ring is round the earth, —  
 Shall I wed thee ?

## Raphael's Account of the Creation.

*Milton.*

—❦—

**H**EAVEN opened wide  
Her ever-during gates — harmonious sound —  
On golden hinges moving, to let forth  
The King of Glory, in his powerful Word  
And Spirit, coming to create new worlds.  
On heavenly ground they stood ; and, from the shore  
They viewed the vast, immeasurable abyss,  
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
Up from the bottom turned by furious winds,  
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault  
Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

“ Silence, ye troubled waves, and, thou deep, peace,”  
Said then the omnific Word ; “ your discord end ! ”  
Nor staid, but, on the wings of cherubim  
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode  
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn ;  
For Chaos heard his voice ; him all his train  
Followed in bright procession, to behold  
Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
He took the golden compasses, prepared  
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe  
This universe, and all created things ;  
One foot he centred, and the other turned  
Round through the vast profundity obscure.

And said, "Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
 This be thy just circumference, O world!"  
 Thus God the heaven created, thus the earth,  
 Matter unformed and void; darkness profound  
 Covered the abyss; but on the watery calm  
 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,  
 And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth  
 Throughout the fluid mass.

Then founded, then conglobed

Like things to like, the rest to several place  
 Disparted, and between spun out the air;  
 And earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.

"Let there be light," said God; and forthwith light  
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,  
 Sprung from the deep, and from her native east,  
 To journey through the airy gloom began,  
 Sphered in a radiant cloud; for yet the sun  
 Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle  
 Sojourned the while. God saw the light was good,  
 And light from darkness, by the hemisphere,  
 Divided: light the day, and darkness night,  
 He named; thus was the first day even and morn;  
 Nor passed uncelebrated, nor unsung  
 By the celestial choirs, when orient light  
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;  
 Birthday of heaven and earth: with joy and shout  
 The hollow universal orb they filled,  
 And touched their golden harps, and hymning praised  
 God and his works; Creator him they sung,  
 Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

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**Darkness.***Byron.*

**I** HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.  
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars  
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth  
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air.  
Morn came, and went, and came, and brought no day,  
And men forgot their passions in the dread  
Of this their desolation; and all hearts  
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light;  
And they did live by watch-fires, and the thrones,  
The palaces of crownéd kings, the huts,  
The habitations of all things which dwell,  
Were burned for beacons; cities were consumed,  
And men were gathered round their blazing homes  
To look once more into each other's face;  
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye  
Of the volcanoes, and their mountain-torch:  
A fearful hope was all the world contained;  
Forests were set on fire, but hour by hour  
They fell and faded, and the crackling trunks  
Extinguished with a crash, and all was black.  
The brows of men by the despairing light  
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
The flashes fell upon them: some lay down  
And hid their eyes, and wept; and some did rest

Their chins upon their clinchéd hands, and sighed;  
And others hurried to and fro, and fed  
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up  
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,  
The pall of a past world, and then again  
With curses cast them down upon the dust,  
And gnashed their teeth, and howled; the wild birds  
shrieked,  
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes  
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawled  
And twined themselves among the multitude,  
Hissing, but stingless; they were slain for food;  
And War, which for a moment was no more,  
Did glut himself again; a meal was bought  
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart,  
Goring himself in gloom; no love was left;  
All earth was but one thought, and that was death,  
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang  
Of famine fed upon all entrails — men  
Died, and their bones were tombless as the flesh;  
The meagre by the meagre were devoured;  
Even dogs assailed their masters, all save one;  
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept  
The birds and beasts and famished men at bay,  
Till hunger clung them, or the drooping dead  
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,  
But it was piteous and perpetual moan,  
And a quick, desolate cry, licking the hand  
Which answered not with a caress — he died.  
The crowd was famished by degrees; but two

Of an enormous city did survive,  
And they were enemies ; they met beside  
The dying embers of an altar-place,  
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things  
For an unholy usage ; they raked up,  
And shivering, scraped with their cold, skeleton hands  
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath  
Blew for a little life, and made a flame  
Which was a mockery ; then they lifted up  
Their eyes as it grew brighter, and beheld  
Each other's aspects — saw, and shrieked, and died.  
Even of their mortal hideousness they died,  
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow  
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,  
The populous and the powerful was a lump,  
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless —  
A lump of death, a chaos of hard clay.  
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,  
And nothing stirred within their silent depths ;  
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,  
And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as they dropped  
They slept on the abyss without a surge ;  
The waves were dead ; the tides were in their grave ;  
The moon, their mistress, had expired before ;  
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,  
And the clouds perished ; Darkness had no need  
Of aid from them — she was the universe.



## The True Aristocrat.

*Stewart.*



HO are the nobles of the earth,  
 The true aristocrats,  
 Who need not bow their heads to lords,  
 Nor doff to kings their hats?  
 Who are they but the men of toil,  
 The mighty and the free,  
 Whose hearts and hands subdue the earth,  
 And compass all the sea?


Who are they but the men of toil,  
 Who cleave the forest down,  
 And plant, amid the wilderness,  
 The hamlet and the town, —  
 Who fight the battles, bear the scars,  
 And give the world its crown  
 Of name, and fame, and history,  
 And pomp of old renown?

These claim no gaud of heraldry,  
 And scorn the knighting rod;  
 Their coats of arms are noble deeds,  
 Their peerage is from God!  
 They take not from ancestral graves  
 The glory of their name,  
 But win, as once their fathers won,  
 The laurel wreath of fame.



## The Ship.

*Southey.*


**S**TATELY yon vessel sails adown the tide,  
 To some far distant land adventurous bound ;  
 The sailors' busy cries from side to side,  
 Pealing, among the echoing rocks, resound ;  
 A patient, thoughtless, much-enduring band,  
 Joyful they enter on their ocean way ;  
 With shouts exulting leave their native land,  
 And know no care beyond the present day  
 But is there no poor mourner left behind,  
 Who sorrows for a child or husband there ?  
 Who at the howling of the midnight wind  
 Will wake and tremble in her boding prayer .  
 So may her voice be heard, and Heaven be kind  
 Go, gallant ship, and be thy fortune fair.

\* \* \* \*

O God, have mercy in this dreadful hour .  
 On the poor mariner ; in comfort here,  
 Safe sheltered as I am, I almost fear  
 The blast that rages with resistless power.  
 What were it now to toss upon the waves,  
 The maddened waves, and know no succor near  
 The howling of the storm alone to hear,  
 And the wild sea that to the tempest raves ;  
 To gaze amid the horrors of the night,  
 And only see the billows' gleaming light ;  
 Then, in the dread of death, to think of her  
 Who, as she listens, sleepless, to the gale,

Puts up a silent prayer, and waxes pale!  
 O God, have mercy on the mariner.

\* \* \* \*

She comes majestic with her swelling sails,  
 The gallant ship ; along her watery way  
 Homeward she drives before the favoring gales ;  
 Now flirting at their length the streamers play,  
 And now they ripple with the ruffling breeze.  
 Hark to the sailors' shouts ! the rocks rebound,  
 Thundering in echoes to the joyful sound.  
 Long have they voyaged o'er the distant seas ;  
 And what a heart-delight they feel at last,  
 So many toils, so many dangers past,  
 To view the port desired, he only knows  
 Who on the stormy deep for many a day  
 Hath tossed, a-weary of his watery way,  
 And watched, all anxious, every wind that blows.



## The Old Man by the Brook.

*Wordsworth.*



**D**OWN to the vale this water steers ; how merrily  
 it goes !  
 'Twill murmur on a thousand years, and flow as  
 now it flows ;  
 And here, on this delightful day, I cannot choose  
 but think  
 How oft, a vigorous man, I lay beside this foun-  
 tain's brink.



Down to the vale this water steers;  
How merrily it goes;

Page 78.

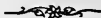


My eyes are filled with childish tears, my heart is idly  
 stirred,  
 For the same sound is in my ears that in those days I  
 heard.



## The Bride.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*



**S**HE CAME, but she was gone.  
 In her fair home,  
 There lay her lute, just as she touched it last,  
 At summer twilight, when the woodbine cups  
 Filled with pure fragrance. On her favorite seat  
 Lay the still-open work-box, and that book  
 Which last she read, its pencilled margin marked  
 By an ill-quoted passage — traced, perchance,  
 With hand unconscious, while her lover spake  
 That dialect, which brings forgetfulness  
 Of all beside. It was the cherished home,  
 Where, from her childhood, she had been the star  
 Of hope and joy.

I came — and she was gone.  
 Yet I had seen her from the altar led,  
 With silvery veil but slightly swept aside,  
 The fresh, young rose-bud deepening in her cheek,  
 And on her brow the sweet and solemn thought  
 Of one who gives a priceless gift away.

And there was silence 'mid the gathered throng :  
 The stranger, and the hard of heart, did draw  
 Their breath suppressed, to see the mother's lip  
 Turn ghastly pale, and the majestic sire  
 Shrinks as with smothered sorrow, when he gave  
 His darling to an untried guardianship,  
 And to a far-off clime.

Haply his thought  
 Traversed the grass-grown prairies, and the shore  
 Of the cold lakes ; or those o'erhanging cliffs,  
 And pathless mountain top, that rose to bar  
 Her long-reared mansion from the anxious eye  
 Of kindred and of friend. Even triflers felt  
 How strong and beautiful is woman's love,  
 That, taking in its hand its thornless joys,  
 The tenderest melodies of tuneful years,  
 Yea ! and its own life also — lays them all,  
 Meek and unblenching, on a mortal's breast,  
 Reserving nought, save that unspoken hope  
 Which hath its root in God.

Mock not with mirth  
 A scene like this, ye laughter-loving ones ;  
 The licensed jester's lip, the dancer's heel —  
 What do they here ?

Joy, serious and sublime,  
 Such as doth nerve the energies of prayer,  
 Should swell the bosom when a maiden's hand,  
 Filled with life's dewy flow'rets, girdeth on  
 That harness, which the ministry of Death  
 Alone unlooses, but whose fearful power  
 May stamp the sentence of Eternity.

## The Common Lot.

*Montgomery.*



UNCE, in the flight of ages past,  
 There lived a man; — and who was he?  
 Mortal, howe'er thy lot be cast,  
 That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth;  
 The land in which he died unknown:  
 His name has perished from the earth;  
 This truth survives alone: —

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,  
 Alternate, triumphed in his breast;  
 His bliss and woe, — a smile, a tear, —  
 Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,  
 The changing spirit's rise and fall, —  
 We know that these were felt by him,  
 For these are felt by all.

He suffered, — but his pangs are o'er;  
 Enjoyed, — but his delights are fled;  
 Had friends, — his friends are now no more;  
 And foes, — his foes are dead.

He loved, — but whom he loved, the grave  
 Hath lost in its unconscious womb;

O, she was fair ! but nought could save  
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen ;  
Encountered all that troubles thee ;  
He was whatever thou hast been ;  
He is what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,  
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,  
Erewhile his portion, life and light,  
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye  
That once their shades and glory threw,  
Have left in yonder silent sky  
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,  
Their ruin since the world began,  
Of him afford no other trace  
Than this, — **THERE LIVED A MAN.**





## Twenty Years Ago.

*Home Journal.*



**MET** a girl the other day,  
 Some twelve years old or so,  
 The image of a nymph I loved  
 Some twenty years ago.

The blushing cheek, the sparkling eye,  
 The hair of raven flow,  
**Ah**, how they set my heart a-blaze  
 Some twenty years ago.

I spoke ; her answers did not much  
 Of wit or wisdom show,  
 But thus the lovely Mary talked,  
 Some twenty years ago.

What ! could a shallow heart like this  
 My heart in tumult throw ?  
 I must have been a little green  
 Some twenty years ago.

I met the lovely Mary since —  
 Her charms have vanished, though ;  
**Her** wit and wisdom are — the **same**  
**As** twenty years ago.

**I** looked upon her faded cheek,  
 Unlit by feeling's glow ;

And thanked her that she scorned my love  
Some twenty years ago.

Fond boy, who now wouldst gladly die  
To please some simpering miss,  
Who knows what thou wilt think of her  
Some twenty years from this?



## The World's Wanderers.

*Shelley.*




**T**ELL me, thou star, whose wings of light  
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,  
In what cavern of the night  
Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and gray  
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,  
In what depth of night or day  
Seekest thou repose now?

Weary wind, who wanderest  
Like the world's rejected guest,  
Hast thou still some secret nest  
On the tree or billow?

## Speak Gently.

*Anon.*


**S**PEAK gently ; in this world of ours,  
 Where clouds o'ersweep the sky,  
 And sweetest flowers and fairest forms  
 Are ever first to die ;  
 Where friendship changes, and the ties  
 That bind fond hearts are riven,  
 Mild, soothing words are like the stars  
 That light the midnight heaven.

There are enough of tears on earth,  
 Enough of toil and care ;  
 And e'en the lightest heart hath much  
 To suffer and to bear.  
 Within each spirit's hidden depths  
 Some sweet hope withered lies,  
 From whose soft, faded bloom we turn  
 In sadness to the skies.

Speak gently, then, and win the smiles  
 Back to the shadowed face,  
 And bid the clouded brow resume  
 Its fresh and youthful grace.  
 Thy gentle words, perchance, may guide  
 A wanderer to the sky,  
 Or teach some earth-bound soul to soar  
 Above the things that die.

Lead gently back the erring feet  
 That love perchance to stray ;  
 Thou canst not know how long they strove  
 Ere leaving virtue's way ;  
 Nor with what desolating power  
 Despair's dark phantom came,  
 And, with her sad touch, made the heart  
 A desert, seared with flame.

Within that desert there is yet  
 Some pure oasis-spot,  
 Formed of sweet memories of scenes  
 That ne'er can be forgot.  
 For that bright soul, with care now worn,  
 Bowed down though it may be,  
 The selfsame Saviour died, who gave  
 His priceless life for thee.

~~~~~

### Waning Spirit.

*Festus.*

~~~~~

**T** is sad  
 To see the light of beauty wane away,  
 Know eyes are dimming, bosoms shrivelling, feet  
 Losing their spring, and limbs their lily roundness ;  
 But it is worse to feel our heart-spring gone,  
 To lose hope, care not for the coming thing,  
 And feel all things go to decay with us,  
 As 'twere our life's eleventh month.

## Morning among the Hills.

*Percival.*



A
 NIGHT had passed away among the hills ;  
 And now the first faint tokens of the dawn  
 Showed in the east. The bright and dewy star  
 Whose mission is to usher in the morn,  
 Looked through the cool air, like a blessed thing  
 In a far purer world : below, there lay,  
 Wrapped round a woody mountain tranquilly,  
 A misty cloud.

Its edges caught the light  
 That now came up from out the unseen depth  
 Of the full fount of day ; and they were laced  
 With colors ever brightening. I had waked  
 From a long sleep of many changing dreams,  
 And now in the fresh forest air I stood,  
 Nerved to another day of wandering.

Below, there lay a far-extended sea,  
 Rolling in feathery waves. The wind blew o'er it  
 And tossed it round the high-ascending rocks,  
 And swept it through the half-hidden forest tops,  
 Till, like an ocean waking into storr.,  
 It heaved and weltered. Gloriously the light  
 Crested its billows ; and those craggy islands  
 Shone on it like to palaces of spar,  
 Built on a sea of pearl.

The sky bent round  
 The awful dome of a most mighty temple,

Built by Omnipotent hands, for nothing less  
 Than infinite worship. There I stood in silence ;  
 I had no words to tell the mingled thoughts  
 Of wonder and of joy which then came o'er me,  
 Even with a whirlwind's rush.

So beautiful,

So bright, so glorious ! Such a majesty  
 In yon pure vault ! So many dazzling tints  
 In yonder waste of waves, — so like the ocean  
 With its unnumbered islands there encircled  
 By foaming surges :—

Soon away the mist-cloud rolled,

Wave after wave. They climbed the highest rocks,  
 Poured over them in surges, and then rushed  
 Down glens and valleys like a winter's torrent,  
 Dashed instant to the plain. It seemed a moment,  
 And they were gone, as if the touch of fire  
 At once dissolved them !

Then I found myself

Midway in air ; ridge after ridge below  
 Descended with their opulence of woods  
 Even to the dim-seen level, where a lake  
 Flashed in the sun ; and from it wound a line,  
 Now silvery bright, even to the furthest verge  
 Of the encircling hills.

A waste of rocks

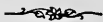
Was round me, — but below, how beautiful !  
 How rich the plain ! a wilderness of groves  
 And ripening harvests ; while the sky of June,  
 The soft, blue sky of June, and the cool air  
 That makes it then a luxury to live

Only to breathe it, and the busy echo  
 Of cascades and the voice of mountain brooks  
 Stole with so gentle meaning to my heart,  
 That where I stood seemed heaven !



## The Death Bed.

*Hood.*



**H**E watched her breathing through the night,  
 Her breathing, soft and low,  
 As in her breast the wave of life  
 Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,  
 So slowly moved about,  
 As we had lent her half our powers  
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
 Our fears our hopes belied ;  
 We thought her dying when she slept,  
 And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,  
 And chill with early showers,  
 Her quiet eyelids closed ; — she had  
 Another morn than ours.

✓  
My Darlings' Shoes.

*anon.*

—••••—

**G**OD bless the little feet that never go astray,  
For the little shoes are empty in my closet laid  
away!  
Sometimes I take one in my hand, forgetting till  
I see  
It is a little half-worn shoe, not large enough for  
me;

And all at once I feel a sense of bitter loss and pain,  
As sharp as when two years ago it cut my heart in twain.

O, little feet, that wearied not, I wait for them no more,  
For I am drifting on the tide, but they have reached the  
shore;

And while the blinding tear-drops wet these little shoes  
so old,

I try to think my darlings' feet are treading streets of gold.  
And so I lay them down again, but always turn to say—  
God bless the little feet that now so surely cannot stray.

And while I thus am standing, I almost seem to see  
Two little forms beside me, just as they used to be;  
Two little faces lifted with their sweet and tender eyes!  
Ah me! I might have known that look was born of  
Paradise.

I reach my arms out fondly, but they clasp the empty air!  
There is nothing of my darlings but the shoes they used  
to wear.



O, the bitterness of parting cannot be done away  
Till I meet my darlings walking where their feet can never  
stray ;

When I no more am drifted upon the surging tide,  
But with them safely landed upon the river-side ;  
Be patient, heart, while waiting to see their shining way  
For the little feet in the golden street can never go astray.



## The Cotter's Saturday Night.

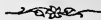
INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.,

*Burns*



“ Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
The short but simple annals of the poor.”

GRAY.



**Y** loved, my honored, much respected friend,  
No mercenary bard his homage pays ;  
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,  
My dearest meed a friend's esteem and  
praise ;  
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,  
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene ;  
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;  
What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;  
Ah ! though his worth unknown, far happier there I ween

November chill blows loud wi' angry sugh ;  
 The short'ning winter day is near a close ;  
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,  
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose ;  
 The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes, —  
 This night his weekly moil is at an end, —  
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,  
**And weary, o'er the moor, his course does homeward bend.**

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;  
 Th' expectant wee things, toddlin, stacher through,  
 To meet their dad wi' flichterin noise and glee.  
 His wee bit ingle blinkin bonnily,  
 His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wifie's smile,  
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,  
 Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,  
**An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.**

Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin in,  
 At service out, amang the farmers roun' ;  
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin  
 A cannie errand to a neebor town.  
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,  
 In youthful bloom, love sparklin in her e'e,  
 Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw-new gown,  
 Or deposit her sair-won penny fee,  
**To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.**

Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers an' sisters meet,  
**An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers ;**

The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed, fleet ;  
 Each tells the unco's that he sees or hears ;  
 The parents' partial eye their hopeful years ;  
 Anticipation forward points the view ;  
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,  
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;  
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,  
 The younkers' a' are warnéd to obey ;  
 An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,  
 An' ne'er though out o' sight to jauk or play ;  
 " An' O, be sure to fear the Lord alway !  
 An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night !  
 Leest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
 Implore his counsel and assisting might ;  
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright ! "

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;  
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,  
 Teils how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,  
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.  
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek ;  
 With heart-struck, anxious care inquires his name,  
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak ;  
 Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless  
 rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben ;  
 A strappan youth ; he takes the mother's eye ;  
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;  
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;  
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy  
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an sae grave;  
**W**eel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave

O happy love! where love like this is found!  
 O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!  
 I've pacéd much this weary, mortal round,  
 And sage experience bids me this declare —  
 "If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair  
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
**B**eneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening  
 gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,  
 A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,  
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?  
 Curse on his perjured arts; dissembling, smooth,  
 All honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled;  
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,  
**T**hen paints the ruined maid, and the distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,  
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;  
 The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,  
 That yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:  
 The dame brings forth in complimental mood,

To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck, fell,  
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid ;  
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,  
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;  
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,  
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride ;  
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare :  
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
He wales a portion with judicious care ;  
And, " Let us worship God ! " he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise :  
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim.  
Perhaps Dundee's wild, warbling measures rise,  
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name ;  
Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame,  
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :  
Compared with these Italian trills are tame ;  
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise,  
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,  
How Abram was the friend of God on high ;  
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;  
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie  
Beneath the strokes of Heaven's avenging ire ;  
Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry ;

Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;  
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,  
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;  
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,  
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head ;  
How his first followers and servants sped ;  
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;  
How he who lone in Patmos banishéd,  
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,  
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's  
command.

Then kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King,  
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :  
Hope " springs exulting on triumphant wing,"  
That thus they all shall meet in future days,  
There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
Together hymning their Creator's praise.  
In such society, yet still more dear ;  
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
In all the pomp of method, and of art,  
When men display to congregations wide  
Devotion's every grace, except the heart !  
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,  
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;  
But haply, in some cottage far apart,  
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,  
And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way ;  
The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;  
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,  
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request  
That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,  
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,  
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,  
For them and for their little ones provide ;  
**But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.**

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,  
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad ;  
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings ;  
"An honest man's the noblest work of God ;"  
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,  
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.  
What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,  
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
**Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined.**

O Scotia, my dear, my native soil,  
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,  
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
Be blessed with health, and peace, and sweet content ;  
And O, may Heaven their simple lives prevent  
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile ;  
Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
**And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.**

O Thou who poured the patriotic tide  
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart ;


Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
 (The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,  
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)  
 O never, never, Scotia's realm desert :  
 But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,  
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard.



### Hamlet's Soliloquy.

*Shakespeare.*




 O be, or not to be, that is the question : —  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And, by opposing, end them. To die — to sleep  
 No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end  
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to, — 'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wished. To die — to sleep ;  
 To sleep ! perchance to dream ; ay, there's the rub ;  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause. There's the respect,  
 That makes calamity of so long life ;  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,




The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,  
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after death —  
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns — puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of!  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.

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### Happiness.


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*Keble.*


**H**ERE are in this rude stunning tide  
 Of human care and crime,  
 With whom the melodies abide  
 Of the everlasting chime,  
 Who carry music in their heart,  
 Through dusty lane and wrangling mart,  
 Plying their daily toil with busier feet,  
 Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

## The Trumpet.

*Mrs. Hemans.*



**T**HE trumpet's voice hath roused the land —  
 Light up the beacon-pyre ;  
 A hundred hills have seen the brand,  
 And waved the sign of fire ;  
 A hundred banners to the breeze  
 Their gorgeous folds have cast ;  
 And hark ! was that the sound of seas ?  
 A king to war went past.

The chief is arming in his hall,  
 The peasant by his hearth ;  
 The mourner hears the thrilling call,  
 And rises from the earth.  
 The mother, on her first-born son,  
 Looks with a boding eye ;  
 They come not back, though all be won,  
 Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound  
 The falchion to his side ;  
 E'en for the marriage altar crowned,  
 The lover quits his bride.  
**A**nd all this haste, and change, and fear,  
 By earthly clarion spread !  
**H**ow will it be when kingdoms hear  
 The blast that wakes the dead ?

## Ode on Cecilia's Day.

*Dryden.*


 FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
 This universal frame began :  
 When nature underneath a heap  
 Of jarring atoms lay,  
 And could not heave her head,  
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,  
 " Arise, ye more than dead !"  
 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,  
 In order to their stations leap,  
 And Music's power obey.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
 This universal frame began ;  
 From harmony to harmony,  
 Through all the compass of the notes, it ran,  
 The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot music raise and quell ?  
 When Jubal struck the chorded shell,  
 His listening brethren stood around,  
 And, wondering, on their faces fell  
 To worship that celestial sound.  
 Less than a god they thought there could not dwell  
 Within the hollow of that shell,  
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.  
 What passion cannot music raise and quell ?


The trumpet's loud clangor  
Excites us to arms,  
With shrill notes of anger,  
And mortal alarms.  
The double, double, double beat  
Of the thundering drum  
Cries, "Hark! the foes come;  
Charge, charge! 'tis too late to retreat."

The soft, complaining flute  
In dying notes discovers  
The woes of hapless lovers,  
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.  
Sharp violins proclaim  
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,  
Fury, frantic indignation,  
Depths of pain and height of passion,  
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But O! what art can teach,  
What human voice can reach,  
The sacred organ's praise!  
Notes inspiring holy love,  
Notes that wing their heavenly ways  
To mend the choirs above.  
Orpheus could lead the savage race,  
And trees uprooted left their place,  
Sequacious of the lyre;  
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:  
When to her organ vocal breath was given,  
An angel heard, and straight appeared,  
Mistaking earth for heaven.

## Skater's Song.

*Anon.*


**WAY** and away, o'er the deep-sounding tide,  
 On crystals of silver we sweep and we glide ;  
 The steel is our pinion, our roof the broad blue,  
 And heaven's pure breezes our pathway pursue.  
 So, joyfully, brothers, we glide and we sweep  
 Away and away over life's frozen deep.

Thou golden-bright palace, whose hand arched thee o'er,  
 And spread out beneath us the diamond-paved floor,  
 And gave us the steel with its lightning-like glance,  
 Through heavenly chambers to float and to dance ?  
 So joyfully, brothers, we float and we glide  
 Through the heavenly chambers of life far and wide.

Through the pale mist of evening the sun glimmers still,  
 And lingers a while on the brow of the hill ;  
 But now he's gone down, and with tranquil soft glow,  
 The moon shines like silver above and below.  
 So, joyfully, brothers, we float and we glide,  
 In sunshine and moonlight, o'er life's silver tide.


Look up, now ! how sparkles that blue sea on high !  
 And below us, in frost, gleams a star-lighted sky ;  
 For He, who with suns studded heaven overhead,  
 Beneath us a frost-flowered meadow hath spread.  
 So, joyfully, brothers, we float and we glide,  
 Through life's starry meadows, away far and wide.

He hath made us this palace, so airy and wide,  
 And gave us steel feet, amid dangers to glide ;  
 In the frosts of mid-winter he kindles our blood ;  
 We hover, we sweep, o'er the treacherous flood.  
 So, fearlessly, brothers, steel-hearted we sweep  
 O'er the sounding abysses of life's stormy deep.



### On Lending a Punch Bowl.

*O. W. Holmes.*



**H**IS ancient silver bowl of mine, — it tells of  
 good old times,  
 Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry  
 Christmas chimes ;  
 They were a free and jovial race, but honest,  
 brave, and true,  
 That dipped their ladle in the punch when the  
 old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar — so runs the ancient  
 tale ;  
 'Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was  
 like a flail :  
 And now and then, between the strokes, for fear his  
 strength should fail,  
 He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of good old Flem-  
 ish ale

---

'Twas purchased by an English squire to please his loving  
dame,  
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for the  
same ;  
And oft as on the ancient stock another twig was found,  
'Twas filled with caudle spiced and hot, and handed  
smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a Puritan divine,  
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,  
But hated punch and prelacy ; and so it was, perhaps,  
He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and  
schnaps.

And then, of course, you know what's next — it left the  
Dutchman's shore,  
With those that in the Mayflower came — a hundred souls  
and more —  
Along with all the furniture, to fill their new abodes —  
To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred loads.

'Twas on a merry winter's eve, the night was closing dim,  
When old Miles Standish took the bowl, and filled it to  
the brim.  
The little captain stood and stirred the posset with his  
sword,  
And all his sturdy men at arms were ranged about the  
board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in — the man that never  
feared —  
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow  
beard ;

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And one by one the musketeers, the men that fought and  
prayed,  
All drank as 'twere their mothers' milk, and not a man  
afraid!

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle  
flew;  
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild  
halloo;  
And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to kith  
and kin,  
"Run from the white man when you find he smells of  
Hollands gin."

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their leaves  
and snows;  
A thousand rubs had flattened down each little cherub's nose;  
When once again the bowl was filled, but not in mirth or  
joy;  
Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.

"Drink, John," she said; "'twill do you good — poor  
child, you'll never bear  
This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight air;  
And if — God bless me — you were hurt, 'twould keep  
away the chill."  
So John *did* drink — and well he wrought that night at  
Bunker's Hill!

I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old Eng-  
lish cheer;  
I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here;



'Tis but the fool that loves excess — has thou a drunken  
 soul,  
 Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl!


I love the memory of the just — its pressed yet fragrant  
 flowers —  
 The moss that clothes its broken walls — the ivy on its  
 towers —  
 Nay, this poor bawble it bequeathed — my eyes grow  
 moist and dim,  
 To think of all the vanished joys that danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me ;  
 The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be ;  
 And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin,  
 That dooms one to those dreadful words — “ My dear,  
 where *have* you been ? ”



Song.

*T. B. Aldrich.*

 HE chestnuts shine through the cloven rind,  
 And the woodland leaves are red, my dear ;  
 The scarlet fuchsias burn in the wind —  
 Funeral plumes for the year.

The year which has brought me *so much* woe,  
 That if it were not for you, my dear,  
 I should wish the fuchsia's fire might glow  
 For me as well as the year.

## A Hundred Years Ago.

*Anon.*



HERE, where are all the birds that sang  
 A hundred years ago ?  
 The flowers that all in beauty sprang  
 A hundred years ago ?  
 The lips that smiled,  
 The eyes that wild  
 In flashes shone  
 Soft eyes upon ;  
 Where, O where are lips and eyes,  
 The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,  
 That lived so long ago ?


Who peopled all the city streets  
 A hundred years ago ?  
 Who filled the church, with faces meek,  
 A hundred years ago ?  
 The sneering tale,  
 So mean and frail,  
 The plot that worked  
 A brother's hurt, —  
 Where, O where, are plots and sneers,  
 The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,  
 That lived so long ago ?

## The Lost Mexican City.

*McLellan.*

“A large city once stood here; its name is lost; its history unknown. For centuries it has lain as completely buried as if covered with the lava of Vesuvius. Every traveller from Yzabal to Guatimala has passed within three hours of it; yet there it lay like the rock-built city of Edom, unvisited, unsought, and utterly unknown.”

STEVENS'S *Researches in Central America.*


 RUINED city! In the heart  
 Of the deep wilderness of woods  
 It stands immured, where seldom foot  
 Of passing traveller intrudes.  
 The groves primeval, year by year,  
 Above the spot renew their bloom,  
 Year after year cast down their wealth  
 Of faded foliage o'er its tomb.

Altar and idol here arise,  
 Inscribed with hieroglyphics strange,  
 Column and pyramid sublime  
 Defaced by centuries of change.  
 Here, idols from their pedestals  
 Displaced by roots of mightiest girth;  
 There, by a close-embracing branch  
 Half-lifted in the air from earth,  
 Or from their stations prostrate thrown,  
 Their huge proportions strew the ground,  
 With vines and brambles overthrown,  
 With interlacing creepers bound.


No sound of life ! save when at eve  
The Indian's machete cleaves the wood,  
Or steps the Indian damsel by,  
Singing to cheer the solitude.  
No sound, save when the sobbing breeze  
Sighs through the forest's dim arcades,  
Or shrill call of the red macaw,  
Or parrot's gabble in the glades,  
Or when the monkey's chattering troop  
Glides o'er the tree top in their race,  
Like wandering spirits of the dead,  
Haunting the ruins of the place.


Egypt's colossal skeletons  
Of temples and of wondrous shrines,  
In the unwatered sands repose,  
Where hot the tropic summer shines ;  
But forests lonely and immense  
Enshroud these ruins from the sight,  
And with their tangled barriers guard  
These hidden secrets from the light.



## The Old Clock on the Stairs.

*Longfellow.*



OMEWHAT back from the village street,  
Stands the old-fashioned country seat.  
Across its antique portico  
The poplar trees their shadows throw ;  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient time-piece says to all,  
“ Forever — never !  
Never — forever ! ”

Half way up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands,  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who under his cloak  
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !  
With sorrowful voice, to all who pass  
“ Forever — never !  
Never — forever ! ”

By day its voice is low and light,  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say at each chamber door,  
“ Forever — never !  
Never — forever.”

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted hospitality ;  
His great fires by the chimney roared,  
The stranger feasted at his board ;  
But like the skeleton at the feast,  
The warning time-piece never ceased,  
    “ Forever — never  
    Never — forever ! ”

There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed ;  
O precious hours, O golden prime,  
And influence of love and time ;  
E'en as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient time-piece told,  
    “ Forever — never !  
    Never — forever . ”

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding-night ;  
There in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;  
And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
We heard the old clock on the stair, —  
    “ Forever — never !  
    Never — forever ! ”

All are scattered now and fled ;  
Some are married, some are dead ;  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
“ Ah, when shall they all meet again,

As in the days long since gone by?"  
 The ancient time-piece makes reply,  
 "Forever — never .  
 Never — forever !"

Never here, forever there ;  
 Where all parting, pain, and care,  
 And death and time shall disappear,  
 Forever there, but never here !  
 The horologe of eternity  
 Sayeth this incessantly,  
 "Forever — never !  
 Never — forever !"



## Healing of the Daughter of Jairus.

*Willis.*



**F**RESHLY the cool breath of the coming eve  
 Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl  
 Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain  
 Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance,  
 Her thin, pale fingers clasped within the hand  
 Of the heart-broken Ruler, and her breast,  
 Like the dead marble, white and motionless.  
 The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,  
 And, as it stirred with the awakening wind,  
 The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,

And her slight fingers moved, and heavily  
She turned upon her pillow. He was there,  
The same loved, tireless watcher, and she looked  
Into his face until her sight grew dim  
With the fast-falling tears; and, with a sigh  
Of tremulous weakness murmuring his name,  
She gently drew his hand upon her lips,  
And kissed it as she wept. The old man sunk  
Upon his knees, and in the drapery  
Of the rich curtains buried up his face;  
And when the twilight fell, the silken folds  
Stirred with his prayer; but the slight hand he held  
Had ceased its pressure, and he could not hear,  
In the dead, utter silence, that a breath  
Came through her nostrils — and her temples gave  
To his nice touch no pulse — and, at her mouth,  
He held the lightest curl that on her neck  
Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze  
Ached with its deathly stillness.

It was night —

And, softly o'er the Sea of Galilee,  
Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,  
Tipped with the silver sparkles of the moon.  
The breaking waves played low upon the beach  
Their constant music, but the air beside  
Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,  
In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,  
Seemed like some just-born harmony in the air,  
Waked by the power of wisdom. On a rock,  
With the broad moonlight falling on his brow,  
He stood and taught the people. At his feet



Lay his small scrip, and pilgrim's scallop-shell,  
And staff — for they had waited by the sea  
'Till he came o'er from Gadarene, and prayed  
For his wont teachings as he came to land.  
His hair was parted meekly on his brow,  
And the long curls from off his shoulders fell,  
As he leaned forward earnestly, and still  
The same calm cadence, passionless and deep —  
And in his looks the same mild majesty —  
And in his mien the sadness mixed with power, —  
Filled them with love and wonder. Suddenly,  
As on his words entrancedly they hung,  
The crowd divided, and among them stood  
JAIRUS THE RULER. With his flowing robe  
Gathered in haste about his loins, he came,  
And fixed his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew  
The twelve disciples to their Master's side ;  
And silently the people shrunk away,  
And left the haughty ruler in the midst  
Alone. A moment longer on the face  
Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze,  
And, as the twelve looked on him, by the light  
Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear  
Steal to his silver beard ; and, drawing nigh  
Unto the Saviour's feet, he took the hem  
Of his coarse mantle, and with trembling hands  
Pressed it upon his lids, and murmured low,  
“*Master ! my daughter !*”

The same silvery light,  
That shone upon the lone rock by the sea,  
Slept on the Ruler's lofty capitals.

As at the door he stood, and welcomed in  
Jesus and his disciples. All was still.  
The echoing vestibule gave back the slide  
Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam  
Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,  
Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms,  
As Jairus led them on. With hushing steps  
He trod the winding stair; but ere he touched  
The latchet, from within a whisper came,  
“*Trouble the Master not — for she is dead!*”  
And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,  
And his step faltered, and his broken voice  
Choked in its utterance; but a gentle hand  
Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear  
The Saviour’s voice sank thrillingly and low,  
“*She is not dead — but sleepeth!*”

They passed in.

The spice-lamps in the alabaster urns  
Burned dimly, and the white and fragrant smoke  
Curled indolently on the chamber walls.  
The silken curtains slumbered in their folds—  
Not even a tassel stirring in the air—  
And as the Saviour stood beside the bed,  
And prayed inaudibly, the Ruler heard  
The quickening division of his breath  
As he grew earnest inwardly. There came  
A gradual brightness o’er his calm, sad face;  
And, drawing nearer to the bed, he moved  
The silken curtains silently apart,  
And looked upon the maiden.

Like a form

Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay —  
The linen vesture folded on her breast,  
And over it her white transparent hands,  
The blood still rosy in their tapering nails.  
A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,  
And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,  
The breathing curve was mockingly like life ;  
And round beneath the faintly-tinted skin  
Ran the light branches of the azure veins ;  
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,  
Matching the arches pencilled on her brow.  
Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose  
Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears  
In curls of glossy blackness, and about  
Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they hung,  
Like airy shadows floating as they slept.  
Twas heavenly beautiful. The Saviour raised  
Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out  
The snowy fingers in his palm, and said,  
“ *Maiden, arise !* ” — and suddenly a flush  
Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips  
And through her cheek the rallied color ran ;  
And the still outline of her graceful form  
Stirred in the linen vesture ; and she clasped  
The Saviour's hand, and fixing her dark eyes  
Full on his beaming countenance — **AROSE !**



## The Seasons.

*Grahame.*




NATURE! all thy seasons please the eye  
Of him who sees a present Deity in all.  
It is His presence that diffuses charms  
Unspeakable o'er mountain, wood and stream.  
To think that He, who hears the heavenly choirs,  
Harkens complacent to the woodland song;  
To think that He, who rolls yon solar sphere,  
Uplifts the warbling songster to the sky;  
To mark his presence in the mighty bow  
That spans the clouds as in the tints minute  
Of tiniest flower; to hear his awful voice  
In thunder speak, and whisper in the gale;  
To know and feel his care for all that lives;  
'Tis this that makes the barren waste appear  
A fruitful field, each grove a paradise.

Yes, place me 'mid far-stretching woodless wilds,  
Where no sweet song is heard; the heath-bell there  
Would please my weary sight, and tell of Thee!  
There would my gratefully uplifted eye  
Survey the heavenly vault, by day, by night,  
When glows the firmament from pole to pole;  
There would my overflowing heart exclaim,  
"The heavens declare the glory of the Lord,  
The firmament shows forth his handiwork."

## The Seasons.

*Thomson.*



**T**HESSE, as they change, Almighty Father, these  
Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring  
Thy beauty walks; thy tenderness and love  
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;  
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;  
And every sense and every heart is joy.

Then comes thy glory in the summer months,  
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun  
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;  
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,  
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.  
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,  
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
In winter, awful thou! with clouds and storms  
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,  
Majestic darkness, on the whirlwind's wing,  
Riding sublime, thou bidd'st the world adore,  
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.



## Wedding Gifts.

*Tupper.*



YOUNG bride, — a wreath for thee,  
Of sweet and gentle flowers ;  
For wedded love was pure and free  
In Eden's happy bowers.

Young bride, — a song for thee,  
A song of joyous measure,  
For thy cup of hope shall be  
Filled with honeyed pleasure.

Young bride, — a tear for thee,  
A tear in all thy gladness ;  
For thy young heart shall not see  
Joy unmixed with sadness.

Young bride, — a smile for thee,  
To shine away thy sorrow,  
For Heaven is kind to-day, and we  
Will hope as well to-morrow.

Young bride, — a prayer for thee,  
That all thy hopes possessing,  
Thy soul may praise her God, and he  
May crown thee with his blessing.

## Bring Flowers.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

RING flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,  
 To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured ;  
 Bring flowers ! they are springing in wood and  
 vale,  
 Their breath floats out on the southern gale ;  
 And the torch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,  
 To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path ;  
 He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath ;  
 He comes with the spoils of nations back,  
 The vines lie crushed in his chariot's track,  
 The turf looks red where he won the day —  
 Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way.

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell ;  
 They have tales of the joyous woods to tell,  
 Of the free blue streams and the glowing sky,  
 And the bright world shut from his languid eye ;  
 They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,  
 And the dream of his youth ; bring him flowers, wild  
 flowers.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear ;  
 They were born to blush in her shining hair.  
 She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,  
 She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth.

Her place is now by another's side —  
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride.


Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,  
A crown for the brow of the early dead!  
For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,  
For this in the woods was the violet nursed;  
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,  
They are love's last gift; bring ye flowers, pale flowers.

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer;  
They are nature's offering, their place is there;  
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,  
With a voice of promise they come and part;  
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,  
They break forth in glory; bring flowers, bright flowers.



## Solitude.


*Byron.*


**H**ERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society where none intrudes  
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar.  
 I love not man the less, but nature more,  
 From these our interviews in which I steal  
 From all I may be, or have been before,  
 To mingle with the universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.



## For a' that and a' that.

*Burns.*


 S there, for honest poverty,  
 That hangs his head, and a' that;  
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
 We dare be poor, for a' that;  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Our toil's obscure, and a' that,  
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?  
 Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine  
 A man's a man for a' that;  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their tinsel show and a' that;  
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
 Is king o' men, for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
 Who struts, and stares, and a' that;  
 Though hundreds worship at his feet,  
 He's but a coof for a' that;  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 His ribbon, star, and a' that,  
 The man of independent mind,  
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;  
 But an honest man's aboon his might,  
 Guid faith he mauna fa' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their dignities, and a' that,  
 The pith o' sense and pride o' worth  
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
 As come it will for a' that,  
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
 May bear the gree, and a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 It's coming yet, for a' that,  
 That man to man, the warld o'er,  
 Shall brothers be for a' that.



## Knowledge and Wisdom.

*Cowper.*



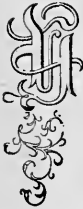
**K**NOWLEDGE and wisdom, far from being one,  
 Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells  
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;  
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.  
 Knowledge — a rude, unprofitable mass,  
 The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,  
 Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its  
 place —

Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.  
 Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much ;  
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.



## November.

*Bryant.*



ET one smile more, departing, distant sun,  
 One mellow smile through the soft, vapory air,  
 Ere o'er the frozen earth the loud winds run,  
 Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare ;  
 One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,  
 And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths  
 are cast,

And the blue gentian flower, that in the breeze  
 Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.

Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee

Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,

The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,

And man delight to linger in thy ray.

Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear

The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.



## The Primrose of the Rock.

*Wordsworth.*



ROCK there is whose homely front  
 The passing traveller slights ;  
 Yet there the glow-worms hang their lamps,  
 Like stars, at various heights,  
 And one coy primrose to that rock  
 The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,  
 What kingdoms overthrown,  
 Since first I spied that primrose tuft,  
 And marked it for my own !  
 A lasting link in nature's chain,  
 From highest heaven let down.

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,  
 Their fellowship renew ;  
 The stems are faithful to the root,  
 That worketh out of view ;  
 And to the rock the root adheres,  
 In every fibre true.

Close clings 'o earth the living rock,  
 Though threatening still to fall ;  
 The earth is constant to her sphere,  
 And God upholds them all ;

So blooms this lonely plant, nor dreads  
Her annual funeral.

\* \* \* \*

Here closed the meditative strain ;  
But air breathed soft that day,  
The hoary mountain heights were cheered,  
The sunny vale looked gay ;  
And to the primrose of the rock  
I gave this after-lay.

I sang, Let myriads of bright flowers,  
Like thee, in field and grove  
Retrieve unenvied, mightier far  
Than tremblings that reprove  
Our vernal tendencies to hope  
In God's redeeming love —

That love which changed, for wan disease,  
For sorrow, that hath bent  
O'er hopeless dust, for withered age,  
Their moral element,  
And turned the thistles of a curse  
To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,  
The reasoning sons of men,  
From one oblivious winter called,  
Shall rise, and breathe again ;  
And in eternal summer lose  
Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends  
This prescience from on high,

The faith that elevates the just  
 Before and when they die,  
 And makes each soul a separate heaven,  
 A court for Deity.



## Over the River.

*Nancy A. W. Priest.*



**O**VER the river they beckon to me,  
 Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side ;  
 The gleam of the snowy robes I see,  
 But their voices are drowned by the rushing tide.  
 There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
 And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue ;  
 He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,  
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal view ;  
 We saw not the angels that met him there,  
 The gates of the city we could not see ;  
 Over the river, over the river,  
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale  
 Carried another, the household pet ;  
 Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale —  
 Darling Minnie, I see her yet.  
 She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
 And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;

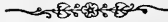
We watched it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.  
We know she is safe on the farther side,  
Where all the ransomed and angels be ;  
Over the river, the mystic river,  
My childhood's angel is waiting for me.

For none return from those spirit shores  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail ;  
And lo ! they have passed from our yearning hearts,  
They cross the stream and are gone for aye ;  
We may not sunder the veil apart  
That hides from our visions the gates of day.  
We only know that their barks no more  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;  
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore  
They watch and beckon and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar ;  
And when perchance the well-known hail  
Again shall echo along the strand.  
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,  
To the better shore of the spirit land.  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The angel of death shall carry me.

Concluding Lines of the "Fall of the  
Indian."

*McLellan.*



**B**ET sometimes, in the gay and noisy street  
Of the great city, which usurps the place.  
Of the small Indian village, one shall see  
Some miserable relic of that race  
Whose sorely-tarnished fortunes we have sung ;  
Yet how debased and fallen ! In his eye  
The flame of noble daring is gone out,  
And his brave face has lost its martial look ;  
His eye rests on the earth, as if the grave  
Were his sole hope, his last and only home.  
A poor, thin garb is wrapped about his frame,  
Whose sorry plight but mocks his ancient state ;  
And in the bleak and pitiless storm he walks  
With melancholy brow, and shivers as he goes.  
His pride is dead ; his courage is no more ;  
His name is but a by-word. All the tribes  
Who called this mighty continent their own  
Are homeless, friendless wanderers on earth.





## When I Am Dead.

*Emma Alice Browne.*

**W**HEN my last sunset is under a cloud,  
 Let not your sorrow be bitter nor loud,  
 But strew some pale violets over my shroud,  
 When I am dead.

For while the worn watchers are out of the room,  
 And children are searching the gardens for bloom,  
 You will come in and kiss me, to lessen the gloom,  
 When I am dead.

Smooth the dark tresses from my white cheek,  
 Press down my eyelids so mournfully meek,  
 And tread very softly, but fear not to speak  
 Because I am dead.

Kneel by me, Allan, and murmur a prayer,  
 Clasping my two hands, so slender and fair,  
 And through the bleak silence thy voice I shall hear —  
 If I be dead.


Weep not for me, though so early away  
 From all the wild joyance of life's sunny May;  
 Think of me often, but, sweet, never say,  
 Alas! she is dead.

Though a pale face at twilight, O Allan, no more  
 Shall part the June splendors away from the door,  
 To watch for your shadow across the wild moor,  
 When I am dead.



## Two Hundred Years.

*Pierpont.*


 TWO hundred years! — two hundred years!  
 How much of human power and pride,  
 What glorious hopes, what gloomy fears,  
 Have sunk beneath their noiseless tide!  
 The red man, at his horrid rite,  
 Seen by the stars at night's cold noon,  
 His bark canoe its track of light  
 Left on the wave beneath the moon, —  
 His dance, his yell, his council fire,  
 The altar where his victim lay,  
 His death-song, and his funeral pyre,  
 That still, strong tide hath borne away.  
 And that pale pilgrim band is gone,  
 That on this shore with trembling trod,  
 Ready to faint, yet bearing on  
 The ark of freedom and of God.  
 And war — that since o'er ocean came,  
 And thundered loud from yonder hill,  
 And wrapped its foot in sheets of flame  
 To blast that ark — its storm is still.  
 Chief, sachem, sage, bards, heroes, seers,  
 That live in story and in song,  
 Time, for the last two hundred years,  
 Has raised, and shown, and swept along.

'Tis like a dream when one awakes —  
 This vision of the scenes of old ;  
 'Tis like the moon when morning breaks,  
 'Tis like a tale round watch-fires told.

God of our fathers, — in whose sight  
 The thousand years that sweep away  
 Man, and the traces of his might,  
 Are but the break and close of day, —

Grant us that love of truth sublime,  
 That love of goodness and of thee,  
 Which makes thy children, in all time,  
 To share thine own eternity.



## One Heart's enough for Me.

*Auguste Mignon.*



**O**NE heart's enough for me —  
 One heart to love, adore —  
 One heart's enough for me ;  
 O, who could wish for more ?  
 The birds that soar above,  
 And sing their songs on high,  
 Ask but for one to love,  
 And therefore should not I ?

One pair of eyes to gaze  
 One pair of sparkling blue,  
 In which sweet love betrays  
 Her form of fairest hue ;  
 One pair of glowing cheeks,  
 Fresh as the rose and fair,  
 Whose crimson blush bespeaks  
 The health that's native there.

One pair of hands to twine  
 Love's flowers fair and gay,  
 And form a wreath divine,  
 Which never can decay ;  
 And this is all I ask,  
 One gentle form and fair —  
 Beneath whose smiles to bask,  
 And learn love's sweetness there.



## Address to the Comet.

*Anon.*



RT thou the same mysterious traveller,  
 That in our last bright circuit of the sun  
 Paid visit to our gaze,  
 And woke up mixed surprise —  
 Filling the many with an awful dread,  
 The few with deep delight ?

Art thou the same returned with reënforce  
Of heavenly ammunition — light and heat,  
Which in thy last campaign  
'Gainst other worlds was spent,  
Ere thou hadst meditated war on us ?  
Hast thou been back to where

The storehouse of the thunderbolt is kept,  
And steeped thy long hair in the lightning stream  
That round it ever flows,  
Keeping it prisoner there  
Till the destroying angel lifts the sluice  
To pour both on some world ?

Or art thou on a kindly mission sent ? —  
Or on thy own research a wandering orb,  
Curious to see in which  
Of all the breathing stars  
The happiest Eden was by folly lost ?  
If so, come not to us !

Thou'lt find no remnants of that blissful place  
Where we imagine our first kindred dwelt —  
Dreary and desolate  
Is all around it now ! —  
Turn — turn away, and give us not to fear  
Of thy consuming touch !



## To a Poet who died of Want.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

*L. Filmore.*



LIFE of struggle, grief, and pain,  
Fate had appointed thee;  
And death in want hath snapped the chain  
Linked life to misery.

The Muses came — a glorious throng —  
Around thy infant bed;  
They touched thy lips with golden song,  
But, ah! denied them bread!

Thy mother from thee early died,  
And thou didst find it vain  
To hope from any heart beside  
For love like hers again.

Round thee the world its treasures spread  
In overflow of blessing,  
But ever from thy grasp they fled  
For other men's possessing.

Spring with its blossoms made thee blest —  
Its bowers were dreams to thee;  
But autumn's grape another pressed —  
Another stripped its tree.

And often thou thy thirst hast slaked,  
 Thy cup with water filled,  
 While echoes, by thy songs awaked,  
 Through halls of feasting thrilled.

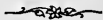
Amid the busy world you walked  
 As though it were not thine,  
 And to unlistening ears you talked  
 A language too divine.

When borne unto thy mortal rest,  
 How frail thy corse will be !  
 Lightly thy foot the earth has pressed,  
 Light lie its dust on thee !



### Woman's Love.

*finov.*



**M**AN knows not love — such love as woman feels.  
 In him it is a vast devouring flame —  
 Resistless fed — in its own strength consumed.  
 In woman's heart it enters step by step,  
 Concealed, disowned, until its gentler ray  
 Breathes forth a light, illumining her world.  
 Man loves not for repose ; he woos the flower  
 To wear it as the victor's trophied crown ;  
 Whilst woman, when she glories in her love,  
 More like the dove, in noiseless constancy,  
 Watches the nest of her affection till  
 'Tis shed upon the tomb of him she loves.



## The Bridge of Sighs.

*Hood.*



NE more unfortunate,  
 Weary of breath,  
 Rashly importunate,  
 Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,  
 Lift her with care ;  
 Fashioned so slenderly,  
 Young and so fair !

Look at her garments  
 Clinging like cerements ;  
 Whilst the wave constantly  
 Drips from her clothing ;  
 Take her up instantly,  
 Loving, not loathing, —

Touch her not scornfully !  
 Think of her mournfully,  
 Gently and humanly,  
 Not of the stains of her ;  
 All that remains of her  
 Now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
 Into her mutiny,  
 Rash and undutiful ;

Past all dishonor,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family —  
Wipe those poor lips of hers  
Oozing so clammily.  
Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses ;  
Whilst wonderment guesses,  
Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?  
Who was her mother ?  
Had she a sister ?  
Had she a brother ?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun !  
O ! it was pitiful,  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly  
Feelings had changed ;

Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence,  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood, with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river;  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery  
Swift to be hurled —  
Any where, any where  
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran,  
Over the brink of it;  
Picture it — think of it,  
Dissolute man!  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you can.

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care ;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently, kindly,  
Smooth and compose them ;  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring,  
Through muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing,  
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurned by contumely,  
Burning insanity,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Into her rest,  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast.

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behavior,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour.

## The Poet dreamt of Heaven.

*Anon.*

—o—o—o—

**T**HE poet dreamt of Heaven!  
 He strayed, a little child amidst the glen  
 Where in his boyhood he'd been wont to stray;  
 He heard the very sounds he loved so then,  
 And knew the very forms. 'Twas in this way  
 The poet dreamt of Heaven.

The mother dreamt of Heaven!

She saw her children decked in gems and flowers;  
 And one, whose health had always been amiss,  
 Was blooming now in those celestial bowers  
 He laughed to roam among. And dreaming this,  
 The mother dreamt of Heaven!

Her children dreamt of Heaven!

O, 'twas a glorious land, where daisies grew,  
 And hidden music round it sounded low;  
 And playtime lasted there the whole year through,  
 And angels came and joined with them. 'Twas so  
 Her children dreamt of Heaven!

The traveller dreamt of Heaven!

The sun once more with trebled splendor rose,  
 And o'er the scene its shadows cast  
 Where all was taintless joy and calm repose,  
 And quiet thinking of the dangerous past.  
 He said its name was Heaven!

The mourner dreamt of Heaven !

Before his eyes, so long with sorrow dim,  
 A glorious sheen, like lengthened lightning, blazed ;  
 And from the clouds one face looked down on him,  
 Whose beauty thrilled his veins. And as he gazed  
 He knew he gazed on Heaven !

And all dream on !

Heaven's for the pure, the just, the undefiled ;  
 And so our lives, by holy faith, are such.

Our dreams may be erroneous, varying, wild ;  
 But O, we cannot think and hope too much.  
 So let them all dream on !



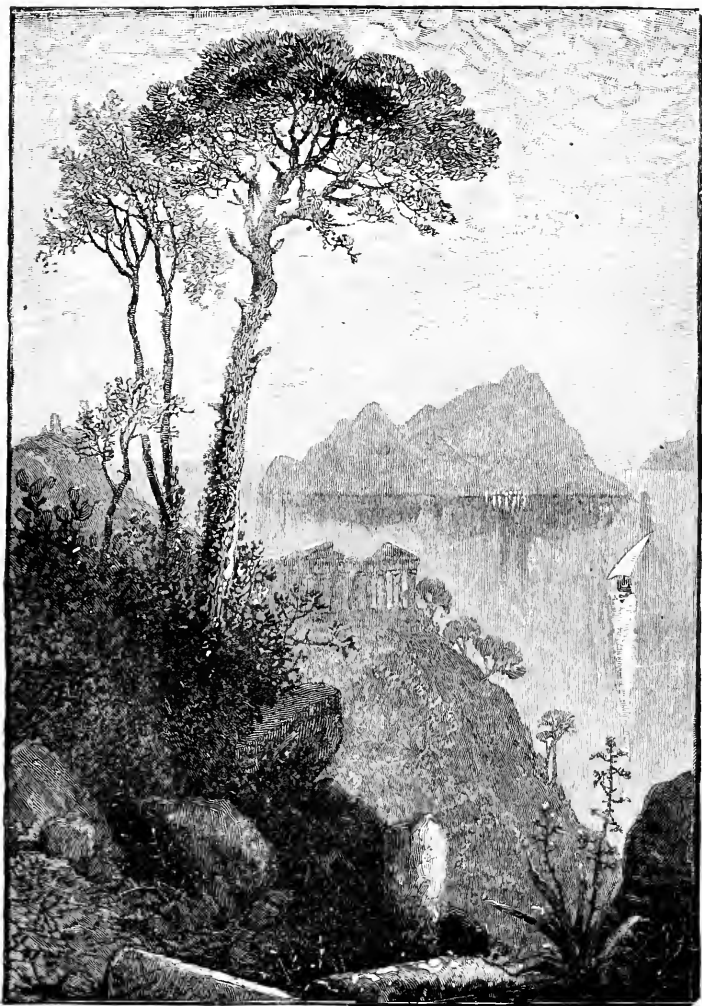
## On the Sea.

*Bayard Taylor.*



**T**HE pathway of the sinking moon  
 Fades from the silent bay ;  
 The mountain isles loom large and faint,  
 Folded in shadows gray,  
 And the lights of land are setting stars  
 That soon will pass away.

O boatman, cease thy mellow song,  
 O minstrel, drop thy lyre ;  
 Let us hear the voice of the midnight sea,  
 Let us speak as the waves inspire,



“The mountain isles loom large and faint,  
Folded in shadows gray.”—Page 144.





While the plashy dip of the languid oar  
Is a furrow of silver fire.

Day cannot make thee half so fair,  
Nor the stars of eve so dear ;  
The arms that clasp, and the breast that keeps,  
They tell me thou art near,  
And the perfect beauty of thy face  
In thy murmured words I hear.

The lights of land have dropped below  
The vast and glimmering sea ;  
The world we have is a tale that is told, —  
A fable that cannot be.  
There is no life in the spherly dark  
But the love in thee and me.



## The Soul.

*Adison.*



THE Soul, secure in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point ;  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

## The Prayer of Nature.

*Byron.*

FATHER of Light! great God of Heaven,  
 Hear'st thou the accents of despair?  
 Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?  
 Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?

Father of Light, on thee I call;  
 Thou seest my soul is dark within;  
 Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall,  
 Avert from me the death of sin.

No shrine I seek to sects unknown;  
 O, point to me the path of truth;  
 Thy dread omnipotence I own;  
 Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.

Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,  
 Let superstition hail the pile,  
 Let priests, to spread their sable reign,  
 With tales of mystic rites beguile.

Shall man confine his Maker's sway  
 To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?  
 Thy temple is the face of day;  
 Earth, ocean, heaven thy boundless throne.

Shall man condemn his race to hell  
 Unless they bend in pompous form;

---

Tell us that all, for one who fell,  
Must perish in the mingling storm ?

Shall each pretend to reach the skies,  
Yet doom his brother to expire,  
Whose soul a different hope supplies,  
Or doctrines less severe inspire ?

Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,  
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe ?  
Shall reptiles, grovelling on the ground,  
Their great Creator's purpose know ?

Shall those who live for self alone,  
Whose years float on in daily crime, —  
Shall they by faith for guilt atone,  
And live beyond the bounds of time ?

Father ! no prophet's laws I seek ;  
Thy laws in Nature's works appear ; —  
I own myself corrupt and weak ;  
Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear !

Thou, who canst guide the wandering star  
Through trackless realms of ether's space ;  
Who calm'st the elemental war,  
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace ; —

Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,  
Who, when thou wilt, can take me hence, --  
Ah ! while I tread this earthly sphere,  
Extend to me thy wide defence.

To thee, my God, to thee I call!  
 Whatever weal or woe betide,  
 By thy command I rise or fall;  
 In thy protection I confide.

If, when this dust to dust restored,  
 My soul shall float on airy wing,  
 How shall thy glorious name adored  
 Inspire her feeble voice to sing!

But, if this fleeting spirit share  
 With clay the grave's eternal bed,  
 While life yet throbs I raise my prayer,  
 Though doomed no more to quit the dead.

To thee I breathe my humble strain,  
 Grateful for all thy mercies past,  
 And hope, my God, to thee again  
 This erring life may fly at last.



### In Reverie.

*Harriet McErwen Kimball.*

**S**N the west, the weary Day  
 Folds its amber wings and dies;  
 Night, the long delaying Night  
 Walks abroad in starry guise.

Rest more precious than a sleep,  
 Silence sweeter than a dream,—

These enfold me as I float,  
Idle waif on idle stream.

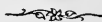
In the rippling trees I hear  
Flowing waves and dipping oars ;  
And beloved voices near  
Seem to steal from fading shores.

Fainter, fainter, fainter still,  
By no breath of passion crossed,  
With the tide I drift and glide  
Out to sea — and all is lost.



## The Tempest.

*James T. Fields.*



**W**E were crowded in the cabin ;  
Not a soul would dare to speak ;  
It was midnight on the waters,  
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter  
To be shattered in the blast,  
And to hear the rattling trumpet  
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,  
For the stoutest held his breath.

While the angry sea was roaring,  
And the breakers talked with Death.

And thus we sat in darkness,  
Each one busy in his prayers :  
“ We are lost ! ” the captain shouted,  
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,  
As she took his icy hand,  
“ Is not God upon the ocean  
Just the same as on the land ? ”


Then we kissed the little maiden,  
And we spoke in better cheer,  
And we anchored safe in harbor,  
When the morn was shining clear.



From “ The Princess. ”

*Tennyson.*




 EARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean.  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.  
Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the under world,

Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the vérgé !  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

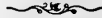
Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned  
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.



## Joe.

*Albert Lighton.*



ALL day long, with a vacant stare,  
Along in the chilling autumn air,  
With naked feet, he wanders slow  
Over the city — the idiot Joe !

I often marvel why he was born,  
A child of humanity thus forlorn,  
Unloved, unnoticed by all below ;  
A cheerless thing is the life of Joe !

---

Beauty can throw no spell o'er him ;  
His inner vision is weak and dim,  
And Nature in all her varied show  
Weareth no charm for the eyes of Joe.

Earth may wake at the kiss of spring,  
Flowers may blossom and birds may sing ;  
With joy the crystal streams may flow ;  
They never make glad the heart of Joe.

His vague and wandering thoughts enfold  
No dreams of glory, no schemes for gold ;  
He knows not the blight of hopes, yet, O,  
A blighted thing is the life of Joe !

Who would not suffer the ills of life,  
Its numberless wrongs, its sin and strife,  
And willingly bear its weight of woe,  
Rather than be the idiot Joe ?

I think of him in the silent night,  
When every star seems a beacon light,  
To guide us wanderers here below  
To the better land — the home of Joe.

For He who hears when the ravens call,  
And watches even the sparrow's fall —  
He, in his measureless love, I know,  
Will kindly care for the soul of Joe.



## The Dying Alchemist.

*Willis.*

THE night wind with a desolate moan swept by ;  
 And the old shutters of the turret swung  
 Screaming upon their hinges ; and the moon,  
 As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,  
 Struggled aslant the stained and broken panes  
 So dimly, that the watchful eye of death  
 Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.

The fire beneath his crucible was low ;  
 Yet still it burned ; and ever as his thoughts  
 Grew insupportable, he raised himself  
 Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals  
 With difficult energy ; and when the rod  
 Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye  
 Felt faint within its socket, he shrunk back  
 Upon his pallet, and with unclosed lips  
 Muttered a curse on death ! The silent room,  
 From its dim corners, mockingly gave back  
 His rattling breath ; the humming in the fire  
 Had the distinctness of a knell ; and when  
 Duly the antique horologe beat one,  
 He drew a phial from his breast,  
 And drank. And instantly his lips compressed,  
 And, with a shudder in his skeleton frame,  
 He rose with supernatural strength, and sat  
 Upright, and communed with himself : —

I did not think to die  
 Till I had finished what I had to do ,

I thought to pierce th' eternal secret through  
With this my mortal eye ;  
I felt — O God ! it seemeth even now  
This cannot be the death-dew on my brow.

And yet it is — I feel  
Of this dull sickness at my heart, afraid ;  
And in my eyes the death-sparks flash and fade ;  
And something seems to steal  
Over my bosom like a frozen hand,  
Binding its pulses with an icy band.

And this is death ! But why  
Feel I this wild recoil ? It cannot be  
Th' immortal spirit shuddereth to be free !  
Would it not leap to fly,  
Like a chained eaglet at its parent's call ?  
I fear — I fear — that this poor life is all.

Yet thus to pass away !  
To live but for a hope that mocks at last ;  
To agonize, to strive, to watch, to fast,  
To waste the light of day,  
Night's better beauty, feeling, fancy, thought,  
All that we have and are — for this — for nought.

Grant me another year,  
God of my spirit ! but a day, to win  
Something to satisfy this thirst within.  
I would *know* something here.  
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken !  
Speak for me but one word that is unspoken !

Vain, vain ! my brain is turning  
 With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,  
 And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,  
     And I am freezing, burning,  
 Dying. O God, if I might only live !  
 My phial — ha ! it thrills me ; I revive.

Ay, were not man to die,  
 He were too mighty for this narrow sphere.  
 Had he but time to brood on knowledge here,  
     Could he but train his eye,  
 Might he but wait the mystic word and hour,  
 Only his Maker would transcend his power.

Earth has no mineral strange,  
 Th' illimitable air no hidden wings,  
 Water no quality in covert springs,  
     And fire no power to change ;  
 Seasons no mystery, and stars no spell,  
 Which the unwasting soul might not compel.

O, but for time to track  
 The upper stars into the pathless sky,  
 To see th' invisible spirits, eye to eye,  
     To hurl the lightning back,  
 To tread unhurt the sea's dim-lighted halls,  
 To chase Day's chariot to the horizon walls, —

And more, much more ; for now  
 The life sealed fountains of my nature move,  
 To nurse and purify this human love ;

To clear the godlike brow  
Of weakness and distrust, and bow it down,  
Worthy and beautiful, to the much-loved one.

This were indeed to feel  
The soul-thirst slaken at the living stream ;  
To live — O God ! that life is but a dream !  
And death — aha ! I reel —  
Dim — dim — I faint ! darkness comes o'er my eye  
Cover me ! save me. God of heaven ! I die !

'Twas morning, and the old man lay alone.  
No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,  
Open and ashy pale, th' expression wore  
Of his death struggle. His long, silvery hair  
Lay on his hollow temples thin and wild ;  
His frame was wasted, and his features wan  
And haggard as with want, and in his palm  
His nails were driven deep, as if the throe  
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.  
The storm was raging still. The shutters swung,  
Screaming as harshly in the fitful wind,  
And all without went on, as aye it will,  
Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart  
Is breaking, or has broken, in its change.

The fire beneath the crucible was out ;  
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,  
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand  
That fashioned them, and the small rod,  
Familiar to his touch for threescore years,

Lay on th' alembic's rim, as if it still  
Might vex the elements at its master's will.


And thus had passed from its unequal frame  
A soul of fire — a sun-bent eagle stricken  
From his high soaring down — an instrument  
Broken with its own compass. O, how poor  
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,  
Like the adventurous bird that hath outflown  
His strength upon the sea, ambition-wrecked —  
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits  
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest!



## The Pleasures of Hope.


*Campbell.*




 IS summer eve, when heaven's ethereal bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below  
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,  
Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?  
Why do these cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?  
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.  
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey:  
The promised joy of life's unmeasured scene  
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;  
And every form that Fancy can repair,  
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

## June.

*Bryant.*


**H**ERE, through the long, long summer hours,  
 The golden light should lie,  
 And thick young herbs and groups of flowers  
 Stand in their beauty by.  
 The oriole should build and tell  
 His love-tale close beside my cell;  
 The idle butterfly  
 Should rest him there, and there be heard  
 The housewife-bee and humming-bird.

And what, if cheerful shouts, at noon,  
 Come from the village sent,  
 Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,  
 With fairy laughter blent?  
 And what if, in the evening light,  
 Betrothéd lovers walk in sight  
 Of my low monument?  
 I would the lovely scene around  
 Might know no sadder sight or sound.

I know, I know I should not see  
 The season's glorious show,  
 Nor would its brightness shine for me,  
 Nor its wild music flow;  
 But if, around my place of sleep,  
 The friends I love should come to weep,  
 They might not haste to go.

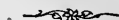
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom  
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear  
The thought of what has been,  
And speak of one who cannot share  
The gladness of the scene ;  
Whose part in all the pomp that fills  
The circuit of the summer hills,  
Is, that his grave is green ;  
And deeply would their hearts rejoice  
To hear again his living voice.



## The Village Preacher.

*Goldsmith.*



**H**EAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place ;  
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour :

Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;  
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.  
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;  
But, in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.  
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control,  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last, faltering accents whispered praise.

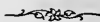


At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
 His looks adorned the venerable place;  
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.  
 The service past, around the pious man,  
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
 E'en children followed with endearing wile,  
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;  
 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;  
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;  
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.



## He Lives Long who Lives Well.

*Randolph.*



WOULDST thou live long? The only means  
 are these —

'Bove Galen's diet, or Hippocrates':  
 Strive to live well; tread in the upright ways,  
 And rather count thy actions than thy days:  
 Then thou hast lived enough amongst us here,  
 For every day well spent I count a year.

Live well, and then, how soon soe'er thou die,  
 Thou art of age to claim eternity.

But he that outlives Nestor, and appears  
 To have passed the date of gray Methuselah's years,  
 If he his life to sloth and sin doth give,  
 I say he only WAS — he did not LIVE.

---

Fair Ines.

*Hood.*



SAW ye not fair Ines?  
 She's gone into the west,  
 To dazzle when the sun is down,  
 And rob the world of rest;  
 She took our daylight with her,  
 The smiles that we love best,  
 With morning blushes on her cheek,  
 And pearls upon her breast.

O, turn again, fair Ines,  
 Before the fall of night,  
 For fear the moon should shine alone,  
 And stars unrivalled bright;  
 And blessed will the lover be  
 That walks beneath their light,  
 And breathes the love against thy cheek  
 I dare not even write.

Would I had been, fair Ines,  
 That gallant cavalier  
 Who rode so gayly by thy side,  
 And whispered thee so near;

Were there no bonny dames at home,  
Or no true lovers here,  
That he should cross the seas to win  
The dearest of the dear ?


I saw thee, lovely Ines,  
Descend along the shore,  
With bands of noble gentlemen,  
And banners waved before ;  
And gentle youth and maidens gay,  
And snowy plumes they wore ;  
It would have been a beauteous dream,  
If it had been before.

Alas, alas, fair Ines,  
She went away with song,  
With music waiting on her steps,  
And shoutings of the throng ;  
But some were sad and felt no mirth,  
But only Music's wrong,  
In sounds that sang, Farewell, farewell  
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines ;  
That vessel never bore  
So fair a lady on its deck,  
Nor danced so light before ;  
Alas for pleasure on the sea,  
And sorrow on the shore ;  
The smile that blest one lover's heart  
Has broken many more.

## The Graves of a Household.

*Mrs. Hemans.*


 HEY grew in beauty side by side,  
 They filled one home with glee ;  
 Their graves are severed, far and wide,  
 By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night  
 O'er each fair sleeping brow ;  
 She had each folded flower in sight—  
 Where are those dreamers now ?

One, 'midst the forest of the west,  
 By a dark stream is laid—  
 The Indian knows his place of rest,  
 Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—  
 He lies where pearls lie deep ;  
 He was the loved of all, yet none  
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed,  
 Above the noble slain ;  
 He wrapped his colors round his breast  
 On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers  
 Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;  
 She faded 'midst Italian flowers,  
 The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played  
 Beneath the same green tree ;  
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
 Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
 And cheered with song the hearth —  
 Alas ! for love, if thou wert all,  
 And nought beyond, O earth !



### Life.


*Anon.*

**T**HE spark of life is like a spark of fire ;  
 It flasheth forth its beauty, and is gone ;  
 So dies the minstrel, leaving Fancy's lyre  
 Bereft of heart, and chords, and song, and tune ;  
 Silent, because it cannot sing alone.  
 Meanwhile, all those who loved it mourn and weep  
 For loss of him with whom it could not sleep.

Yet leaves he pearls behind — a glorious name,  
 That time would fear to kill, so passeth by ;  
 A dearly cherished memory, a fame  
 Forbid by immortality to die,  
 The crown for which a world of poets sigh ;  
 A fairy tree, which he alone could find,  
 From whence he plucked the bay leaves of the mind.

## The Opening of the Piano.

*Atlantic Monthly.*

N the little southern parlor of the house you may  
have seen  
With the gambrel roof and the gable looking west-  
ward to the green,  
At the side toward the sunset, with the window on  
its right,  
Stood the London-made piano I am dreaming of  
to-night.

Ah me! how I remember the evening when it came!  
What a cry of eager voices! what a group of cheeks in  
flame!

When the wondrous box was opened that had come from  
over seas,  
With its smell of mastic varnish and its flash of ivory  
keys!

Then the children all grew fretful in the restlessness of joy,  
For the boy would push his sister and the sister crowd  
the boy,  
Till the father asked for quiet in his grave, paternal way,  
But the mother hushed the tumult with the words, "Now,  
Mary, play."

For the dear soul knew that music was a very sovereign  
balm;  
She had sprinkled it o'er Sorrow, and seen its brow grow  
calm,

In the days of slender harpsichords with the tapping,  
tinkling quills,  
Or carolling to her spinet with its thin metallic thrills.

So Mary, the household minstrel, who always loved to  
please,  
Sat down to the new "Clementi," and struck the glitter-  
ing keys.  
Hushed were the children's voices, and every eye grew dim  
As, floating from lip and finger, arose the "Vesper Hymn."


Catharine, child of a neighbor, curly and rosy-red,  
Wedded since and a widow, — something like ten years  
dead, —  
Hearing a gush of music such as none had heard before,  
Steals from her mother's chamber, and peeps at the open  
door.

Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whisper dies,  
"Open it! open it, lady!" the little maiden cries,  
(For she thought 'twas a singing creature caged in a box  
she heard;)  
'Open it! open it, lady, and let me see the bird!"



## The Beautiful.

*Burrington.*

ALK with the Beautiful and with the Grand ;  
 Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter ;  
 Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,  
 But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her :  
 Walk with the Beautiful.

I hear thee say, " The Beautiful ! What is it ?"  
 O, thou art darkly ignorant ! Be sure  
 'Tis no long, weary road its form to visit ;  
 For thou canst make it smile beside thy door : —  
 Then love the Beautiful.

Ay, love it ; 'tis a sister that will bless,  
 And teach thee patience when the heart is lonely ;  
 The angels love it, for they wear its dress ;  
 And thou art made a little lower only ; —  
 Then love the Beautiful.

Sigh for it, — clasp it when 'tis in thy way !  
 Be its idolator, as of a maiden !  
 Thy parents bent to it, and more than they ; —  
 Be thou its worshipper. Another Eden  
 Comes with the Beautiful.

Some boast its presence in a Grecian face ;  
 Some, on a favorite warbler of the skies ;  
 But be not foiled ; where'er thine eyes might trace,  
 Seeking the Beautiful, it will arise ; —  
 Then seek it every where.



Thy bosom is its mint ; the workmen are  
 Thy thoughts ; and they must coin for thee : believing  
 The Beautiful exists in every star,  
 Thou mak'st it so, and art thyself deceiving  
 If otherwise thy faith.

Thou seest Beauty in the violet's cup ; —  
 I'll teach thee miracles ! Walk on this heath,  
 And say to the neglected flower, " Look up,  
 And be thou Beautiful ! " If thou hast faith,  
 It will obey thy word.

One thing I warn thee ; bow no knee to gold ;  
 Less innocent it makes the guileless tongue ;  
 It turns the feelings prematurely old ;  
 And they who keep their best affections young,  
 Best love the Beautiful.



## The Baby.

*Anon*



**A**NOTHER little wave  
 Upon the sea of life ;  
 Another soul to save,  
 Amid its toils and strife.

Two more little feet  
 To walk the dusty road ;  
 To choose where two paths meet,  
 The narrow, or the broad.

Two more little hands  
To work for good or ill;  
Two more little eyes;  
Another little will.

Another heart to love,  
Receiving love again;  
And so the baby came,  
A thing of joy and pain.



### To a Friend.

*Daniel A. Drown*



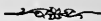
**A**S twilight fades upon the west,  
And zephyrs yield their rich bequest  
Of odors to the evening air,  
From leaflets and from flowerets fair,  
So may fresh incense for you rise,  
When time shall shade your future skies.  
To soothe with peace those future years  
When strength grows weak, and hopes and fears,  
As tendrils of the running vine  
Around the oak their grasp entwine,  
To find support to rise on high,  
As if to seek the fair blue sky,  
So may your hopes like ivy cling  
To truth, a constant peace to bring,

And bid your faith seek clearer skies,  
 Where joy fails not, where sorrow dies  
 As gently as the evening breeze  
 Soft whispers through the murmuring trees.  
 As calmly as the crystal tide  
 Kisses the pebbles by its side,  
 In all your ways appear to all,  
 Nor shun the weak, when once they fall ;  
 But flowers scatter in the way,  
 And cheer their hearts, as best you may.



## Effect of Oratory on a Multitude.

*Croly.*



**T**IS words seemed oracles  
 That pierced their bosoms ; and each man would  
 turn  
 And gaze in wonder on his neighbor's face,  
 That with the like dumb wonder answered him ;  
 Then some would weep, some shout, some,  
 deeper touched,  
 Keep down the cry with motion of their hands,  
 In fear but to have lost a syllable.  
 The evening came, yet there the people stood,  
 As if 'twere noon, and they the marble sea,  
 Sleeping without a wave. You could have heard  
 The beating of your pulses while he spoke.

## The Raven.

*Edgar A. Poe.*



DANCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,  
 weak and weary,  
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of for-  
 gotten lore,  
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there  
 came a tapping,  
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my  
 chamber door.

" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my cham-  
 ber door ;

Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,  
 And each separate, dying ember wrought its ghost upon  
 the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow ; vainly I had sought to borrow  
 From my books surcease of sorrow, sorrow for the lost  
 Lenore,

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name  
 Lenore,

Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple  
 curtain

Thrilled me, filled me, with fantastic terrors never felt  
 before ;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood  
 repeating,

“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;

    This it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,

“Sir,” said I, “or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;

But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you.” Here I opened wide the door; —

    Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, “Lenore;”

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, “Lenore.”

    Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.

---

“Surely,” said I, “surely, that is something at my window lattice ;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore ;

Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore ;

’Tis the wind, and nothing more.”

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately raven, of the saintly days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he ; not a minute stopped or staid he ;

But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,

Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door ;

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,

“ Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “ art sure no craven,

Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the Nightly shore.

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plutonian shore.”

Quoth the raven, “ Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so  
plainly,

Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore ;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human  
being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his cham-  
ber door,

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his cham-  
ber door,

With such name as " Evermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke  
only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did  
outpour.

Nothing further then he uttered ; not a feather then he  
fluttered ;

Till I scarcely more than muttered, " Other friends  
have flown before ;

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have  
flown before."

Then the bird said, " Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
" Doubtless;" said I, " what it utters is its only stock  
and store,

Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful  
disaster

Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one bur-  
den bore,

Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,  
Of " Never — nevermore."

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and  
 bust and door ;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of  
 yore,

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous  
 bird of yore

Meant in croaking, " Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
 To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's  
 core ;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease re-  
 clining

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloat-  
 ed o'er;

But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloat-  
 ing o'er,

*She* shall press, ah, nevermore.

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an  
 unseen censor

Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted  
 floor.

" Wretch," I cried, " thy God hath lent thee by these  
 angels he hath sent thee

Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of  
 Lenore !

Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost  
 Lenore !"

Quoth the raven, " Nevermore."



“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if  
bird or devil!

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee  
here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-  
chanted, —

On this home by Horror haunted — tell me truly, I im-  
plore —

Is there — is there balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell me,  
I implore!”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil—prophet still, if  
bird or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we  
both adore —

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant  
Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name  
Lenore —

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name  
Lenore?”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I  
shrieked, upstarting —

“Get thee back into the tempest and the night’s Pluto-  
nian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath  
spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above  
my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form  
from off my door!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is  
sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber  
door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is  
dreaming;

And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow  
on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on  
the floor,

Shall be lifted — nevermore!



## Pleasures of Memory.


*More*



**L**IKE a gale that sighs along  
Beds of Oriental flowers,  
Is the grateful breath of song  
That once was heard in happier hours;  
Filled with balm, the gale sighs on,  
Though the flowers are sunk in death;  
So when pleasure's dream is gone,  
Its memory lives in music's breath.

## Reflections.

*Crabbe.*


**W**HEN all the fiercer passions cease,  
 (The glory and disgrace of youth ;)

When the deluded soul, in peace,  
 Can listen to the voice of truth ;  
 When we are taught in whom to trust,  
 And how to spare, to spend, to give,  
 (Our prudence kind, our pity just,) —  
 'Tis then we rightly learn to live.

Its weakness when the body feels,  
 Nor danger in contempt defies,  
 To reason when desire appeals,  
 When on experience hope relies ;  
 When every passing hour we prize,  
 Nor rashly on our follies spend,  
 But use it, as it quickly flies,  
 With sober aim to serious end ;  
 When prudence bounds our utmost views,  
 And bids us wrath and wrong forgive ;  
 When we can calmly gain or lose, —  
 'Tis then we rightly learn to live.

Yet thus, when we our way discern,  
 And can upon our care depend,  
 To travel safely when we learn,  
 Behold ! we're near our journey's end ;  
 We've trod the maze of error round,  
 Long wandering in the winding glade ;

And, now the torch of truth is found,  
It only shows us where we strayed ;  
Light for ourselves, what is it worth,  
When we no more our way can choose ?  
For others, when we hold it forth,  
They, in their pride, the boon refuse.

By long experience taught, we now  
Can rightly judge of friends and foes,  
Can all the worth of these allow,  
And all their faults discern in those ;  
Relentless hatred, erring love,  
We can for sacred truth forego ;  
We can the warmest friend reprove,  
And bear to praise the fiercest foe :  
To what effect ? Our friends are gone  
Beyond reproof, regard, or care ;  
And of our foes remains there one,  
The mild, relenting thoughts to share ?  
Now 'tis our boast that we can quell  
The wildest passions in their rage ;  
Can their destructive force repel,  
And their impetuous wrath assuage !

Ah ! virtue, dost thou arm, when now  
This bold, rebellious race are fled ;  
When all these tyrants rest, and thou  
Art warring with the mighty dead ?  
Revenge, ambition, scorn, and pride,  
And strong desire, and fierce disdain,  
The giant brood by thee defined,  
Lo, Time's resistless strokes have slain.

Yet Time, who could that race subdue,  
(O'erpowering strength, appeasing rage,)  
Leaves yet a persevering crew,  
To try the failing powers of age.  
Vexed by the constant call of these,  
Virtue a while for conquest tries ;  
But weary grown and fond of ease,  
She makes with them a compromise :  
Avarice himself she gives to rest,  
But rules him with her strict commands,  
Bids Pity touch her torpid breast,  
And Justice hold his eager hands.

Yet is there nothing men can do,  
When chilling age comes creeping on ?  
Cannot we yet some good pursue ?  
Are talents buried ? genius gone ?  
If passions slumber in the breast,  
If follies from the heart be fled,  
Of laurels let us go in quest,  
And place them on the poet's head.  
Yes, 'twill redeem the wasted time,  
And to neglected studies flee ;  
We'll build again the lofty rhyme,  
Or live, Philosophy, with thee.

For reasoning clear, for flight sublime,  
Eternal fame reward shall be ;  
And to what glorious heights we'll climb,  
The admiring crowd shall envying see.  
Begin the song ! begin the theme ! —


Alas ! and is Invention dead ?  
Dream we no more the golden dream ?  
Is Memory with her treasures fled ?  
Yes, 'tis too late, — now Reason guides  
The mind, sole judge in all debate ;  
And thus the important point decides,  
For laurels, 'tis, alas, too late !  
What is possessed we may retain,  
But for new conquests strive in vain.

Beware then, Age, that what was won  
If life's past labors, studies, views,  
Be lost not, now the labor's done,  
When all thy part is, — not to lose :  
When thou canst toil or gain no more,  
Destroy not what was gained before ;  
For all that's gained of all that's good,  
When Time shall his weak frame destroy,  
(Their use then rightly understood,)  
Shall man in happier state enjoy.  
O, argument for truth divine,  
For study's cares, for virtue's strife,  
To know the enjoyment will be thine,  
In that renewed, that endless life !



## The Serenade.

*Shelley.*



 ARISE from dreams of thee  
 In the first sweet sleep of night,  
 When the winds are breathing low,  
 And the stars are shining bright.  
 I arise from dreams of thee,  
 And a spirit in my feet  
 Has led me — who knows how? —  
 To thy chamber-window, sweet!

The wandering airs, they faint  
 On the dark, the silent stream —  
 The champak odors fail  
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream;  
 The nightingale's complaint,  
 It dies upon the heart,  
 As I must die on thine,  
 O, belovéd as thou art!

O, lift me from the grass!  
 I die, I faint, I fail!  
 Let thy love in kisses rain  
 On my lips and eyelids pale.  
 My cheek is cold and white, alas  
 My heart beats loud and fast:  
 O, press it close to thine again,  
 Where it will break at last!

## Health.

*E. C. Pinckney.*


 FILL this cup to one made up  
 Of loveliness alone,  
 A woman, of her gentle sex  
 The seeming paragon,  
 To whom the better elements  
 And kindly stars have given  
 A form so fair, that, like the air,  
 'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,  
 Like those of morning birds,  
 And something more than melody  
 Dwells ever in her words ;  
 The coinage of her heart are they,  
 And from her lips each flows  
 As one may see the burdened bee  
 Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,  
 The measure of her hours ;  
 Her feelings have the fragrancy,  
 The freshness of young flowers ;  
 And lovely passions, changing oft,  
 So fill her, she appears  
 The image of themselves by turns—  
 The idol of past years !



Of her bright face one glance will trace  
 A picture on the brain,  
 And of her voice in echoing hearts  
 A sound must long remain ;  
 But memory, such as mine of her,  
 So very much endears,  
 When death is nigh, my latest sigh  
 Will not be life's, but hers.

I filled this cup to one made up  
 Of loveliness alone,  
 A woman, of her gentle sex  
 The seeming paragon —  
 Her health ! and would on earth there stood  
 Some more of such a frame,  
 That life might be all poetry,  
 And weariness a name.



## To the Portrait of one "gone before."

*Mrs. A. M. Butterfield.*



**W**HON thy pictured lineaments I looked,  
 Thy proud, bright eye, thy full and firm-set lips,  
 Where so much power, and yet such softness  
 lay —  
 Such majesty enthroned upon the pale, calm  
 brow —  
 And marvelled death could quench so much of  
 life ;

That one so many human hearts could sway,  
 Could go down in the silent grave to dwell,  
 But, as I gazed e'en through the mist of tears,  
 There shone a clearer light; and now I know  
 That Death is but the flaring of the torch,  
 When angels bear it from its house of clay  
 Forth to the outer air, where it shall burn  
 Free and with undimmed radiance, evermore.  
 And though the world is lone without thee,  
 And from day to day thy presence more we miss,  
 Yet still the time is swiftly drawing nigh,  
 When *we* must tread the dim and narrow path;  
 And blessed they who groping in its gloom,  
 Though sightless, still can feel the clasping hands  
 Of them that went before, and know the way.



## Angel of the Rain.

*Harriet McEwen Kimball.*



WAKE thy cloud-harp, angel of the rain!  
 Sweep thy dark fingers o'er the waiting strings;  
 And pour thy melodies in silvery showers  
 In the great heart of earth!

I love thy notes when in the hush of night  
 They fall with tranquil gladness on the roof,  
 Liquid and faint as laughter heard in dreams.

I love thy music when, with wildest power,  
 Thy unseen fingers smite the answering chords,  
 And torrents of bewildering fantasies  
 Deluge the mighty hills and lovely vales.

I love thy notes when thou dost improvise  
 Melodious strains to charm the royal Day  
 Whose "sunbeam fingers," at its closing, fling  
 A rainbow wreath athwart the dripping strings.



## Worldly Treasures.

*Bailey.*



'LL woo thee, world, again,  
 And revel in thy loveliness and love.  
 I have a heart with room for every joy ;  
 And since we must part sometime, while I may  
 I'll quaff the nectar in thy flowers, and press  
 The richest clusters of thy luscious fruit  
 Into the cup of my desires. I know  
 My years are numbered not in units yet.  
 But I cannot live unless I love and am loved,  
 Unless I have the young and beautiful  
 Bound up like pictures in my book of life.  
 It is the intensest vanity alone  
 Which makes us bear with life. Some seem to live  
 Whose hearts are like those unenlightened stars  
 Of the first darkness, lifeless, timeless, useless,

With nothing but a cold night air about them ;  
 Not suns, nor planets ; darkness organized ;  
 Orbs of a desert darkness ; with no soul  
 To light its watch-fires in the wilderness,  
 And civilize the solitude one moment.  
 There are such seemingly ; but how or why  
 They live, I know not. . This to me is life ;  
 That if life be a burden, I will join  
 To make it but the burden of a song ;  
 I hate the world's coarse thought. And this is life :  
 To watch young beauty's bud-like feelings burst  
 And load the soul with love ; as that pale flower,  
 Which opes at eve, spreads sudden on the dark  
 Its yellow bloom, and sinks the air down with its sweets.  
 Let heaven take all that's good, hell all that's foul ;  
 Leave us the lovely, and we will ask no more.

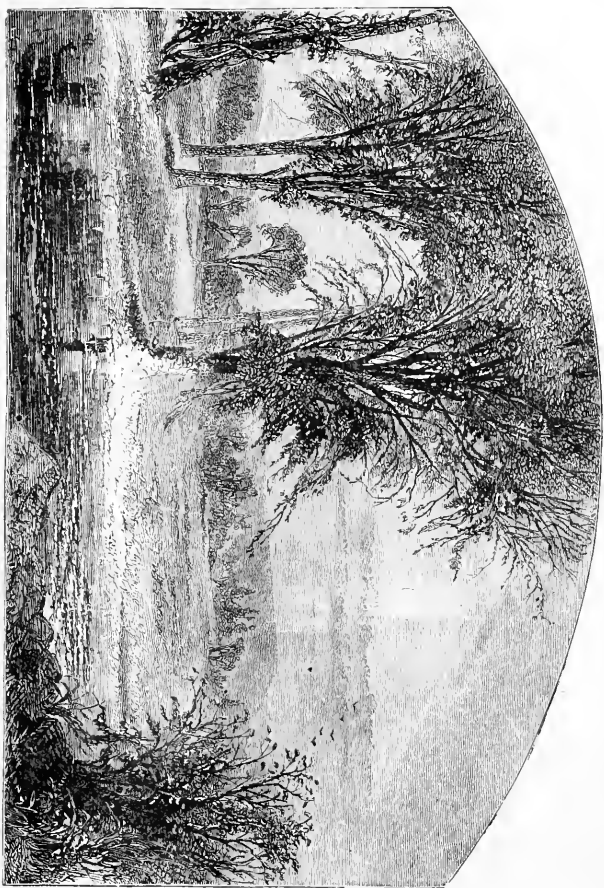


## The Death of the Flowers.

*Bryant.*



THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of  
 the year,  
 Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and mead-  
 ows brown and sere.  
 Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered  
 leaves lie dead ;  
 They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rab-  
 bit's tread.



“ And now when comes the calm, mild day,  
As still such days will come.” — Page 189.



The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub  
the jay,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the  
gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately  
sprung and stood  
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?  
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of  
flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good of  
ours.

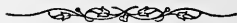
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold Novem-  
ber rain  
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones  
again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,  
And the wild rose and the orchis died amid the summer's  
glow;  
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty  
stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the  
plague on men,  
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland,  
glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such  
days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter  
home,

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all  
 the trees are still,  
 And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,  
 The south wind searches for the flowers, whose fragrance  
 late he bore,  
 And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no  
 more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,  
 The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side ;  
 In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast  
 the leaf,  
 And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so  
 brief ;  
 Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of  
 ours,  
 So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.



## The Aurora Borealis.

*H. F. Gould.*

**S**T fades ! it shifts ! and appears  
 An army bright with shields and spears,  
 That, winding on in proud array,  
 Up the blue heights pursue their way,  
 With waving plumes and banners, where  
 No eagle's wing e'er cleaved the air ;  
 Now charging on in frenzy wild,  
 Then, turning off, in thin defile,



Battalions, now again they march  
 Beneath the high triumphal arch,  
 And while the vast pavilion spreads  
 Gold-fringed and tasselled o'er their heads  
 A zenith loop superbly holds  
 Its emerald green and purple folds.



## New England.

*Anon.*




**S**TERN land! we love thy woods and rocks,  
 Thy rushing streams and wintry glooms,  
 And memory, like a pilgrim gray,  
 Kneels at thy temples and thy tombs ;  
 The thoughts of thee, where'er we dwell,  
 Come o'er us like a holy spell, —  
 A star to light our path of tears,  
 A rainbow on the sky of years.

Above thy cold and rocky breast  
 The tempest sweeps, the night wind wails ;  
 But virtue, peace, and love, like birds,  
 Are nestling 'mid thy hills and vales ;  
 A glory o'er each plain and glen  
 Walks with thy free and iron men,  
 And lights her sacred banner still,  
 With Bennington and Bunker Hill.

## The Pity of the Park Fountain.

*Willis.*




 WAS a summery day in the last of May,  
 Pleasant in sun or shade ;  
 And the hours went by, as the poets say,  
 Fragrant and fair on their flowery way ;  
 And a hearse crept slowly through Broadway —  
 And the Fountain gayly played.

The Fountain played right merrily,  
 And the world looked bright and gay ;  
 And a youth went by, with a restless eye,  
 Whose heart was sick and whose brain was dry ;  
 And he prayed to God that he might die —  
 And the Fountain played away.

Uprose the spray like a diamond throne,  
 And the drops like music rang —  
 And of those who marvelled how it shone  
 Was a proud man left in his shame alone ;  
 And he shut his teeth with a smothered groan —  
 And the Fountain sweetly sang.


And a rainbow spanned it changefully,  
 Like a bright ring broke in twain ;  
 And the pale, fair girl, who stopped to see,  
 Was sick with the pangs of poverty —  
 And from hunger to guilt she chose to flee,  
 As the rainbow smiled again.

With as fair a ray, on another day,  
 The morning will have shone ;  
 And as little marked, in bright Broadway,  
 A hearse will glide amid busy and gay,  
 And the bard who sings will have passed away —  
 And the Fountain will play on !

---

## March of the Rebel Angels.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

 LL in a moment, through the gloom were seen  
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air,  
 With orient colors waving ; with them rose  
 A forest of huge spears ; and thronging helms  
 Appeared, and serried shields in thick array  
 Of depth immeasurable ; anon they move  
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood  
 Of flutes and soft recorders, such as raised  
 To height of noblest temper heroes old,  
 Arming to battle, and instead of rage,  
 Deliberate valor breathed, firm and unmoved  
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat ;  
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage  
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase  
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,  
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,  
 Breathing united force, with fixed thought,  
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charmed

Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now  
 Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front  
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise  
 Of warriors old, with ordered spear and shield,  
 Awaiting what command their mighty chief  
 Had to impose.

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### The Sagamore.

*B. P. Shillaber.*

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AND thou, remembered Sagamore,  
 Some fairy pencil traced thy shore,  
 With most artistic beauties rife,  
 Ere sturdy Nature gave it life;  
 The woods that skirt thy verdant side  
 Bow over thee in love and pride,  
 And lay their shadows there to rest  
 Upon the pillow of thy breast;  
 No sounds of harsh discordance press  
 To mar thy blesséd peacefulness.  
 The old pines murmur whisperingly,  
 As if in earnest praise of thee;  
 And troops of brilliant loving birds  
 Sing their delights in joyous words,  
 Responsive to thine own sweet speech  
 That breaks in music on thy beach.  
 Among thy haunts again we've played,  
 Again along thy shore we've strayed,

And bowed like pilgrims at a shrine  
 Before thy beauties so divine !  
 Again our foreheads, warm and glowing,  
 Have felt thy crystal coolness flowing,  
 And love has strengthened in the beam  
 Reflected from thy shore and stream.



## The Beauties of Nature.

*Burns.*




ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,  
 These northern scenes with weary feet I trace ;  
 O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,  
 Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep,  
 My savage journey, curious I pursue,  
 Till famed Breadalbane opens to my view.  
 The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,  
 The woods, wild scattered, clothe their ample sides.  
 Th' outstretching lake, embosomed 'mong the hills,  
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills ;  
 The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride,  
 The palace rising on his verdant side ;  
 The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste ;  
 The hillocks dropped in Nature's careless haste ;  
 The arches striding o'er the new-born stream ;  
 The village glittering in the noontide beam.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Poetic ardors in my bosom swell,  
 Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell ;

The sweeping theatre of hanging woods,  
 Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,  
 And look through Nature with creative fire ;  
 Here, to the wrongs of fate half reconciled,  
 Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild ;  
 And Disappointment in these lonely bounds  
 Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling wounds.  
 Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch  
 her scan,  
 And injured Worth forget and pardon man.



### The Famine.

*Longfellow's Hiawatha.*



**W** THE long and dreary Winter !  
 O the cold and cruel Winter !  
 Ever thicker, thicker, thicker  
 Froze the ice on lake and river ;  
 Ever deeper, deeper, deeper  
 Fell the snow o'er all the landscape  
 Fell the covering snow, and drifted  
 Through the forest, round the village.  
 Hardly from his buried wigwam  
 Could the hunter force a passage ;  
 With his mittens and his snow-shoes  
 Vainly walked he through the forest,  
 Sought for bird or beast and found none,

Saw no track of deer or rabbit,  
In the snow beheld no footprints,  
In the ghastly, gleaming forest  
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,  
Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever!  
O the wasting of the famine!  
O the blasting of the fever!  
O the wailing of the children!  
O the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and famished;  
Hungry was the air around them,  
Hungry was the sky above them,  
And the hungry stars in heaven  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam  
Came two other guests, as silent  
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,  
Waited not to be invited,  
Did not parley at the doorway,  
Sat there without word of welcome  
In the seat of Laughing Water;  
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow  
At the face of Laughing Water.  
And the foremost said, "Behold me!  
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"  
And the other said, "Behold me!  
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"

And the lovely Minnehaha  
Shuddered as they looked upon her,  
Shuddered at the words they uttered,

Lay down on her bed in silence,  
Hid her face, but made no answer ;  
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning  
At the looks they cast upon her ;  
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest  
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha ;  
In his heart was deadly sorrow,  
In his face a stony firmness ;  
On his brow the sweat of anguish  
Started, but it froze, and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,  
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
With his quiver full of arrows,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Into the vast and vacant forest  
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

“ Gitche Manito, the Mighty ! ”  
Cried he with his face unplifted  
In that bitter hour of anguish,  
“ Give your children food, O father !  
Give us food, or we must perish !  
Give me food for Minnehaha,  
For my dying Minnehaha ! ”

Through the far-resounding forest,  
Through the forest vast and vacant,  
Rang that cry of desolation ;  
But there came no other answer  
Than the echo of his crying,  
Than the echo of the woodlands,  
“ Minnehaha ! Minnehaha ! ”



All day long roved Hiawatha  
In that melancholy forest,  
Through the shadow of whose thickets,  
In the pleasant days of summer,  
Of that ne'er forgotten summer,  
He had brought his young bride homeward  
From the land of the Dacotahs ;  
When the birds sang in the thickets,  
And the air was full of fragrance,  
And the lovely Laughing Water  
Said with voice that did not tremble,  
" I will follow you, my husband ! "

In the wigwam with Nokomis,  
With those gloomy guests that watched her,  
With the Famine and the Fever,  
She was lying, the Belovéd,  
She, the dying Minnehaha.

" Hark ! " she said ; " I hear a rushing,  
Hear a roaring and a rushing,  
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to me from a distance ! "  
" No, my child, " said old Nokomis,  
" 'Tis the night-wind in the pine trees ! "  
" Look ! " she said ; " I see my father  
Standing lonely at his doorway,  
Beckoning to me from his wigwam  
In the land of the Dacotahs ! "  
" No, my child ! " said old Nokomis,  
" 'Tis the smoke, that waves and beckons ! "  
" Ah ! " she said, " the eyes of Pauguk  
Glare upon me in the darkness.

I can feel his icy fingers  
Clasping mine amid the darkness !  
Hiawatha ! Hiawatha !”

And the desolate Hiawatha,  
Far away amid the forest,  
Miles away among the mountains,  
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,  
Heard the voice of Minnehaha  
Calling to him in the darkness,  
“ Hiawatha ! Hiawatha !”

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,  
Under snow-encumbered branches,  
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,  
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,  
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing ;  
“ Wahonowin ! Wahonowin !  
Would that I had perished for you !  
Would that I were dead, as you are !  
Wahonowin ! Wahonowin !”

And he rushed into the wigwam,  
Saw the old Nokomis slowly  
Rocking to and fro and moaning,  
Saw his lovely Minnehaha  
Lying dead and cold before him,  
And his bursting heart within him  
Uttered such a cry of anguish,  
That the forest moaned and slumbered,  
That the very stars in heaven  
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless,  
On the bed of Minnehaha,

At the feet of Laughing Water,  
At those willing feet, that never  
More would lightly run to meet him;  
Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,  
Seven long days and nights he sat there,  
As if in a swoon he sat there,  
Speechless, motionless, unconscious  
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha ;  
In the snow a grave they made her,  
In the forest, deep and darksome,  
Underneath the moaning hemlocks ;  
Clothed her in her richest garments,  
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,  
Covered her with snow, like ermine ;  
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,  
On her grave four times was kindled,  
For her soul upon its journey  
To the Island of the Blesséd.  
From his doorway Hiawatha  
Saw it burning in the forest,  
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks ;  
From his sleepless bed uprising,  
From the bed of Minnehaha,  
Stood and watched it at the doorway,  
That it might not be extinguished,  
Might not leave her in the darkness.

“ Farewell,” said he, “ Minnehaha !  
Farewell, O my Laughing Water !

All my heart is buried with you,  
 All my thoughts go onward with you ;  
 Come not back again to labor,  
 Come not back again to suffer,  
 Where the famine and the fever  
 Wear the heart and waste the body.  
 Soon my task will be completed,  
 Soon your footsteps I shall follow  
 To the Island of the Blesséd,  
 To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
 To the Land of the Hereafter."



### The Lady of the Earl.

*Anon.*



**S**AW her in the festive halls, in scenes of pride  
 and glee,  
 'Mongst many beautiful and fair, but none so fair  
 as she ;  
 Hers was the most attractive form that mingled  
 in the scene,  
 And all who saw her said she moved a goddess  
 and a queen.

The diamond blazed in her dark hair and bound her polished brow,  
 And precious gems were clasped around her swan-like neck of snow,

---

And Indian looms had lent their stores to form her sumptuous dress,  
And art with nature joined to grace her passing loveliness.

I looked upon her, and I said, Who is so blest as she ?  
A creature she all light and life, all beauty and all glee ;  
Sure, sweet content blooms on her cheek and on her brow of pearl,  
And she was young and innocent, the lady of the earl


But as I looked more carefully I saw that radiant smile  
Was but assumed in mockery, the unthinking to beguile ;  
Thus have I seen a summer rose in all its beauty bloom,  
When it has shed its sweetness o'er a cold and lonely tomb.

She struck the harp, and when they praised her skill she turned aside,  
A rebel tear of conscious woe and memory to hide ;  
But when she raised her head she looked so lovely, so serene,  
To gaze in her proud eyes you'd think a tear had seldom been.

'The humblest maid in rural life can boast a happier fate  
'Than she, the beautiful and good, in all her rank and state ;  
For she was sacrificed, alas ! to cold and selfish pride,  
When her young lip had breathed the vow to be a soldier's bride.


Of late I viewed her move along, the idol of the crowd;  
 A few short months elapsed, and then I kissed her in her  
 shroud;  
 And o'er her splendid monument I saw the hatchment  
 wave,  
 But there was one fond heart which did more honor to  
 her grave.

A warrior dropped his pluméd head upon her place of  
 rest,  
 And with his feverish lips the name of Ephelinda pressed;  
 Then breathed a prayer, and checked the groan, the groan  
 of parting pain,  
 And as he left the tomb, he said, "Yet we shall meet  
 again."



### Mignon aspiring to Heaven.

*Goethe.*



**S**UCH let me seem till such I be;  
 Take not my snow-white robe away;  
 Soon from the dreary earth I flee,  
 Up to the glittering realms of day.

There first a little space I'll rest,  
 Then ope my eyes with joyful mind,  
 In robes of lawn no longer dressed,  
 Girdle and garland left behind.

And those calm, shining sons of morn,  
 They ask not touching maid or boy ;  
 No robes, no garments, there are worn ;  
 The frame is purged from sin's alloy.

Through life, 'tis true, I have not toiled ;  
 Yet anguish long my heart has wrung,  
 Untimely woe my cheek has spoiled :  
 Make me again forever young.



## The Hope of an Hereafter.

*Campbell.*



**W**HAT is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain ?  
 I smile on death, if heavenward Hope remain !  
 But, if the warring winds of nature's strife  
 Be all the faithless charter of my life,  
 If chance awaked (inexorable power !)  
 This frail and feverish being of an hour ;  
 Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep  
 Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,  
 To know Delight but by her parting smile,  
 And toil, and wish, and weep a little while ;—  
 Then melt, ye elements that formed in vain  
 This troubled pulse and visionary brain !  
 Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom !  
 And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb !  
 Eternal Hope ! when yonder spheres sublime  
 Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time,

Thy joyous youth began — but not to fade.  
 When all the sister planets have decayed,  
 When wrapped in fire the realms of ether glow,  
 And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,  
 Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,  
 And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!



## All is Vanity, saith the Preacher.

*Byron.*



**T**AME, wisdom, love, and power were mine,  
 And health and youth possessed me ;  
 My goblets blushed from every vine,  
 And lovely forms caressed me.

I sunned my heart in beauty's eyes,  
 And felt my soul grow tender ;  
 All earth can give, or mortal prize,  
 Was mine of regal splendor.

I strive to number o'er what days  
 Remembrance can discover,  
 Which all that life or earth displays  
 Would lure me to live over.

There rose no day, there rolled no hour  
 Of pleasure unembittered ;  
 And not a trapping decked my power  
 That galled not while it glittered.



The serpent of the field, by art  
 And spells, is won from harming ;  
 But that which coils around the heart,  
 O ! who hath power of charming ?

It will not list to wisdom's lore,  
 Nor music's voice can lure it ;  
 But there it stings forevermore  
 The soul that must endure it.

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### On a Tear.

*Rogers.*



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THAT the chemist's magic art  
 Could crystallize this sacred treasure !  
 Long should it glitter near my heart,  
 A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,  
 Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye ;  
 Then, trembling, left its coral cell —  
 The 'spring of Sensibility.

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light !  
 In thee the rays of virtue shine, —  
 More calmly clear, more mildly bright,  
 Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul !  
 Who ever fliest to bring relief,

When first we feel the rude control  
Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,  
In every clime, in every age,  
Thou charm'st in fancy's idle dream,  
In reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,  
And bids it trickle from its source,  
That law preserves the earth a sphere,  
And guides the planets in their course.



## The Life Clock.

*Anon*



**H**ERE is a little mystic clock  
No human eye hath seen,  
That beateth on and beateth on  
From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,  
And heareth not a sound,  
It ticks and ticks the livelong night,  
And never runneth down.

O, wondrous is that work of art  
Which knells the passing hour ;  
But art ne'er formed or mind conceived  
This life clock's magic power.

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Nor set in gold, nor decked with gems,  
By wealth and pride possessed,  
But rich or poor, or high or low,  
Each bears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream, 'mid beds of flowers,  
All still and softly glides,  
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat,  
It warns of passing tides.

When threatening darkness gathers o'er,  
And hope's bright visions flee,  
Like the sullen stroke of the muffled oar,  
It beateth heavily.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm  
For deeds of hate and wrong,  
Though heeded not the fearful sound,  
Its knell is deep and strong.


When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,  
And tender words are spoken,  
Then fast and wild it rattles on,  
As if with love 'twere broken.

Such is the clock that measures life,  
Of flesh and spirit blended,  
And thus 'twill run within the heart  
Till that strange tie is ended.



## Know Thyself.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*


 HEN gentle Twilight sits  
 On Day's forsaken throne,  
 'Mid the sweet hush of eventide  
 Muse by thyself alone,  
 And at the time of rest,  
 Ere sleep asserts its power,  
 Hold pleasant converse with thyself  
 In meditation's bower.

Motives and deeds review  
 By Memory's truthful glass,  
 Thy silent self the only judge  
 And critic as they pass ;  
 And if their wayward face  
 Should give thy conscience pain,  
 Resolve with energy divine  
 The victory to gain.

When morning's earliest rays  
 O'er spire and roof-tree fall,  
 Gladly invite thy waking heart  
 Unto a festival  
 Of smiles and love to all,  
 The lowliest and the least,  
 And of delighted praise to Him,  
 The Giver of the feast.

---

Not on the outer world  
For inward joy depend ;  
Enjoy the luxury of thought,  
Make thine own self thy friend ;  
Not with the restless throng,  
In search of solace roam,  
But with an independent zeal  
Be intimate at home.

Good company have they  
Who by themselves do walk,  
If they have learned on blessed themes  
With their own souls to talk ;  
For they shall never feel  
Of dull ennui the power,  
Not penury of loneliness  
Shall haunt their hall or bower.

Drink waters from the fount  
That in thy bosom springs,  
And envy not the mingled draught  
Of satraps or of kings ;  
So shalt thou find at last,  
Far from the giddy brain,  
Self-knowledge and self-culture lead  
To uncomputed gain.



## O, not by Graves.

W. R. Wallace.



NOT by graves should tears be shed ;  
 Nor there should cypress weave its gloom ;  
 No ! — gratulations for the dead,  
 And roses for the tomb !

Whatever pangs they had are o'er ;  
 Whatever dark defects are past :  
 What care they now on that still shore  
 For bleak misfortune's blast ?

Rest, all ye pale, cold people ! Rest !  
 Scorners alike of pain and time ;  
 O, with that still white-mantled breast  
 How patient and sublime !


But for the troubled living — tears ;  
 For *them* the cypress's sad shade,  
 Who yet with agonies and fears  
 In battle are arrayed.

Then not by graves should tears be shed ;  
 Nor there should cypress weave its gloom ;  
 No ! — gratulations for the dead,  
 And roses for the tomb !

## Something Cheap.

*Charles Swain.*




 HERE'S not a cheaper thing on earth,  
 Nor yet one half so dear ;  
 'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,  
 Or thousands gained a year ;  
 It lends the day a new delight ;  
 'Tis nature's firmest shield ;  
 And adds more beauty to the night  
 Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content —  
 To-morrow whispers peace ;  
 It is a gift from Heaven sent  
 For mortals to increase ;  
 It meets you with a smile at morn,  
 It lulls you to repose —  
 A flower for peer and peasant born,  
 An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away,  
 To snatch the frown from care ;  
 Turn tears to smiles, make dulness gay,  
 Spread gladness every where ;  
 And yet 'tis cheap as summer dew,  
 That gems the lily's breast ;  
 A talisman for love, as true  
 As ever man possessed.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud  
 When threatening storm begins —  
 As music 'mid the tempest loud,  
 That still its sweet way wins —  
 As springs an arch across the tide,  
 When waves conflicting form,  
 So comes this seraph to our side,  
 This angel of our home.  
 What may this wondrous spirit be,  
 With power unheard before —  
 This charm, the bright divinity?  
 Good temper — nothing more !



### Sweet Remembrances.

*More.*




**L**ET Fate do her worst ; there are relics of joy,  
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot  
 destroy ;  
 And which come in the night-time of sorrow  
 and care,  
 To bring back the features that joy used to wear ;  
 Long, long be my heart with such memories  
 filled ;

Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled,  
 You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,  
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.



## Charity.

*Anon.*


 SAW a pale young orphan boy  
 Go wandering sadly by ;  
 His feet were bare, his garments torn,  
 And tears were in his eye.  
 He gazed on every face that passed ;  
 In none was pity shown ;  
 And then upon the cold, damp ground  
 He sat and wept alone.

The drifting snow came thick and fast,  
 The wind was high and wild ;  
 He found no shelter for his head,  
 The poor, forsaken child.  
 And all who had come forth that day,  
 To brave the cheerless storm,  
 Wrapped their warm garments closer round,  
 And passed unheeding on.

\* \* \* \*

Anon an angel form drew near,  
 With a sweet, pitying eye,  
 And soon she raised him from the ground,  
 And soon his tears were dry ;  
 She folded him within her robe,  
 To shield him from the storm,  
 And took him to her cheerful home,  
 To feed, and clothe, and warm.

Yes, thou wilt soothe the suffering one,  
 And bid his woes depart ;  
 The orphan's prayers shall follow thee,  
 Maid of the gentle heart.  
 Faith leads us through life's trying scenes,  
 Hope's smiles are sweet to see ;  
 But lovelier than these art thou,  
 O soft-eyed Charity.

Daughter of heaven, 'tis thine to cheer  
 The hearts that hopeless grieve,  
 To follow in the steps of want,  
 Its victims to relieve.  
 Fain would we imitate thy love ;  
 Fain would we talk with thee ;  
 Come thou and make our hearts thy home,  
 O blessed Charity.



## Reliance on God.

*Casket.*



**I**F thou hast ever felt that all on earth  
 Is transient and unstable, that the hopes  
 Which man reposes on his brother man  
 Are but broken reeds ; if thou hast seen  
 That life itself " is but a vapor," sprung  
 From time's upheaving ocean, decked, perhaps,  
 With here and there a rainbow, but full soon

To be dissolved and mingled with the vast  
And fathomless expanse that rolls its waves  
On every side around thee ; if thy heart  
Has deeply felt all this, and thus has learned  
That earth has no security, then go  
And place thy trust in God.

The bliss of earth

Is transient as the colored light that beams  
In morning dew-drops. Yet a little while,  
And all that earth can show of majesty,  
Of strength, or loveliness, shall fade away  
Like vernal blossoms. From the conqueror's hand  
The sceptre and the sword shall pass away ;  
The mighty ones of earth shall lay them down  
In their low beds, and Death shall set his seal  
On Beauty's marble brow, and cold and pale,  
Bloomless and voiceless, shall the lovely ones  
Go to the " congregation of the dead."

Yea, more than this : the mighty rocks that lift  
Their solemn forms upon the mountain heights,  
Like time's proud citadels, to bear the storms  
And wrecks of ages, — these, too, shall decay,  
And Desolation's icy hand shall wave  
O'er all that thou canst see ; blot out the suns  
That shed their glory o'er uncounted worlds ;  
Call in the distant comets from their wild  
And devious course, and bid them cease to move ;  
And clothe the heavens in darkness. But the power  
Of God, his goodness, and his grace, shall be

Unchanged, when all the worlds that he hath made  
 Have ceased their revolutions. When the suns  
 That burn in yonder sky have poured their last,  
 Their dying glory o'er the remains of space,  
 Still, God shall be the same, — the same in love,  
 In majesty, in mercy: then rely  
 In faith on him, and thou shalt never find  
 Hope disappointed, or reliance vain.



### The Goblet.

*Bayard Taylor.*



**W**HEN Life his lusty course began,  
 And first I felt myself a man,  
 And Passion's unforeboded glow,  
 The thirst to feel, the will to know,  
 Gave courage, vigor, fervor, truth,  
 The glory of the heart of youth,  
 And each awaking pulse was fleet  
 A livelier march of joy to beat,  
 Presaging in its budding hour  
 The ripening of the human flower,  
 There came, on some divine intent,  
 One whom the Lord of life had sent,  
 And from his lips of wisdom fell  
 This fair and wondrous oracle:

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Life's arching temple holds for thee  
Solution quick, and radiant key  
To many an early mystery ;  
And thou art eager to pursue,  
Through many a dimly-lighted clew,  
The hopes that turn thy blood to fire,  
The phantoms of thy young desire ;  
Yet not to reckless haste is poured  
The nectar of the generous lord,  
Nor mirth nor giddy riot jar  
The penetralia, high in air ;  
But steady hope, and passion pure,  
And manly truth, the crown secure.

Within that temple's secret heart,  
In mystic silence shrined apart,  
There is a goblet, on whose brim  
All raptures of creation swim.  
No light that ever beamed in wine  
Can match the glory of its shine,  
Or lure with such a mighty art  
The tidal flow of every heart.  
But in its warm, bewildering blaze  
An ever-shifting magic plays,  
And few who round the altar throng  
Shall find the sweets for which they long.  
Who, unto brutish life akin,  
Comes to the goblet dark with sin,  
And with a coarse hand grasps, for him  
The splendor of the gold grows dim ;  
The gems are dirt, the liquor's flame


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A maddening beverage of shame ;  
And into caverns shut from day  
The hot inebriate reels away.

For each shall give the draught he drains  
Its nectar pure, or poison stains ;  
From out his heart the flavor flows  
That gives him fury or repose ;  
And some will drink a tasteless wave,  
And some increase the thirst they have ;  
And others loathe as soon as taste,  
And others pour the tide to waste ;  
And some evoke from out its deeps  
A torturing fiend that never sleeps —  
For vain all arts to exorcise  
From the seared heart its haunting eyes.

But he who burns with pure desire,  
With chastened love and sacred fire,  
With soul and being all a-glow  
Life's holiest mystery to know,  
Shall see the goblet flash and gleam  
As in the glory of a dream ;  
And from its starry lip shall drink  
A bliss to lift him on the brink  
Of mighty rapture, joy intense,  
That far outlives its subsidence.  
The draught shall strike Life's narrow goal,  
And make an outlet for his soul,  
That down the ages, broad and far,  
Shall brighten like a rising star.

In other forms his pulse shall beat,  
 His spirit walk in other feet,  
 And every generous hope and aim  
 That spurred him on to honest fame,  
 To other hearts give warmth and grace,  
 And keep on earth his honored place,  
 Become immortal in his race.



### The Flowers.

*Henry Bacon.*



**S** angels sport amid the stars,  
 And crown their brows with light,  
 She played amid the flowers of spring,  
 A creature of delight.

But when her heart was leaping most  
 To greet the summer bloom,  
 The spectre of the paling cheek  
 Led to the darkened room.

But there, as when the smiles of Christ  
 Broke through the veil of death,  
 The flowers were seen in morning bloom,  
 And balmy was the breath.

She gazed upon them long and still,  
 As though she read the truth,

That like them she must fade and die  
Before the noon of youth.

Yet did they give her holy thoughts,  
And she would bid us smile,  
As though the flower-wreathed chair of hope  
She sported with the while.

Still bloom, sweet flowers, for her dear sake ;  
I love ye all the more  
That she has winged her mystic flight  
To Heaven's eternal shore.

I love to greet ye in my walks ;  
Your beauty is her own ;  
The birds above ye, by the brooks,  
Sing with her merry tone.

And while I breathe the fragrant air,  
And see the stream run on,  
I think upon a holy soul,  
As glory early gone.

Still bloom, sweet flowers ! I love to gaze  
On what she loved so well ;  
Beyond the charm of stars or skies,  
Ye have o'er me a spell.

And I would feel that holy spell,  
When on the couch I lay,  
From whence to greet thee, *Immortelle* !  
My spirit flees away.



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## The Day is Done.

*Longfellow.*

—o—o—o—

**T**HE day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,  
That my soul cannot resist —

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles rain.

Come read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of time ; —

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor,  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
 Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
 As showers from the clouds of summer,  
 Or tears from the eyelids start ; —

Who through long days of labor,  
 And nights devoid of ease,  
 Still heard in soul the music  
 Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
 The restless pulse of care,  
 And come like the benediction  
 That follows after prayer.

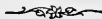
Then read from the treasured volume  
 The poem of thy choice,  
 And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
 The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
 And the cares, that infest the day,  
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
 And as silently steal away.



## Thoughts.

*Bailey.*



**W**E do not make our thoughts ; they grow in us,  
 Like grain in wood ; the growth is of the skies,  
 Which are of nature ; nature is of God.  
 The world is full of glorious likenesses.

## The Silent Multitude.

*Mrs. Hemans.*



MIGHTY and a mingled throng  
 Were gathered in one spot ;  
 The dwellers of a thousand homes —  
 Yet 'midst them voice was not.

The soldier and his chief were there ;  
 The mother and her child ;  
 The friends, the sisters of one hearth —  
 None spoke, none moved, none smiled.

There lovers met, between whose lives  
 Years had swept darkly by ;  
 After that heart-sick hope deferred,  
 They met, but silently.

You might have heard the rustling leaf,  
 The breeze's faintest sound,  
 The shiver of an insect's wing,  
 On that thick-peopled ground.

Your voice to whispers would have died,  
 For the deep quiet's sake ;  
 Your tread the softest moss have sought,  
 Such stillness not to break.

What held the countless multitude  
 Bound in that spell of peace ?

How could the ever-sounding life  
Amid so many cease ?

Was it some pageant of the air,  
Some glory high above,  
That linked and hushed those human souls  
In reverential love ?

Or did some burdening passion's weight  
Hang on their indrawn breath ?  
Awe — the pale awe that freezes words ?  
Fear — the strong fear of death ?

A mightier thing — Death, death himself  
Lay on each lonely heart !  
Kindred were there, yet hermits all ;  
Thousands, but each apart.



## A Vision.

*A. M. E.*



STAND on the brink of a river,  
The River of Life to me,  
Where the billows of memory quiver,  
And rise and fall like the sea.

I read in their tremulous motion  
The records of many a year,  
And like voices that come from the ocean,  
Are the muffled words I hear.

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Down under the waters gleaming  
Are visions of long ago ;  
There are forms of beauty beaming,  
There are shadows dark and low.

There are scenes from life's fair morning,  
That come like the break of day,  
Or a beautiful landscape's dawning,  
When the mists have cleared away.

I gaze on the sight Elysian,  
With earnest and longing eyes,  
Till my soul is stirred, by the vision,  
With raptures from Paradise.

I see the chain of a friendship  
Death never had power to part ;  
One link is under the waters,  
The other is round my heart.

I hear, from the depths of the river,  
Sweet words that my spirit thrill ;  
We are parted, but not forever ;  
We are living and loving still !

And my soul no more is lonely,  
Nor throbs with a sense of pain,  
For the loved, who were once mine only,  
I know will be mine again.

Dark waves may close o'er the vision,  
Storms drive me away from the shore ;

But hope, like the lamp of a Vestal,  
Dies out in my soul no more.

Flow on, mysterious river,  
Flow on to eternity's sea ;  
By faith and a holy endeavor,  
The future hath bliss for me.



### Lost.

*Anon.*



HERE are gains for all our losses,  
There are balms for all our pain ;  
But when youth, the dream, departs,  
It takes something from our hearts,  
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,  
Under manhood's sterner reign ;  
Still we feel that something sweet  
Followed youth with flying feet,  
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,  
And we sigh for it in vain ;  
We behold it every where,  
On the earth, and in the air,  
But it never comes again.

## The Picket before Bull Run.

A LIFE SKETCH.

*John William Day.*

**Y** gun shines in the misty air,  
 The fog in the vale hangs chill and cold,  
 The gloaming tree o'er our thicket lair  
 Heaves up like a standard's fold;  
 'Tis near the beat of the early drum,  
 For light pales up to each fading star;  
 I watch till the crimson morning come  
 O'er the eastern hills afar.

My mate sleeps on, as a weary child,  
 In tranquil rest at a mother's knee,  
 When the hymn floats off in twilight mild,  
 And the shades of danger flee.  
 For him the prayers of a household band  
 This night o'er the cloudy stair have striven,  
 Where the great archangels flaming stand,  
 At the golden doors of Heaven.

'Tis still; my heart, in the early morn,  
 Yearns fondly back to the closing past;  
 The joys of youth, in their glory born,  
 As pearls from the genii cast;  
 The love that burned as a vestal fire,  
 Though lit on a shrine of crumbling mould —  
 The chant of fame in a far-off choir,  
 That down through the years hath rolled

A stealthy tread in yon thicket's brow —  
 'Tis the foeman stirs each weary limb ;  
 Perchance his thought is a pilgrim now ;  
 Through the gates of memory dim  
 He hears the splash of Edisto's wave,  
 He sees the star of the morning shine  
 On Yarvo's breast, or evening lave  
 In the tide of swift Saline.

\*       \*       \*       \*

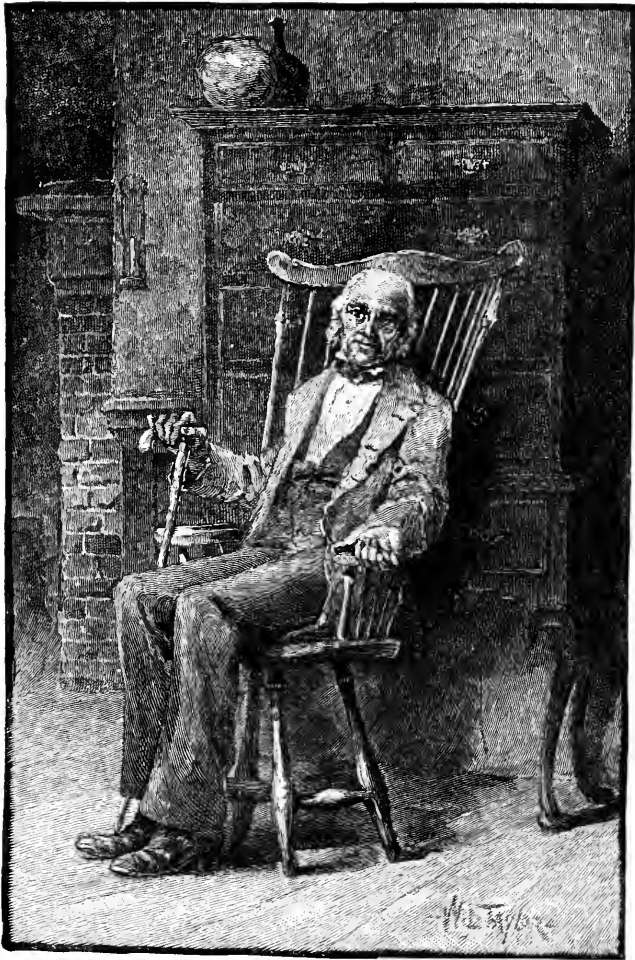
A shot! aha! 'tis their parting word ;  
 A smothered groan at my side I hear.  
 O, down the hill, like a prairie herd,  
 They burst, with a rolling cheer ;  
 And our captain points with waving blade,  
 " Fall back, boys! back to your farm-house wall ;  
 On, on through the woodland's tangled shade!"  
 Up, boy; 'tis our bugle call.

In vain! it calls to thine ear in vain,  
 For night must fall on thy closing race,  
 The mourner bend in the holy fane  
 For a martyred Saviour's grace.  
 The blanket's wet with thy brightening blood,  
 The spirit's gone from thy half-closed eye;  
 The Jordan rolls in a stormy flood,  
 Where thy conquering pinions fly.

\*       \*       \*       \*

He rests in peace 'neath the old oak shade —  
 We wavered back from the charging foe —  
 And the rebel turf on his brow is laid,  
 Their winds o'er the slumberer go ;





THE SONG OF SEVENTY. — Page 231.



He sleeps, while the bells of autumn toll,  
 Or the murmuring song of spring flits by,  
 Till the crackling heavens in thunder roll  
 To the bugle blast on high.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

The Song of Seventy.

*Tupper.*



AM not — I cannot be old,  
 Though threescore years and ten  
 Have wasted away, like a tale that is told,  
 The lives of other men.

I am not old ; though friends and foes  
 Alike have gone to their graves,  
 And left me alone to my joys or my woes,  
 As a rock in the midst of the waves.

I am not old — I cannot be old,  
 Though tottering, wrinkled, and gray ;  
 Though my eyes are dim, and my marrow is cold,  
 Call me not old to-day.

For early memories round me throng, —  
 Old times, and manners, and men, —  
 As I look behind on my journey so long,  
 Of threescore miles and ten.

I look behind, and am once more young,  
 Buoyant, and brave, and bold

And my heart can sing, as of yore it sung,  
Before they called me old.

I do not see her — the old wife there —  
Shrivelled, and haggard, and gray,  
But I look on her blooming, and soft, and fair  
As she was on her wedding-day !

I do not see you, daughters and sons,  
In the likeness of women and men,  
But I kiss you now as I kissed you once,  
My fond little children then !

And as my grandson rides on my knee,  
Or plays with his hoop or kite,  
I can well recollect I was merry as he —  
The bright-eyed little wight !

'Tis not long since — it cannot be long,  
My years so soon were spent —  
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong ;  
Yet now am I feeble and bent.

A dream, a dream — it is all a dream ;  
A strange, sad dream, good sooth ;  
For old as I am, and old as I seem,  
My heart is full of youth.

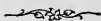
Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,  
And ear hath not heard it sung,  
How buoyant and bold, though it seem to grow old,  
Is the heart, forever young.

Forever young, — though life's old age  
 Hath every nerve unstrung ;  
 The heart, the heart is a heritage  
 That keeps the old man young.



✓  
 Good and Better.

*Anon.*



**F**ATHER sat by the chimney-post,  
 On a winter's day, enjoying a roast,  
 By his side a maiden young and fair,  
 A girl with a wealth of golden hair ;  
 And she teases the father, stern and cold,  
 With a question of duty trite and old :  
 " Say, father, what shall a maiden do  
 When a man of merit comes to woo ?  
 And, father, what of this pain in my breast ?  
 Married or single — which is the best ? "

Then the sire of the maiden young and fair,  
 The girl of the wealth of golden hair,  
 He answers as ever do fathers cold,  
 To the question of duty trite and old :  
 " She who weddeth keeps God's letter ;  
 She who weds not, doeth better. "  
 Then meekly answered the maiden fair,  
 The girl with the wealth of golden hair,  
 " I will keep the sense of the Holy Letter,  
 Content to do WELL, without doing BETTER. "

✓ Building upon the Sand.

*Eliza Cook.*



IS well to woo, 'tis well to wed,  
 For so the world has done  
 Since myrtles grew and roses blew,  
 And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, ye young and fair;  
 Be sure ye pledge with truth;  
 Be certain that your love will wear  
 Beyond the days of youth.

For if ye give not heart to heart,  
 As well as hand for hand,  
 You'll find you've played the "unwise part,"  
 And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have  
 A goodly store of gold,  
 And hold enough of sterling stuff,  
 For charity is cold.

But place not all your hopes and trust  
 In what the deep mine brings;  
 We cannot live on yellow dust,  
 Unmixed with purer things.

And he who piles up wealth alone  
 Will often have to stand

Beside his coffer-chest, and own  
 'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,  
 And soothe whate'er we can;  
 For speech should bind the human mind,  
 And love link man to man.

But stay not at the gentle words;  
 Let deeds with language dwell;  
 The one who pities starving birds  
 Should scatter crumbs as well.

The mercy that is warm and true  
 Must lend a helping hand;  
 For those who talk, yet fail to do,  
 But "build upon the sand."



## Remembrance.

*Percival.*

**H**ERE are moments in life that are never forgot,  
 Which brighten, and brighten, as time steals  
 away;  
 They give a new charm to the happiest lot,  
 And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day.  
 These moments are hallowed by smiles and by tears,  
 The first look of love, and the last parting given.

## Dedication of a School House.

*Miss Louisa Simes.*



Call it hallowed ground,  
Where first the Pilgrims trod,  
And swept the waves of grateful prayer  
Across a virgin sod.  
Not to a life of ease,  
Not for the meed of fame,  
But for a loftier range of mind,  
Across the deep they came.

'Mid forests unsubdued  
The Sabbath dome rose fair ;  
And in their rude, unsheltered homes  
Was heard the call — To prayer.  
The wealth of thought they knew,  
And with a toil-blest hand,  
The path of learning, broad and free,  
Sped through our favored land.

True to that sacred past,  
So brief, and yet so great,  
To whomsoever will, these walls  
Be henceforth consecrate.  
Not fortune's favored child,  
But on the immortal, all,  
The sunshine of this sphere of light  
In constant blessings fall.



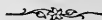
No forests frown before ;  
 Behind, no dark seas roll ;  
 Young pilgrims of a brighter day  
 Press to a higher goal,  
 Glean from the world's vast field  
 Of Science and of Art,  
 But truth, and purity, keep white  
 For harvest of the heart.

Thou, Father, unto whom  
 The dew of youth is fair,  
 Deepen thine impress on the souls  
 Of our great Teacher's care.  
 The wide arena, Life,  
 Beams clear in Duty's ray,  
 And hallowed footsteps make one path  
 Up to unshadowed day.



## The Angels in the House.

*anon.*



**T**HREE pairs of dimpled arms, as white as snow  
 Held me in soft embrace ;  
 Three little cheeks, like velvet peaches soft,  
 Were placed against my face.

Three pairs of tiny eyes, so clear, so deep,  
 Looked up in mine this even ;  
 Three pairs of lips kissed me a sweet " Good night,"  
 Three little forms from Heaven.

Ah, it is well that "little ones" should love us ;  
 It lights our faith when dim,  
 To know that once our blesséd Saviour bade them  
 Bring "little ones" to him.

And said he not, "Of such is Heaven" ? and blessed  
 them,  
 And held them to his breast ?  
 Is it not sweet to know that, when they leave us,  
 'Tis then they go to rest ?

And yet, ye tiny angels of my house,  
 Three hearts encased in mine,  
 How 'twould be shattered if the Lord should say,  
 "Those angels are not thine" !

---

## The Province of Woman.

*Hannah More.*

**A**S some fair violet, loveliest of the glade,  
 Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely shade,  
 Withdraws its modest head from public sight,  
 Nor courts the sun, nor seeks the glare of light,  
 Should some rude hand profanely dare intrude,  
 And bear its beauties from its native wood,  
 Exposed abroad, its languid colors fly,  
 Its form decays, and all its odors die ;  
 So woman, born to dignify retreat,  
 Unknown to flourish, and unseen be great ;

To give domestic life its sweetest charm,  
 With softness polish, and with virtue warm ;  
 Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,  
 Should seek but Heaven's applauses and her own.

~~~~~

### Woman's four Seasons.

*Bailey.*

~~~~~

**W**UR life is comely as a whole ; nay, more,  
 Like rich brown ringlets, with odd hairs all gold  
 We women have four seasons, like the year ;  
 Our spring is in our lightsome, girlish days,  
 When the heart laughs within us for sheer joy,  
 Ere yet we know what love is, or the ill  
 Of being loved by those whom we love not.

Our summer is when we love and are beloved,  
 And seems short ; from its very splendor seems  
 To pass the quickest ; crowned with flowers it flies.  
 Autumn, when some young thing with tiny hands,  
 And rosy cheeks, and flossy-tendrilled locks,  
 Is wantoning about us day and night.  
 And winter is when those we love have perished ;  
 For the heart ices then. And the next spring  
 Is in another world, if one there be  
 Some miss one season, some another this  
 Shall have them early, and that late ; and yet  
 The year wears round with all as best it may :  
 There is no rule for it ; but in the man  
 It is as I have said.

## Maud Muller.

*Whittier.*



AUD MULLER, on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadows sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee  
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died and a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her breast —

A wish, that she had hardly dared to own,  
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade  
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed  
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,  
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.



“ Maud Muller on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadows sweet with hay.” — Page 240.



“Then,” said the Judge, “a sweeter draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaffed.”

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,  
Of the singing birds and the humming bees ;

Then talked of the hayirg, and wondered whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,  
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked, and sighed : “ Ah me !  
That I the Judge’s bride might be !

“ He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine.

“ My father should wear a broadcloth coat ;  
My brother should sail a painted boat ;

“ I’d dress my mother so grand and gay,  
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

“ And I’d feed the hungry and clothe the poor,  
And all should bless me who left our door.”

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,  
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

“ A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne’er hath it been my lot to meet ;

“ And her modest and graceful air  
Shows her wise and good as she is fair.

“ Would she were mine, and I to-day,  
Like her, a harvester of hay ;

“ No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,  
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

“ But low of cattle and song of birds,  
And health and quiet and loving words.”

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,  
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he hummed in court an old love-tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the well,  
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,  
He watched a picture come and go :

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside rill instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,  
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.



And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,  
" Ah, that I was free again !  
" Free as when I rode that day  
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."  
She wedded a man unlearned and poor,  
And many children played round her door ;  
But care and sorrow and childbirth pain  
Left their traces on heart and brain.  
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,  
And she heard the little spring-brook fall  
Over the roadside, through the wall,  
In the shade of the apple-tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein,  
And, gazing down with tender grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.  
Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls ;  
The weary wheel to a spinet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned.  
And for him who sat by the chimney log,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,  
A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty, and love was law.  
Then she took up her burden of life again,  
Saying only, " It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,  
For rich refiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these : " It might have been " !

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes ;


And in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away.



## How to Live.

*Bryant.*




 O live, that when thy summons comes to join  
 The innumerable caravan, that moves  
 To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go, not like the quarry slave at night  
 Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and  
 soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

## Advertisement of a Lost Day.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*



**L**OST! lost! lost!  
A gem of countless price,  
Cut from the living rock,  
And graved in Paradise.  
Set round with three times eight  
Large diamonds, clear and bright,  
And each with sixty smaller ones,  
All changeful as the light.

Lost — where the thoughtless through  
In fashion's mazes wind,  
Where trilleth folly's song,  
Leaving a sting behind;  
Yet to my hand 'twas given  
A golden harp to buy,  
Such as the white-robed choir attune  
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!  
I feel all search is vain;  
That gem of countless cost  
Can ne'er be mine again.  
I offer no reward,  
For till these heart-strings sever,  
I know that Heaven-intrusted gift  
Is reft away forever.

But when the sea and land  
 Like burning scroll have fled,  
 I'll see it in His hand  
 Who judgeth quick and dead ;  
 And when of scath and loss  
 That man can ne'er repair,  
 The dread inquiry meets my soul,  
 What shall it answer there ?



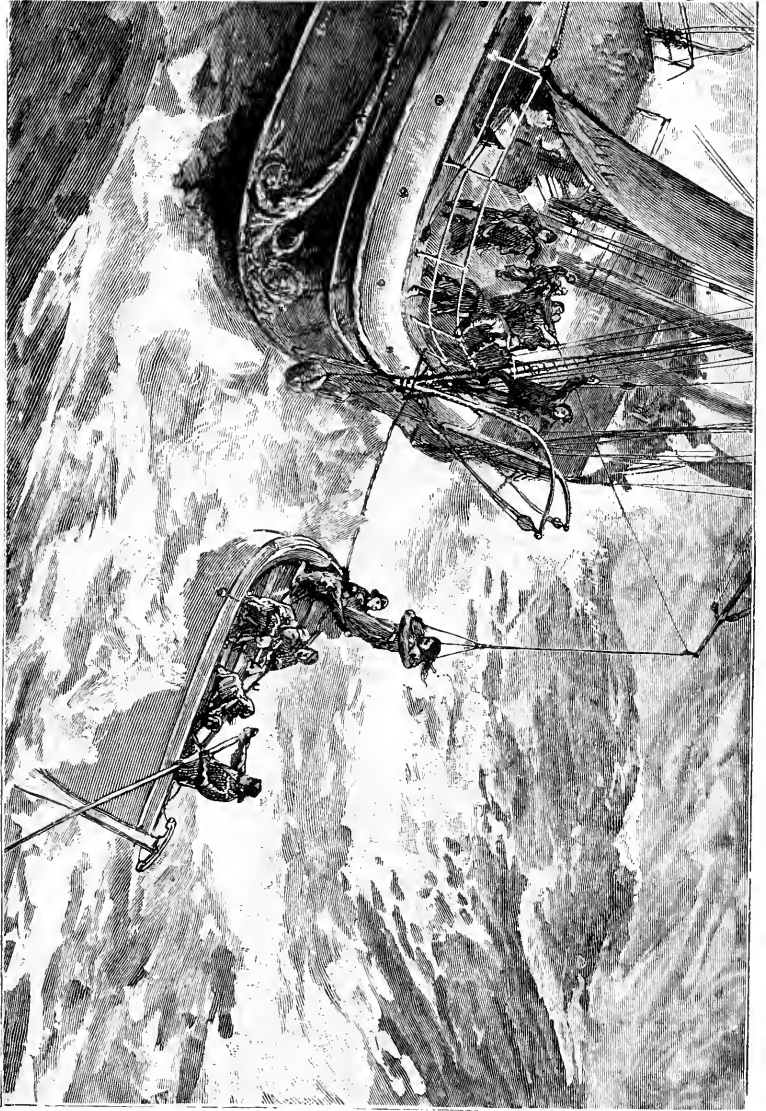
### The Wreck.



*Mrs. Hemans.*

ALL night the booming minute-gun  
 Had pealed along the deep,  
 And mournfully the rising sun  
 Looked o'er the tide-worn steep.  
 A bark from India's coral strand,  
 Before the raging blast,  
 Had veiled her topsails to the sand,  
 And bowed her noble mast.

The queenly ship! brave hearts had striven,  
 And true ones died with her!  
 We saw her mighty cable riven  
 Like floating gossamer.  
 We saw her proud flag struck that morn,  
 A star once o'er the seas —  
 Her anchor gone, her deck upturn —  
 And sadder things than these !



"All night the booming minute-gun  
Had pealed along the deep." — Page 246.



We saw her treasures cast away ;  
The rocks with pearls were sown,  
And, strangely sad, the ruby's ray  
Flashed out o'er fretted stone.  
And gold was strewn the wet sand o'er,  
Like ashes by a breeze ;  
And gorgeous robes — but O, that shore  
Had sadder things than these.

We saw the strong man still and low,  
A crushed reed thrown aside ;  
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,  
Not without strife he died.  
And near him on the sea-weed lay —  
Till then we had not wept —  
But well our gushing hearts might say  
That there a mother slept.

For her pale arms a babe had pressed  
With such a wreathing grasp,  
Billows had dashed o'er that fond breast,  
Yet not undone the clasp ;  
Her very tresses had been flung  
To wrap the fair child's form,  
Where still their wet, long streamers hung,  
All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, 'midst that wild scene,  
Gleamed up the boy's dead face,  
Like slumber's, trustingly serene,  
In melancholy grace.

Deep in her bosom lay his head,  
 With half-shut, violet eye ;  
 He had known little of her dread,  
 Nought of her agony.

O human love, whose yearning heart,  
 Through all things vainly true,  
 So stamps upon the mortal part  
 Its passionate adieu,  
 Surely thou hast another lot —  
 There is some home for thee,  
 Where thou shalt rest, remembering not  
 The moaning of the sea.



### The Retreat from Moscow.

*Anon.*



WHEN came the mad retreat ; the whirlwind snows  
 Sweeping around them merciless as man ;  
 The stiffening hand, the pulseless heart and eye,  
 The frozen standard and the palsied arm ;  
 The unfrequent watch-fires rising like red sparks  
 Amidst the illimitable snows ; the crowds  
 Of spectral myriads shuddering around them,  
 Frozen to statues ; scathed by the red flames  
 Or speared by howling savages ; until  
 Winter, less merciless than they, threw o'er them  
 Her winding sheet of snows, deep burying  
 Armies whose presence vanished like a dream.



## Man was made to mourn.

*Burns.*



WHEN chill November's surly blast  
 Made fields and forests bare,  
 One evening, as I wandered forth  
 Along the banks of Ayr,  
 I spied a man, whose aged step  
 Seemed weary, worn with care ;  
 His face was furrowed o'er with years,  
 And hoary was his hair.

“ Young stranger, whither wanderest thou ? ”  
 Began the reverend sage ;  
 “ Does thirst of wealth thy steps constrain,  
 Or youthful pleasure's rage ;  
 Or haply, pressed with cares and woes,  
 Too soon thou hast begun  
 To wander forth, with me to mourn  
 The miseries of man.

“ The sun that overhangs yon moors,  
 Out-spreading far and wide,  
 Where hundreds labor to support  
 A haughty lordling's pride —  
 I've seen yon weary winter's sun  
 Twice forty times return ;  
 And every time has added proofs  
 That man was made to mourn.

---

“ O man ! while in thy early years  
How prodigal of time !  
Misspending all thy precious hours,  
Thy glorious youthful prime ;  
Alternate follies take the sway,  
Licentious passions burn ;  
Which tenfold force gives nature’s law,  
That man was made to mourn.

“ Look not alone on youthful prime,  
Or manhood’s active might ;  
Man then is useful to his kind,  
Supported in his right ;  
But see him on the edge of life,  
With cares and sorrows worn ;  
Then age and want — O, ill-matched parts —  
Show man was made to mourn.

“ A few seem favorites of fate,  
In Pleasure’s lap carest ;  
Yet think not all the rich and great  
Are likewise truly blest.  
But O, what crowds in every land  
Are wretched and forlorn !  
Through weary life this lesson learn,  
That man was made to mourn.

“ Many and sharp the numerous ills  
Inwoven with our frame !  
More pointed still we make ourselves  
Regret, remorse, and shame !

---

And man, whose heaven-erected face  
The smiles of love adorn,  
Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn.

“ See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,  
So abject, mean, and vile,  
Who begs a brother of the earth  
To give him leave to toil ;  
And see his lordly fellow-worm  
The poor petition spurn,  
Unmindful, though a weeping wife  
And helpless offspring mourn.

“ If I'm designed yon lordling's slave, —  
By nature's law designed, —  
Why was an independent wish  
E'er planted in my mind ?  
If not, why am I subject to  
His cruelty or scorn ?  
Or why has man the will and power  
To make his fellow mourn ?

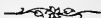
“ Yet, let not this too much, my son,  
Disturb thy youthful breast ;  
This partial view of human kind  
Is surely not the best !  
The poor, oppresséd, honest man  
Had never, sure, been born,  
Had there not been some recompense  
To comfort those that mourn !


"O death, the poor man's dearest friend,  
 The kindest and the best!  
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs  
 Are laid with thee at rest!  
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,  
 From pomp and pleasures torn;  
 But O, a blest relief to those  
 That weary-laden mourn!"



### Unseen Spirits.

*Willis.*




 HE shadows lay along Broadway, —  
 'Twas near the twilight tide, —  
 And slowly there a lady fair  
 Was walking in her pride;  
 Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,  
 Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,  
 And honor charmed the air;  
 And all astir looked kind on her,  
 And called her good and fair;  
 For all God ever gave to her  
 She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare  
 From lovers warm and true,  
 For her heart was cold to all but gold

And the rich came not to woo :  
 But honored well are charms to sell,  
 If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair, —  
 A slight girl, lily pale ;  
 And she had unseen company  
 To make the spirit quail :  
 'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,  
 And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow  
 For this world's peace to pray ;  
 For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,  
 Her woman's heart gave way ;  
 But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven,  
 By man is cursed alway.



### The true Measure of Life.


*P. J. Bailey.*



W E live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not  
 breath ;  
 In feelings, not in figures on the dial.  
 We should count time by heart-throbs when  
 they beat  
 For God, for man, for duty. He most lives,  
 Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best.  
 Life is but a means unto an end — that end,  
 Beginning, mean, and end to all things, God.

## Flowers.

*Thomas P. Moses.*


 IS early dawn — and all around  
 Bright dewy flowers I view,  
 Uprising from the fertile ground,  
 Of every form and hue.  
 The waving trees, in silken sheen  
 Unfold their blossoms gay;  
 And on each festooned bough are seen  
 Young minstrel birds at play.

The vale, and hill, and balmy grove,  
 With dewy gems are bright;  
 In mountain wilds, where'er we rove,  
 Beauty attracts our sight;  
 The caroling of happy birds  
 More joyous make the scene;  
 And pleasant 'tis to view the herds  
 Trip round the velvet green.

'Tis morn — I trace the rosy aisles  
 Of yonder garden rare;  
 Each swelling bud seems fraught with smiles  
 That thinking hearts may share.  
 The tall carnation pink is by,  
 With breath of incense sweet,  
 Unfolding splendors to each eye  
 That will its beauties greet.

I sit me by the tulip mound  
Where Fancy sheds her light ;  
Here gems of every tint abound,  
Most charming to the sight.  
The lily of the valley, too,  
And the forget-me-not,  
Come forth as stars of light anew  
To gild the garden spot.

The damask rose and myrtle flowers  
Narcissus and sweet pea,  
With lustre shine in garden bowers,  
As stars shine on the sea.  
Nature in loveliness appears,  
To gladden every mind ;  
She may dispel our sighs and tears ;  
True joys in her we find.

'Tis noon — I rest by purling stream,  
Where grows the ivy vine ;  
Here oft I've strayed in youthful dream,  
Plucking the columbine.  
O, I will sing of flowers — a theme  
For loftiest pen to dwell ;  
How faint must weaker efforts seem  
Their charms divine to tell !

Where is the hand would crush a flower  
Unheedful of its worth ?  
He who outpours the genial shower,  
Is author of its birth.

O, bring me flowers when the last,  
 Last pulse has told its tale ;  
 They'll cheer the scene amid the blast  
 That turns the features pale.



## Love's Philosophy.

*Shelley.*




**T**HE fountains mingle with the river,  
 And the rivers with the ocean,  
 The winds of heaven mix forever  
 With a sweet commotion ;  
 Nothing in the world is single ;  
 All things, by a law divine,  
 In one another's being mingle —  
 Why not I with thine ?

See the mountains kiss the heaven,  
 And the waves clasp one another ;  
 No sister-flower would be forgiven  
 If it disdained its brother ;  
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea •  
 What are all these kissings worth,  
 If thou kiss not me ?



## The Mountain Church.

*Mrs. Gilman.*


 S one without a friend, one summer eve  
 I walked among the solemn woods alone.  
 The boughs hung lonely, and the gentle winds  
 Whispered a song monotonous and low,  
 That soothed my mind e'en while it made me sad  
 The path I followed, by a turn abrupt,  
 Brought me to stand beside that humble roof,

Where the few scattered families that dwell  
 Among these mountains and deep forest shades  
 Meet weekly to uplift the soul in prayer.  
 A few rude logs up-piled were all the walls.  
 There were four windows and a door, not e'en  
 Adorned with rudest art ; and in the midst  
 A pulpit, cushioned not, nor overhung  
 With crimson folds of fringed drapery,  
 Nor graced with gilded volumes richly bound.  
 Amid the mountain pines the low roof stood.  
 And mountain hands had reared it ; but it wore  
 An air of reverence.

Few paces onward,  
 O'ershadowed more by the green underwood,  
 Some slight raised mounds showed where the dead were laid.  
 No gravestone told who slept beneath the turf,  
 (Perchance the heart that deeply mourns needs not  
 Such poor remembrancer.) The forest flowers  
 Themselves had fondly clustered there ; and white  
 Azalias, with sweet breath, stood round about.

Like fair young maidens mourning o'er their dead.  
 In some sweet solitude like this I would  
 That I might sleep my last, long, dreamless sleep.  
 O, quiet resting place! divine repose!  
 Let not my voice, I whispered, O, let not  
 My heedless step profane thy sanctity!  
 Still shall sweet summer smiling linger here,  
 And wasteful winter lightly o'er thee pass;  
 Bright dews of morning jewel thee! and all  
 The silent stars watch over thee at night;  
 The mountains clasp thee lovingly within  
 Their giant arms, and ever round thee bow  
 The everlasting forests; for thou art  
 In thy simplicity a holy spot,  
 And not unmeet for heavenly worshipper.



## Sabbath Morning in the Country.

*Bailey.*



LOVE thy singing, sacred as the sound of hymns,  
 On some bright Sabbath morning, on the moor,  
 Where all is still save praise; and where, hard by  
 The ripe grain shakes its bright beard in the sun:  
 The wild bee hums more solemnly; the deep sky  
 The fresh green grass, the sun, and sunny brooks  
 All look as if they knew the day, the hour,  
 And felt with man the need and joy of thanks.

## Make your Mark.

*David Barber.*

**I**N the quarries should you toil,  
 Make your mark ;  
 Do you delve upon the soil,  
 Make your mark ;  
 In whatever path you go,  
 In whatever place you stand,  
 Moving swift or moving slow,  
 With a firm and honest hand  
 Make your mark.

Should opponents hedge your way,  
 Make your mark ;  
 Work by night, or work by day,  
 Make your mark ;  
 Struggle manfully and well,  
 Let no obstacles oppose ;  
 None, right-shielded, ever fell  
 By the weapons of his foes ;  
 Make your mark.

What though born a peasant's son ;  
 Make your mark ;  
 Good by poor men can be done ;  
 Make your mark ;  
 Peasants' garbs may warm the cold,  
 Peasants' words may calm a fear ;  
 Better far than hoarding gold  
 Is the drying of a tear ;  
 Make your mark.

Life is fleeting as a shade ;  
 Make your mark ;  
 Marks of some kind must be made ;  
 Make your mark ;  
 Make it while the arm is strong,  
 In the golden hours of youth ;  
 Never, never make it wrong ;  
 Make it with the stamp of truth ;  
 Make your mark.



## Life's Morning, Noon, and Evening.

L. M. D.



SAW her when life's tide was high,  
 When youth was hovering o'er her brow ;  
 When joy was dancing in her eye,  
 And her cheek blushed hope's crimson glow.

I saw her 'mid a fairy throng ;  
 She seemed the gayest of the gay ;  
 I saw her lightly glide along,  
 'Neath beauty's smile and pleasure's lay.

I saw her in her bridal robe ;  
 The blush of joy was mounting high ;  
 I marked her bosom's heaving throb,  
 I marked her dark and downcast eye.

I saw her when a mother's love  
 Asked at her hand a mother's care ;  
 She looked an angel from above,  
 Hovering around a cherub fair.

I saw her not till, cold and pale,  
 She slumbered on Death's icy arm ;  
 The rose had faded on her cheek,  
 Her lip had lost its power to charm.

That eye was dim which brightly shone,  
 That brow was cold, that heart was still ;  
 The witcheries of that form had flown,  
 The lifeless clay had ceased to feel.

I saw her wedded to the grave ;  
 Her bridal robes were weeds of death ;  
 And o'er her pale, cold brow was hung  
 The damp, sepulchral, icy wreath.



## Disasters.

*Longfellow*



**D**ISASTERS come not singly,  
 But as if they watched and waited,  
 Scanning one another's motions.  
 When the first descends, the others  
 Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise  
 Round their victim sick and wounded —  
 First a shadow, then a sorrow,  
 Till the air is dark with anguish.

## Wealth is not Happiness.

*Mrs. Norton.*

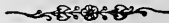


**I** HAVE tasted each varied pleasure,  
And drank of the cup of delight ;  
I have danced to the gayest measure,  
In the halls of dazzling light.  
I have dwelt in a blaze of splendor,  
And stood in the court of kings ;  
I have snatched at each toy that could render  
More rapid the flight of Time's wings.

But vainly I've sought for joy and peace  
In the life of light and shade ;  
And I turn with a sigh to my own dear home,  
That home where my childhood played.


When jewels are sparkling round me,  
And dazzling with their rays,  
I weep for ties that bound me  
In life's first early days.


I sigh for one of the sunny hours,  
Ere day was turned to night ;  
For one of my nosegays of fresh wild flowers,  
Instead of these jewels bright.



## The Charnel Ship.

*Lucretia M. Davidson.*

HE breeze blew fair, the waving sea  
Curled sparkling round the vessel's side ;  
The canvas spread with bosom free  
Its swan-like pinions o'er the tide.

Evening had gemmed with glittering stars  
Her coronet, so dark and grand ;  
The queen of night with fleecy clouds  
Had formed her turban's snowy band.

On, on the stately vessel flew,  
With streamer waving far and wide ;  
When, lo ! a bark appeared in view,  
And gayly danced upon the tide.

Each way the breeze its wild wing veered,  
That way the stranger-vessel turned :  
Now near she drew ; now, wafted far,  
She fluttered, trembled, and returned.

“ It is the pirate's cursed bark !  
The villains linger to decoy ;  
Thus bounding o'er the waters dark,  
They seek to lure, and then destroy.

“ Perchance those strange and wayward signs  
May be the signals of distress.”

The captain cried ; “ for, mark ye, now,  
Her sails are flapping wide and loose.”

And now the stranger-vessel came  
Near to that gay and gallant bark ;  
It seemed a wanderer, fair and lone,  
Upon life’s wave, so deep and dark.

And not a murmur, not a sound,  
Came from that lone and dreary ship ;  
The icy chains of silence bound  
Each rayless eye and pallid lip.

For Death’s wing had been waving there ;  
The cold dew hung on every brow,  
And sparkled there, like angel tears,  
Shed o’er the silent crew below.

Onward that ship was gayly flying,  
Its bosom the sailor’s grave ;  
The breeze, ’mid the shrouds, in low notes sighing  
Their requiem over the brave.

Fly on, fly on, thou lone vessel of death,  
Fly on with thy desolate crew ;  
For mermaids are twining a sea-weed wreath  
’Mong the red coral groves for you.





✓  
A Home to rest in.

*Morford.*


THE world, dear John, as the old folks told us,  
Is a world of trouble and care ;  
Many a cloud of grief will enfold us,  
And the sunshine of joy is but rare.  
But there's something yet to be bright and  
blest in,  
No matter how humble the lot ;  
The world still gives us a home to rest in,  
Its holiest, happiest spot.

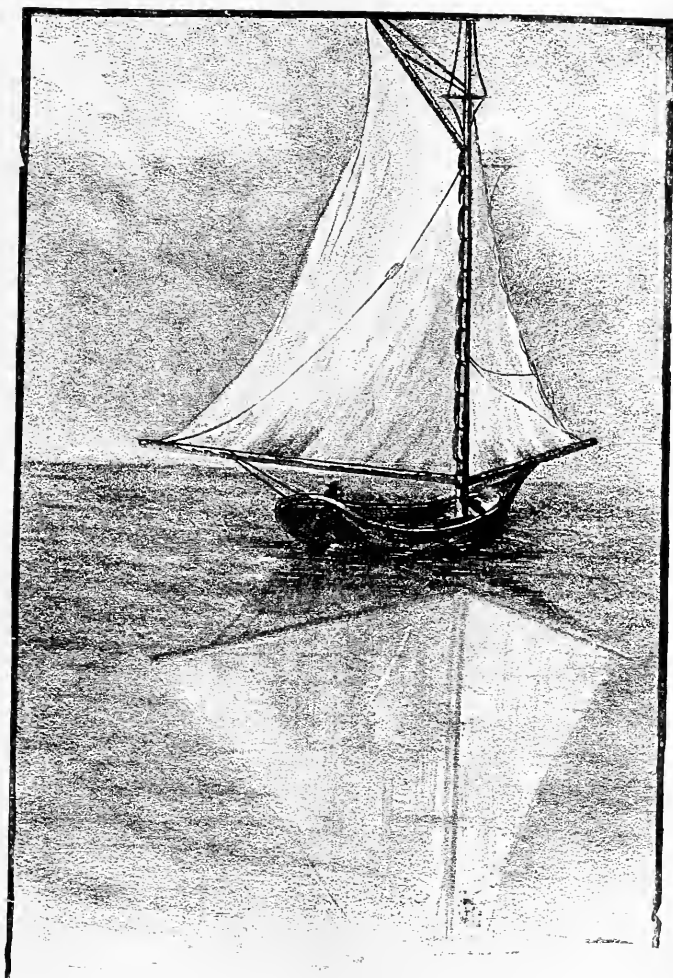
Sweet home ! dear home ! on the northern heather  
On the sunniest southern plain ;  
The Lapland hut in its wintry weather,  
The tent of the Indian main ;  
Be it gorgeous wealth that our temple is dressed in.  
Be it poor and of little worth,  
O home, *our* home — a home to rest in —  
Is the dearest thing on earth.

But time, dear John, is using us badly ;  
Our homes crumble day by day,  
And we're laying our dear ones, swiftly and sadly.  
In the dust of the valley away.  
There's a death robe soon for us both to rest in,  
A place for us under the sod ;  
Be heaven at last the home we shall rest in,  
The rest for the children of God !

## The Evening Sail.

*Crabbe.*

MONG the joys, 'tis one at eve to sail  
On the broad river, with a favorite gale ;  
When no rough waves upon the bosom ride,  
But the keel cuts, nor rises on the tide ;  
Safe from the stream the nearer gunwale stands,  
Where playful children trail their idle hands,  
Or strive to catch long grassy leaves that float  
On either side of the impeded boat ;  
What time the moon arising shows the mud,  
A shining border to the silver flood :  
When, by her dubious light, the meanest views,  
Chalk, stones, and stakes, obtain the richest hues ;  
And when the cattle, as they gazing stand,  
Seem nobler objects than when viewed from land ;  
Then anchored vessels in the way appear,  
And sea-boys greet them as they pass, " What cheer ?"  
The sleeping shell-ducks at the sound arise,  
And utter loud their unharmonious cries ;  
Fluttering, they move their weedy beds among,  
Or instant diving, hide their plumeless young.  
Along the wall, returning from the town,  
The weary rustic homeward wanders down ;  
Who stops and gazes at such joyous crew,  
And feels his envy rising at the view ;  
He the light speech and laugh indignant hears,  
And feels more pressed by want, more vexed by fears.



“ Among the joys, 'tis one at eve to sail  
On the broad river, with a favoring gale.” — Page 266.



Al! go in peace, good fellow, to thine home,  
Nor fancy these escape the general doom ;  
Gay as they seem, be sure with them are hearts  
With sorrow tried ; there s sadness in their parts :  
If thou couldst see them when they think alone,  
Mirth, music, friends, and those amusements gone ,  
Couldst thou discover every secret ill  
That pains their spirit, or resists their will ;  
Couldst thou behold forsaken Love's distress,  
Or Envy's pang at glory and success,  
Or Beauty, conscious of the spoils of Time,  
Or Guilt alarmed when Memory shows the crime ;  
All that gives sorrow, terror, grief, and gloom ;  
Content would cheer thee trudging to thine home.

There are, 'tis true, who lay their cares aside,  
And bid some hours in calm enjoyment glide ;  
Perchance some fair one to the sober night  
Adds (by the sweetness of her song) delight ;  
And as the music on the water floats,  
Some bolder shore returns the softened notes ;  
Then, youth, beware, for all around conspire  
To banish caution and to wake desire ;  
The day's amusement, feasting, beauty, wine,  
These accents sweet and this soft hour combine,  
When most unguarded, then to win that heart of thine.  
But see, they land ! the fond enchantment flies,  
And in its place life's common views arise.



## The Grave of Mrs. Judson.

*Miss M. Remick.*

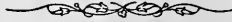


NOT where the chimes of the Sabbath bell  
 Ring out the peaceful air,  
 As multitudes through the silent street  
 Wend their way to the house of prayer;  
 Not where the wild rose showers down  
 Her leaves in the paths untrod,  
 Where the oaks and the rustling aspens wave  
 O'er New England's flowery sod; —

But lone and still is her island grave  
 'Neath the broad blue spreading sky,  
 Where the waves rise up with their sounding dirge,  
 And the hurrying ships go by;  
 Afar from the bloom of that gorgeous land  
 Where her toiling youth was spent,  
 With a load of cares, and griefs, and hopes,  
 Her life's short summer was blent.

That island grave with its swelling turf,  
 Where the gray cliffs proudly rise,  
 I look to-day on the glistening stones  
 In the light of the summer skies;  
 And sadly I think of the little band  
 That are scattered far and wide;  
 One sleeping down where the corals grow,  
 Under the surging tide.

They will gather all in the angel home  
 That brighten that heavenly land—  
 The wife who sleeps in the island grave,  
 The boy from the Indian strand ;  
 And they who are wanderers on the earth,  
 How glad will the meeting be  
 Of that widely-scattered household band  
 In the land beyond the sea !



### Happiness.

*Pollok.*



TRUE happiness had no localities ;  
 No tones provincial ; no peculiar garb.  
 Where duty went, she went ; with justice went,  
 And went with meekness, charity, and love,  
 Where'er a tear was dried ; a wounded heart  
 Bound up ; a bruised spirit with the dew  
 Of sympathy anointed ; or a pang  
 Of honest suffering soothed ; or injury  
 Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven :  
 Where'er an evil passion was subdued,  
 Or virtue's feeble embers fanned ; where'er  
 A sin was heartily abjured, and left ;  
 Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed  
 A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish, —  
 There was a high and holy place, a spot  
 Of sacred light, a most religious fane,  
 Where Happiness, descending, sat and smiled.

## The Cornelian.

*Byron.*



O specious splendor of this stone  
Endears it to my memory ever ;  
With lustre only once it shone,  
And blushes modest as the giver.

Some, who can sneer at friendship's ties,  
Have for my weakness oft reproved me ;  
Yet still the simple gift I prize,  
For I am sure the giver loved me.

He offered it with downcast lock,  
As fearful that I might refuse it ;  
I told him, when the gift I took,  
My only fear should be to lose it.

This pledge attentively I viewed,  
And sparkling as I held it near,  
Methought one drop the stone bedewed,  
And ever since I've loved a tear.

Still to adorn his humble youth,  
Nor wealth nor birth their treasures yield ;  
But he who seeks the flowers of truth  
Must quit the garden for the field.

'Tis not the plant upreared in sloth  
Which beauty shows, and sheds perfume ;



The flowers which yield the most of both  
In nature's wild luxuriance bloom.

Had Fortune aided Nature's care,  
For once forgetting to be blind,  
His would have been an ample share,  
If well-proportioned to his mind.

But had the goddess clearly seen,  
His form had fixed her fickle breast ;  
Her countless hoards would his have been,  
And none remained to give the rest.



## God bless our Father Land.

*O. W. Holmes.*



**G**OD bless our father land,  
Keep her in heart and hand  
One with our own ;  
From all her foes defend,  
Be her brave people's Friend ;  
On all her realms descend ;  
Protect her throne.

Father, in loving care  
Guard thou her kingdom's heir.  
Guide all his ways ;

Thine arm his shelter be  
 From harm by land and sea ;  
 Bid storm and danger flee ;  
 Prolong his days.

Lord, bid war's trumpet cease ;  
 Fold the whole earth in peace  
 Under thy wings ;  
 Make all thy nations one,  
 All hearts beneath thy sun,  
 Till thou shalt reign alone,  
 Great King of kings.

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### Only one Life.

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*Anon.*

**I**S not for man to trifle : life is brief,  
 And sin is here.  
 Our age is but the falling of a leaf,  
 A dropping tear.  
 We have no time to sport away the hours ;  
 All must be earnest in a world like ours.


Not *many* lives, but only *one* have we ;  
 One, only one.

How sacred should that one life ever be—  
 Day after day filled up with blesséd toil,  
 Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil !

✓  
The May Queen.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

PART FIRST.

OU must wake and call me early, call me early,  
mother dear ;  
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad  
new year ;  
Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest,  
merriest day ;  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to  
be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,  
If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to break ;  
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and gar-  
lands gay,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,  
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the  
Queen ;  
For the shepherd lads on every side 'll come from far  
away,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh, and green, and still,  
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill.

And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily glance and  
play,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother  
dear ;  
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad new  
year ;  
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest  
day,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
o' the May.

PART SECOND — NEW YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear ;  
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year ;  
It is the last new year that I shall ever see ;  
Then you may lay me low i' the mould, and think no  
more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set ; he set and left behind  
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace  
of mind ;  
And the new year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see  
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

There's not a flower on all the hills ; the frost is on the  
pane ;  
I only wish to live till the snow-drops come again ;  
I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out on high .  
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy, tall elm-tree,  
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow iea,  
And the swallow 'll come back again with summer o'er the  
    wave,  
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning  
    light,  
You'll never see me more in the long, gray fields at night ;  
When from the dry, dark wold the summer airs blow  
    cool,  
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in  
    the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn  
    shade,  
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly  
    laid.  
I shall not forget you, mother ; I shall hear you when you  
    pass  
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant  
    grass.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting  
    place ;  
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your  
    face ;  
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you  
    say,  
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far  
    away.

Good night, good night ; when I have said good night for-  
evermore,  
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the  
door,  
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing  
green ;  
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

Good night, sweet mother ; call me before the day is born ;  
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;  
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year ;  
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

#### PART THIRD—CONCLUSION.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am ;  
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.  
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year ;  
To die before the snow-drop came, and now the violet's here.

O, sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies ;  
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me, that cannot  
rise ;  
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that  
blow ;  
And sweeter far is death than life to me, that long to go.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death watch  
beat ;  
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning  
meet ;  
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine  
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call ;  
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all ;  
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,  
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie dear ;  
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here ;  
With all my strength I prayed for both, and so I felt  
resigned,  
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed,  
And then did something speak to me — I know not what  
was said ;  
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,  
And up the valley came again the music of the wind.

But you were sleeping, and I said, “ It’s not for them ; it’s  
mine.”  
And if it comes three times, I thought, I’d take it for a sign.  
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,  
Then seemed to go right up to Heaven, and die among  
the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know  
The blessed music went that way my soul will love to go.  
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day ;  
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am passed away.

O, look ! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow ;  
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know ;

And there I move no longer now, and there his light may  
shine,

Wild flowers in the valley, for other hands than mine.

O, sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done,  
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun —  
Forever and forever with those just souls and true :  
And what is life, that we should moan? Why make we  
such ado?


Forever and forever, all in a blesséd home,  
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come —  
To lie within the light of God as I lie upon your breast,  
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are  
at rest.



## Bonds of Affection.

*London.*




**H**ERE is in life no blessing like affection ;  
 It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,  
 And bringeth down to earth its native heaven.  
 It sits beside the cradle patient hours,  
 Whose sole contentment is to watch and love ;  
 It bendeth o'er the death-bed, and conceals  
 Its own despair with words of faith and hope.  
 Life has nought else that may supply its place ;  
 Void is ambition, cold is vanity,  
 And wealth an empty glitter, without love.



## My Creed.

*Alice Cary.*



HOLD that Christian grace abounds  
 Where charity is seen ; that when  
 We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds  
 Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,  
 A selfish scheme, a vain pretence ;  
 Where centre is not, can there be  
 Circumference ?

This I moreover hold, and dare  
 Affirm where'er my rhyme may go :  
 Whatever things be sweet or fair,  
 Love makes them so.

Whether it be the sickle's rush  
 Through wheat fields, or the fall of showers,  
 Or by some cabin door a bush  
 Of rugged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,  
 Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,  
 That make us saints ; we judge the tree  
 By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart  
 From works, on theologic trust,  
 know the blood about his heart  
 Is dry as dust.

## The Rose by the Wayside.

*D. A. Drown.*



LITTLE rose bloomed in the way  
 In which I roamed one sunny day ;  
     It looked so fair,  
 I wondered why alone it grew,  
 And why so long concealed from view  
     While nestling there.

Its blushing petals, wide outspread,  
 A richer perfume quickly shed,  
     Dripping with dew,  
 Which seemed in whispered tones to say  
 As soon I put the thorns away,  
     “ I bloomed for you.

“ The sunshine kissed my lips at morn,  
 Soon as I peeped to hail the dawn,  
     With blushes red ;  
 I was content through day to day ;  
 No roaming footsteps passed this way  
     By beauty led.”

I claimed the treasure, pure and fair,  
 As all mine own ; with special care  
     I kept it long ;  
 I said sweet sayings o'er and o'er :  
 But one bright morn it spoke no more ;  
     Its leaves were gone.

Thus in the varied paths of life,  
 Amid its cares, its toils, its strife,  
 We often roam ;  
 Then some sweet memories charm us here,  
 Some holy thoughts dispel all fear,  
 And guidè us home.

And when earth's charms, like withered flowers,  
 Amid affliction's darkest hours  
 No longer cheer,  
 A holy peace, a quiet joy,  
 Which unbelief can ne'er destroy,  
 Brings Heaven near.




### From an Italian Sonnet.

*Rogers.*

**S** SAID to Time, "This venerable pile,  
 'ts floor the earth, its roof the firmament,  
 Whose was it once?" He answered not, but fled  
 Fast as before. I turned to Fame, and asked,  
 "Names such as his, to thee they must be  
 known ;  
 Speak !" But she answered only with a sigh,  
 And, musing mournfully, looked on the ground.  
 Then to Oblivion I addressèd myself—  
 A dismal phantom, sitting at the gate ;  
 And, with a voice as from the grave, he cried,  
 " Whose it was once I care not ; now 'tis mine !"

## Love and Reason.

*More.*


 WAS in the summer time so sweet,  
 When hearts and flowers are both in season.  
 That — who, of all the world, should meet,  
 One early dawn, but Love and Reason !

Love told his dream of yesternight,  
 While Reason talked about the weather;  
 The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,  
 And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,  
 While Reason, like a Juno, stalked,  
 And from her portly figure threw  
 A lengthened shadow as she walked.

No wonder Love, as on they passed,  
 Should find that sunny morning chill;  
 For still the shadow Reason cast  
 Fell on the boy, and cooléd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,  
 Or find a pathway not so dim,  
 For still the maid's gigantic form  
 Would pass between the sun and him !

"This must not be," said little Love —  
 "The sun was made for more than you."

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So, turning through a myrtle grove,  
He bade the portly nymph adieu.

Now gladly roves the laughing boy  
O'er many a mead, by many a stream,  
In every breeze inhaling joy,  
And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,  
He culled the many sweets they shaded,  
And ate the fruits, and smelled the flowers,  
Till taste was gone and odor faded.

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,  
Looked blazing o'er the parchéd plains ;  
Alas ! the boy grew languid soon,  
And fever thrilled through all his veins ;

The dew forsook his baby brow,  
No more with vivid bloom he smiled ;  
O, where was tranquil Reason now,  
To cast her shadow o'er the child ?

Beneath a green and aged palm,  
His foot, at length, for shelter turning,  
He saw the nymph reclining calm,  
With brow as cool as his was burning

“ O, take me to that bosom cold,”  
In murmurs at her feet he said ;  
And Reason oped her garment's fold,  
And flung it round his fevered-head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,  
 And soon it lulled his pulse to rest ;  
 For, ah ! the chill was quite too much,  
 And Love expired on Reason's breast.



### The Bride's Farewell.

*Mrs. Hemans.*



WHY do I weep ? to leave the vine  
 Whose clusters o'er me bend, —  
 The myrtle — yet, O call it mine,  
 The flowers I loved to tend.  
 A thousand thoughts of all things dear  
 Like shadows o'er me sweep,  
 To leave my sunny childhood here ;  
 O, therefore let me weep.

I leave thee, sister ; we have played  
 Through many a joyous hour,  
 Where the silvery green of the olive shade  
 Hung dim o'er fount and bower ;  
 Yes, thou and I, by stream, by shore,  
 In song, in prayer, in sleep,  
 Have been as we may be no more ;  
 Kind sister, let me weep.

I leave thee, father ; eve's bright moon  
 Must now light other feet,  
 With the gathered grapes, and the lyre in tune,  
 Thy homeward step to greet.

Thou in whose voice, to bless thy child,  
 Rang tones of love so deep,  
 Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled,  
 I leave thee ; let me weep.

Mother, I leave thee ; on thy breast,  
 Pouring out joy and woe,  
 I have found that holy place of rest  
 Still changeless — yet I go.  
 Lips that have lulled me with your strain,  
 Eyes that have watched my sleep,  
 Will earth give love like yours again ?  
 Sweet mother, let me weep.

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## The Days of Yore.

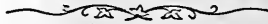
*Douglas Thompson.*

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**D**OU see the slender spire that peers  
 Above the trees that skirt the stream ;  
 'Twas there I passed those early years  
 Which now seem like some happy dream.  
 You see the vale that bounds the view ;  
 'Twas there my father's mansion stood,  
 Before the grove, whose varied hue  
 Is mirrored in the tranquil flood.

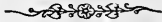
There's not a stone remaining there,  
 A relic of that fine old hall ;

For strangers came the spot to share,  
 And bade the stately structure fall!  
 But now, if Fortune proves my friend,  
 And gives me what may yet remain,  
 In that dear spot my days to end,  
 I'll build a mansion there again.



## The Path of Independence.

*Anon.*



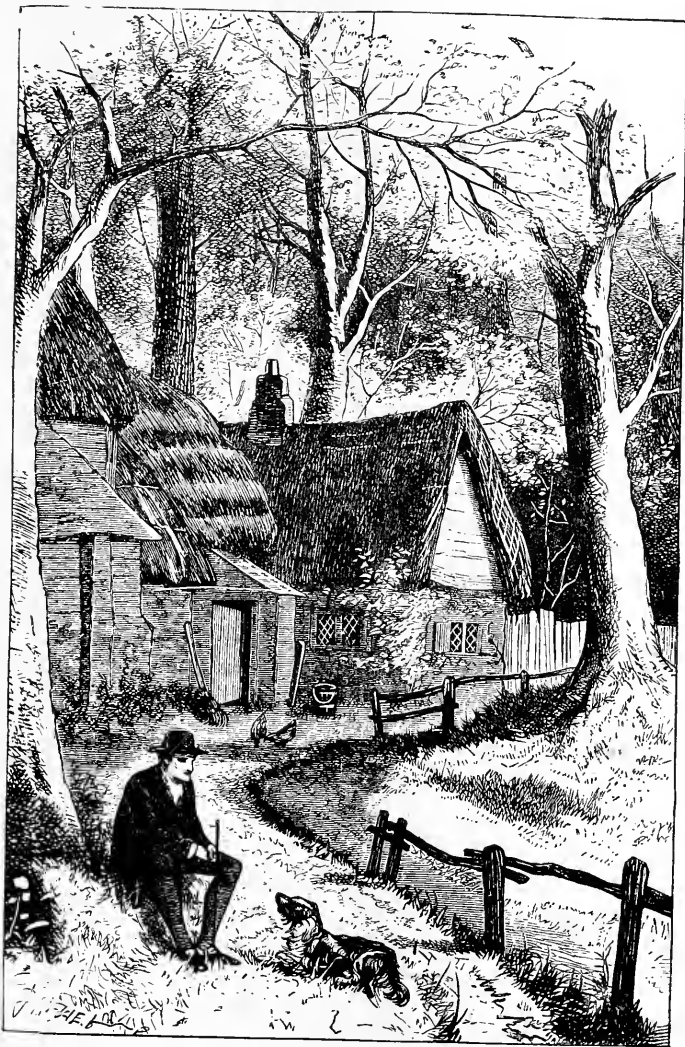
N easy task it is to tread  
 The path the multitude will take;  
 But independence dares the stake  
 If but by fair conviction led.

Then haste, truth-seeker, on thy way,  
 Nor heed the worldling's smile or frown;  
 The brave alone shall wear the crown,  
 The noble only clasp the bay.

Go, worker of the public weal;  
 When knaves combine, and plot and plan,  
 Assert the dignity of man,  
 Teach the dishonest hearts to feel.

Still keep thy independence whole;  
 Let nothing warp thee from thy course,  
 And thou shalt wield a giant's force,  
 And wrong before thy foot shall roll.






There's a little low hut by the river side. Page 287.



## A Picture.

*B. P. Shillaber.*


 HERE'S a little low hut by the river side,  
 Within the sound of its rippling tide ;  
 Its walls are gray with the moss of years,  
 And its roof all crumbly and old appears ;  
 But fairer to me than a castle's pride  
 Is the little low hut by the river side.

The little low hut was my natal nest,  
 Where my childhood passed — life's spring-time blest ;  
 Where the hopes of ardent youth were formed,  
 And the sun of promise my young heart warmed,  
 Ere I threw myself on life's swift tide,  
 And left the dear hut by the river side.

That little old hut, in lowly guise,  
 Was lofty and grand to my youthful eyes,  
 And fairer trees were ne'er known before  
 Than the apple-trees by the humble door,  
 That my father loved for their thrifty pride,  
 Which shadowed the hut by the river's side.

That little low hut had a glad hearth-stone,  
 That echoed of old with a pleasant tone  
 And brothers and sisters, a merry crew,  
 Filled the hours with pleasure as on they flew ;  
 But one by one have the loved ones died  
 That dwelt in the hut by the river's side.

The father and the children gay  
The grave and the world have called away ;  
But quietly all alone there sits  
By the pleasant window in summer, and knits,  
An aged woman, long years allied  
With the little old hut by the river's side.

That little old hut to the lonely wife  
Is the cherished stage of her active life ;  
Each scene is recalled in memory's beam,  
As she sits by the window in pensive dream,  
And joys and woes roll back like a tide,  
In that little old hut by the river's side.


My mother ! — alone, by the river side,  
She waits for the flood of the heavenly tide,  
And the voice that shall thrill her heart with its call  
To meet once more with the dear ones all,  
And form, in a region beautified,  
The band that first met by the river's side.


That dear old hut by the river's side  
With the warmest pulse of my heart is allied,  
And a glory is over its dark walls thrown  
That statelier fabrics have never known ;  
And I shall still love, with a fonder pride,  
That little old hut by the river's side.



## An Acrostic.

F. A.




**LECTRIC** essence permeates the air,  
 Lighting the heavens with its brilliant glare,  
 Encircling planets in its huge embrace,  
 Controlling all the elements of space.  
 'Tis this that sways the immortal mind,  
 Refines and elevates all human kind.  
 In it the spirit finds its highest light,  
 Celestial source of God, the Infinite.  
 In vain doth man its secrets strive to know ;  
 Time nor eternity can all its secrets show.  
 Ye minds progressive, whose great spirits yearn  
 In Nature's face her attributes to learn,  
 Shut off the gross and dark external view,  
 The gross and selfish, and behold the true.  
 Heaven is a flower to full perfection grown,  
 Earth is a bud that's not yet fully blown ;  
 Both are the offshoots of one parent stem,  
 Resting like jewels in God's diadem.  
 Earth seems fairest when by Heaven embraced,  
 As pearls show purest when near rubies placed.  
 The height of pleasure is where pain is not ;  
 Heaven is nearest when earth is most forgot.  
 Of this be sure : when the electric fires  
 From spheres celestial fan thy soul's desires,  
 God speaks to thee ! as when the gentle dove  
 On Jesus' head descended from above,  
 Divinely laden with celestial love.

## From the Merchant of Venice.

*Shakespeare.*



LORENZO.

**N**OW sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !  
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
 Creep in our ears ; soft stillness, and the night,  
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
 Sit, Jessica : look, how the floor of heaven  
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;  
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
 But in his motion like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims :  
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

*[Enter Musicians.]*

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn ;  
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
 And draw her home with music.

JESSICA.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

*[Music.]*

LORENZO.

The reason is, your spirits are attentive ;  
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,  
 Which is the hot condition of their blood ;  
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,

Or any air of music touch their ears,  
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
 Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze  
 By the sweet power of music ; therefore, the poet  
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;  
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
 But music for the time doth change his nature.  
 The man that hath no music in himself,  
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils :  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
 And his affections dark as Erebus :  
 Let no such man be trusted.



## The Poet.

FROM THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

*Scott.*



**A**LL it not vain ; they do not err,  
 Who say, that when the Poet dies,  
 Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,  
 And celebrates his obsequies ;  
 Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,  
 For the departed Bard make moan ;  
 That mountains weep in crystal rill ;  
 That flowers in tears of balm distil ;  
 Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,  
 And oaks, in deeper groans, reply ;

---

And rivers teach their rushing wave  
To murmur dirges round his grave.


Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn  
Those things inanimate can mourn ;  
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,  
Is vocal with the plaintive wail  
Of those who, else forgotten long,  
Lived in the poet's faithful song ;  
And, when the poet's parting breath,  
Whose memory feels a second death,  
The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,  
That love, true love, should be forgot,  
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear  
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier ;  
The phantom knight, his glory fled,  
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead ;  
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,  
And shrieks along the battle-plain.  
The chief, whose antique crownlet long  
Still sparkled in the feudal song,  
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,  
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,  
His ashes undistinguished lie,  
His place, his power, his memory die ;  
His groans the lonely caverns fill ;  
His tears of rage impel the rill :  
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,  
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.



## Illustration of a Picture.

A SPANISH GIRL IN REVERIE.

*O. W. Holmes*



HE twirled the string of golden beads  
 That round her neck was hung —  
 My grandsire's gift; the good old man  
 Loved girls when he was young;  
 And, bending lightly o'er the cord,  
 And turning half away,  
 With something like a youthful sigh,  
 Thus spoke the maiden gay: —

“ Well, one may trail her silken robe,  
 And bind her locks with pearls;  
 And one may wreath the woodland rose  
 Among her floating curls;  
 And one may tread the dewy grass,  
 And one the marble floor,  
 Nor half-hid bosom heave the less,  
 Nor brodered corset more !

“ Some years ago, a dark-eyed girl  
 Was sitting in the shade, —  
 There's something brings her to my mind  
 In that young dreaming maid, —  
 And in her hand she held a flower,  
 A flower whose speaking hue  
 Said, in the language of the heart,  
 Believe the giver true.

“ And, as she looked upon its leaves,  
The maiden made a vow  
To wear it when the bridal wreath  
Was woven for her brow ;  
She watched the flower, as, day by day,  
The leaflets curled and died ;  
But he who gave it never came  
To claim her for his bride.

“ O, many a summer’s morning glow  
Has lent the rose its ray,  
And many a winter’s drifting snow  
Has swept its bloom away ;  
But she has kept that faithless pledge  
To this her winter hour,  
And keeps it still, herself alone,  
And wasted like the flower.”

Her pale lip quivered, and the light  
Gleamed in her moistening eyes.  
I asked her how she liked the tints  
In those Castilian skies :  
“ She thought them misty — ’twas perhaps  
Because she stood too near.”  
She turned away, and as she turned,  
I saw her wipe a tear.



## The Diver.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

THOU hast been where the rocks of coral grow  
 Thou hast fought with eddying waves ;  
 Thy cheek is pale, and thy heart beats low,  
 Thou searcher of ocean's caves.

Thou hast looked on the gleaming wealth of old,  
 And wrecks where the brave have striven ;  
 The deep is a strong and fearful hold,  
 But thou its bar hast riven !

A wild and weary life is thine,  
 A wasting task and lone,  
 Though treasure-grots for thee may shine  
 To all beside unknown.

A weary life ; but a swift decay  
 Soon, soon shall set thee free ;  
 Thou'rt passing fast from thy toils away  
 Thou wrestler with the sea !

In thy dim eye, on thy hollow cheek,  
 Well are the death-signs read —  
 Go ! for the pearl in its cavern seek,  
 Ere hope and power be fled.

And bright in beauty's coronal  
 That glistening gem shall be,  
 A star to all in the festive hall ;  
 But who will think on thee ?

None; as it gleams from the queen-like head,  
Not one 'midst throngs will say,  
"A life hath been like a rain-drop shed  
For that pale, quivering ray."

Woe for the wealth thus dearly bought!  
And are not those like thee,  
Who win for earth the gems of thought?  
O wrestler with the sea!

Down to the gulfs of the soul they go,  
Where the passion-fountains burn,  
Gathering the jewels far below  
From many a buried urn; —

Wringing from lava veins the fire  
That o'er bright words is poured;  
Learning deep sounds, to make the lyre  
A spirit in each chord.

But O, the price of bitter tears,  
Paid for the lonely power  
That throws at last o'er desert years  
A darkly glorious dower!

Like flower seeds, by the wild wind spread,  
So radiant thoughts are strewed;  
The soul whence those high gifts are shed,  
May faint in solitude.

And who will think, when the strain is sung  
Till a thousand hearts are stirred,

What life-drops, from the minstrel wrung,  
Have gushed with every word ?

None, none ! his treasures live like thine ;  
He strives and dies like thee ;  
Thou, that hast been to the pearl's dark shrine,  
O wrestler with the sea !



## Through the Darkness.

*William Winter.*



**I**F the road grow dark before you reach  
The home where your true love waits for you,  
Will you linger within the light, and preach  
Of the dangers you may perchance go through ?  
Or will you go on as you ought to do ?  
You will go ; you will care not for darkness and  
storm,  
For her dear love will shield you and keep you warm.

What sort of a life, I would like to know,  
Will any man lead that does not love ?  
The frozen ground is cold below,  
And the freezing stars are bright above ;  
But let him lie under the frozen mould !  
For his heart and the stars and the earth are cold !

The night comes down with an angry frown,  
 And the fierce wind shrills on the lonely moor :  
 Look back — to the lights in the distant town !  
 Look on — to the dreary waste before !  
 What waits for you when the journey's o'er ?  
 She will give you a sweet, sweet kiss, you know : -  
 Let the darkness come and the fierce wind blow !

In the path of duty grows many a thorn,  
 And bleak is the scorn of a selfish world ;  
 But there never was night without its morn,  
 And after the tempest the clouds are furled ;  
 For over all spreadeth the bright blue sky,  
 And we trust in our God, who is always nigh !



## Life and Death.

*Ben Jonson.*



**H**E ports of death are sins ; of life, good deeds ;  
 Through which our merit leads us to our needs.  
 How wilful blind is he, then, that would stray,  
 And hath it in his powers to make his way.  
 This world death's region is, the other, life's ;  
 And here, it should be one of our first strifes  
 So to front death as men might judge us past it ;  
 For good men but see death, the wicked taste it.





THE COUNTRY LASSIE. — Page, 299.





## The Country Lassie.

*Anon.*

  
HE blossomed in the country,  
Where sunny summers fling  
Their rosy arms about the earth,  
And brightest blessings bring ;  
Health was her sole inheritance,  
And grace her only dower ;  
I never dreamed the wildwood  
Contained so sweet a flower.

Far distant from the city,  
And inland from the sea,  
My lassie bloomed in goodness,  
As pure as pure could be ;  
She caught her dewy freshness  
From hill and mountain bower ;  
I never dreamed the wildwood  
Contained so sweet a flower.

The rainbow must have lent her  
Some of its airy grace,  
The wild rose parted with a blush  
That nestled on her face ;  
The sunbeam got entangled in  
The long waves of her hair,  
For she had grown to be  
So modest and so fair.

The early birds had taught her  
 Their joyous matin song,  
 And some of their soft innocence,  
 She's been with them so long ;  
 And for her now, if need be,  
 I'd part with wealth and power ;  
 I never dreamed the wildwood  
 Contained so sweet a flower.



### The Breeze in the Church.

*Miss Hinxham.*



WAS a sunny day, and the morning psalm  
 We sung in the church together ;  
 We felt in our hearts the joy and calm  
 Of the calm and joyous weather.

The slow, and sweet, and sacred strain,  
 Through every bosom stealing,  
 Checked every thought that was light and vain,  
 And waked each holy feeling.

We knew by its sunny gleam how clear  
 Was the blue sky smiling o'er us,  
 And in every pause of the hymn could hear  
 The wild birds' happy chorus.

And lo ! from its haunts by cave or rill,  
 With a sudden start awaking,

---

A breeze came fluttering down the hill,  
Its fragrant pinions shaking.

Through the open windows it bent its way,  
And down the chancel centre,  
Like a privileged thing that at will might stray,  
And in holy places enter.

From niche to niche, from nook to nook,  
With a lightsome rustle flying,  
It lifted the leaves of the Holy Book,  
On the altar cushion lying.

It fanned the old clerk's hoary hair,  
And the children's bright young faces ;  
Then vanished, none knew how or where,  
Leaving its pleasant traces.

It left sweet thoughts of summer hours  
Spent on the quiet mountains ;  
And the church seemed full of the scent of flowers,  
And the trickling fall of fountains.

The image of scenes so still and fair  
With our music sweetly blended,  
While it seemed their whispered hymn took share  
In the praise that to Heaven ascended.

We thought of Him who had poured the rills,  
And through the green mountains led them ;  
Whose hand, when he piled the enduring hills,  
With a mantle of beauty spread them.

And a purer passion was borne above,  
 In a louder anthem swelling,  
 As we bowed to the visible spirit of love,  
 On those calm summits dwelling.



### Ode on Art.

*Sprague.*



**W**HEN from the sacred garden driven,  
 Man fled before his Maker's wrath,  
 An angel left her place in heaven,  
 And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.  
 'Twas Art, sweet Art! new radiance broke  
 When her light foot flew o'er the ground,  
 And thus with seraph voice she spoke:  
 "The curse a blessing shall be found."

She led him through the trackless wild,  
 Where noontide sun had never blazed;  
 The thistle shrunk, the harvest smiled,  
 And Nature gladdened as she gazed.  
 Earth's thousand tribes of living things,  
 At Art's command, to him are given;  
 The village grows, the city springs,  
 And point their spires of faith to heaven.

He sends the oak, and bids it ride  
 To guard the shores its beauty graced;  
 He smites the rock — upheaved in pride,  
 See towers of strength and domes of taste

Earth's teeming cares their wealth reveal ;  
 Fire bears his banner on the wave,  
 He bids the mortal poison heal,  
 And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

In fields of air he writes his name,  
 And treads the chambers of the sky ;  
 He reads the stars, and grasps the flame  
 That quivers round the throne on high ;  
 In war renowned, in peace sublime,  
 He moves in greatness and in grace ;  
 His power, subduing space and time,  
 Links realm to realm, and race to race.



## I Remember, I Remember.

*Hood.*



REMEMBER, I remember,  
 The house where I was born,  
 The little window where the sun  
 Came peeping in at morn ;  
 He never came a wink too soon,  
 Nor brought too long a day ;  
 But now, I often wish the night  
 Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,  
 The roses — red and white ;  
 The violets and the lily-cup,  
 Those flowers made of light !

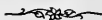
The lilacs where the robin built,  
 And where my brother set  
 The laburnum on his birthday, —  
 The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember,  
 Where I was used to swing,  
 And thought the air must rush as fresh  
 To swallows on the wing ;  
 My spirit flew in feathers then,  
 That is so heavy now,  
 And summer pools could hardly cool  
 The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember,  
 The fir-trees dark and high ;  
 I used to think their slender tops  
 Were close against the sky ;  
 It was a childish ignorance ;  
 But now 'tis little joy  
 To know I'm farther off from heaven  
 Than when I was a boy.



### Sensibility.




Rogers.

**T**HE soul of music slumbers in the shell,  
 Till waked and kindled by the master's spell ;  
 And feeling hearts—touch them but lightly—pour  
 A thousand melodies unheard before.

## The Old and the New Year.

*Anon.*

HE old year is passing away, Maud,  
The old year is breathing its last ;  
Its days are nearly numbered, Maud,  
And soon it will be with the past.

The old year has watched our smiles, Maud,  
The old year has seen our tears,  
And now she is gasping and dying, Maud,  
Whilst we greet the happy new year.

How many days have been sad, Maud,  
How many days have been gay,  
Since the coming in of the old year,  
To the birth of this new year's day !


There are many who were happy and gay, Maud,  
When the last new year came in,  
Who are sleeping below the frozen turf,  
Away from all sorrow and sin.

Their voices no more will be heard, Maud,  
As they joined us in many a song ;  
But they are up in the skies awaiting us, Maud,  
To join in that happy throng.

The old year has looked on our good deeds, Maud,  
The old year has watched our sins,  
And can not we improve on the past life ?  
Let us try when the new year comes in.

## Loved you better than you knew.

*Atlantic Monthly.*

T was the autumn of the year ;  
The strawberry leaves were red and sere ;  
October's airs were fresh and chill,  
When, pausing on the windy hill,  
The hill that overlooks the sea,  
You talked confidingly to me, —  
Me, whom your keen, artistic sight  
Has not yet learned to read aright,  
Since I have veiled my heart from you,  
And loved you better than you knew.

You told me of your toilsome past,  
The tardy honors won at last,  
The trials borne, the conquests gained,  
The longed-for boon of fame attained ;  
I knew that every victory  
But lifted you away from me —  
That every step of high emprise  
But left me lowlier in your eyes ;  
I watched the distance as it grew,  
And loved you better than you knew.

You did not see the bitter trace  
Of anguish sweep across my face ;  
You did not hear my proud heart beat  
Heavy and slow beneath your feet ;



You thought of triumphs still unwon,  
Of glorious deeds as yet undone ;  
And I, the while you talked to me,  
I watched the gulls float lonesomely,  
Till lost amid the hungry blue,  
And loved you better than you knew.

You walk the sunny side of fate ;  
The wise world smiles and calls you great ;  
The golden fruitage of success  
Drops at your feet in plenteousness,  
And you have blessings manifold —  
Renown, and power, and friends, and gold ;  
They build a wall between us twain,  
Which may not be thrown down again ;  
Alas ! for I, the long years through,  
Have loved you better than you knew.

Your life's proud aim, your art's high truth,  
Have kept the promise of your youth ;  
And while you won the crown which now  
Breaks into bloom upon your brow,  
My soul cried strongly out to you,  
Across the ocean's yearning blue,  
While, unremembered and afar,  
I watched you as I watch a star  
Through darkness struggling into view,  
And loved you better than you knew.

I used to dream, in all these years,  
Of patient faith and silent tears, —

That Love's strong hand would put aside  
 The barriers of place and pride, —  
 Would reach the pathless darkness through,  
 And draw me softly up to you ;  
 But that is past : if you should stray  
 Beside my grave, some future day,  
 Perchance the violets o'er my dust  
 Will half betray their buried trust,  
 And say, their blue eyes full of dew,  
 " She loved you better than you knew "

— — — — —

### Time and its Changes.

*Bailey.*

— — — — —

**T**HERE is no charm in time, as time, nor good ;  
 The long days are no happier than the short ones.  
 'Tis some time now since I was here. We leave  
 Our home in youth, no matter to what end ;  
 Study, or strife, or pleasure, or what not ;  
 And coming back in few short years, we find  
 All as we left it, outside ; the old elms,  
 The house, grass, gates, and latchet's selfsame click ;  
 But lift that latchet — all is changed as doom :  
 The servants have forgotten our step, and more  
 Than half of those who knew us, know us not.  
 Adversity, prosperity, the grave,  
 Play a round game with friends. On some the world  
 Hath shut its evil eye, and they are passed

From honor and remembrance, and a stare  
 Is all the mention of their names receives ;  
 And people know no more of them than of  
 The shapes of clouds at midnight, a year back.



### The Toast.



*Scott.*

**H**E' feast is o'er ! Now brimming wine  
 In lordly cup is seen to shine  
     Before each eager guest ;  
 And silence fills the crowded hall,  
 As deep as when the herald's call  
     Thrills in the royal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,  
 And smiling, cried, " A toast, a toast,  
     To all our ladies fair.  
 Here, before all, I pledge the name  
 Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame,  
     The Ladye Gundamere."

Then to his feet each gallant sprung,  
 And joyous was the shout that rung  
     As Stanley gave the word :  
 And every cup was raised on high,  
 Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,  
     Till Stanley's voice was heard.

“Enough, enough,” he smiling said,  
And lowly bent his haughty head ;  
    “ That all may have their due,  
Now each in turn must play his part,  
And pledge the ladye of his heart,  
    Like gallant knight and true.”

Then one by one each guest sprung up,  
And drained in turn the brimming cup,  
    And named the loved one's name ;  
And each, as hand on high he raised,  
His ladye's grace or beauty praised,  
    Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise ;  
On him are fixed those countless eyes ;  
    A gallant knight is he ;  
Envied by some, admired by all,  
Far-famed in lady's bower and hall,  
    The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,  
And lifts the sparkling cup on high :  
    “ I drink to one,” he said,  
“ Whose image never may depart,  
Deep graven on this grateful heart,  
    Till memory be dead.

“ To one whose love for me shall last  
When lighter passions long have passed,  
    So holy 'tis and true ;

To one whose love hath longer dwelt,  
 More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,  
 Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,  
 And laid a hand upon his sword,  
 With fury-flashing eye ;  
 And Stanley said, " We crave the name,  
 Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,  
 Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused as if he would  
 Not breathe her name, in careless mood,  
 Thus lightly to another ;  
 Then bent his noble head, as though  
 To give that word the reverence due,  
 And gently said, " My Mother !"



## Time.

*Young.*



**T**HE bell strikes one ; we take no note of time,  
 But from its loss. To give it, then, a tongue  
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,  
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
 It is the knell of my departed hours.  
 Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood  
 It is the signal that demands despatch ;  
 How much is to be done !

## The Heart's Fine Gold.

*W. O. Bourne.*



SAW a little girl  
 That shivered by my side,  
 And the sparkling snow, with a whiff and a whirl,  
 Wove a frosty wreath in her hanging curl,  
 As she pushed her hair aside.

I saw her tearful eye,  
 That spoke in tender power,  
 And the throbbing heart, with a throe and a sigh,  
 Were the speaking tongues that assured me why  
 She came in that chilly hour.

I asked what brought her there :  
 In accents low and sad,  
 She asked for some food, for a crust was the fare  
 Of mother and babe, 'mid the heart's despair ;  
 In rags they were thinly clad.

Her father with the dead  
 Had gone to take his rest ;  
 He had struggled long with the toil and dread  
 Of the life in which the laborers tread,  
 And had always done his best.

Her simple tale I heard,  
 Nor did she speak in vain ;  
 For the prayerful tone, and the sigh, and the word  
 Of the pale, thin lips, all my pity stirred,  
 As she spoke in tears again.

Her wants I well supplied  
 With such as I could spare,  
 And the poor girl wept in her soul's grateful tide,  
 For her heart was full, and she vainly tried  
 To utter its promptings there.

My heart grew rich that day,  
 My soul more noble grew,  
 For her tears that fell were pearls in the ray  
 Of the great love sun that shall chase away  
 The night and its gloom-born dew.

I would that I could spend  
 My life in joys like this ;  
 I would gather gems, and the gold with them blend  
 Of a thousand hearts, till my life should end  
 In a heaven of love's pure bliss.



## The Old Folks' Room.

*Anon.*



**H**E old man sat by the chimney side ;  
 His face was wrinkled and wan ;  
 And he leaned both hands on his stout oak cane,  
 As if all work were done.

His coat was of good old-fashioned gray ;  
 The pockets were deep and wide,

Where his "specs" and his steel tobacco box  
Lay snugly side by side.

The old man liked to stir the fire,  
So near him the tongs were kept ;  
Sometimes he mused as he gazed at the coals,  
Sometimes he sat and wept.

What saw he in the embers there ?  
Ah ! pictures of other years ;  
And now and then they wakened smiles,  
But oftener started tears.

His good wife sat on the other side,  
In a high-back, flag-seat chair ;  
I see 'neath the pile of her muslin cap  
The sheen of her silvery hair.

There's a happy look on her aged face.  
As she busily knits for him,  
And Nillie takes up the stitches dropped,  
For grandmother's eyes are dim.

Their children come and read the news,  
To pass the time, each day ;  
How it stirs the blood in an old man's heart  
To hear of the world away !

'Tis a homely scene, — I told you so, —  
But pleasant it is to view ;  
At least I thought it so myself,  
And sketched it down for you.

Be kind unto the old, my friend ;  
They're worn with this world's strife,




Though bravely once perchance they fought  
The stern, fierce battle of life.

They taught our youthful feet to climb  
Upward life's rugged steep ;  
Then let us lead them gently down  
To where the weary sleep.

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### Elegy — Written in Spring.

*Michael Bruce.*


 IS past : the iron North has spent his rage ;  
Stern Winter now resigns the lengthening day,  
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,  
And warm o'er ether western breezes play.  
Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,  
From summer climes, beneath another sky,  
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course :  
Before his beams all noxious vapors fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train,  
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore ;  
Where, throned on ice, he holds eternal reign ;  
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests roar.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground  
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,  
Again puts forth her flowers ; and all around  
Smiling, the cheerful face of Spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new deck their withered boughs ;  
 Their ample leaves, the hospitable plane,  
 The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose ;  
 The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,  
 Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun ;  
 The birds on ground, or on the branches green,  
 Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

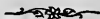
Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,  
 From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings ;  
 And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers ;  
 Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,  
 Who love to walk in virtue's flowery road,  
 Along the lovely paths of Spring to rove,  
 And follow Nature up to Nature's God.



## The River Path.

*Whittier.*



**T**O bird-song floated down the hill ;  
 The tangled bank below was still ;  
 No rustle from the birchen stem,  
 No ripple from the water's hem.  
 The dusk of twilight round us grew ;  
 We felt the falling of the dew.

For from us, ere the day was done.  
The wooded hills shut out the sun.  
But on the river's farther side  
We saw the hill tops glorified,  
A tender glow, exceeding fair,  
A dream of day without its glare.  
With us the damp, the chill, the gloom ;  
With them the sunset's rosy bloom ;  
While dark, through willowy vistas seen,  
The river rolled in shade between.  
From out the darkness where we trod  
We gazed upon those hills of God,  
Whose light seemed not of moon or sun ;  
We spake not, but our thought was one.  
We paused, as if from that bright shore  
Beckoned our dear ones gone before ;  
And still our beating hearts to hear  
The voices lost to mortal ear !  
Sudden our pathway turned from night ;  
The hills swung open to the light ;  
Through their green gates the sunshine showed  
A long slant splendor downward flowed.  
Down glade and glen and bank it rolled ;  
It bridged the shady stream with gold ;  
And, borne on piers of mist, allied  
The shadowy with the sunlit side !  
" So," prayed we, " when our feet draw near  
The river, dark with mortal fear,

“And the night cometh chill with dew,  
O Father! let thy light break through!

“So let the hills of doubt divide,  
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!


“So let the eyes that fail on earth  
On thy eternal hills look forth!

“And in thy beckoning angels know  
The dear ones whom we loved below.”



## The Banquet.

*London.*


 HERE was a feast that night,  
 And colored lamps sent forth their odorous light  
 Over gold carving, and the purple fall  
 Of tapestry; and around each stately hall  
 Were statues pale, and delicate, and fair,  
 As all of Beauty, save her blush, were there.  
 And, like light clouds, floating around each room  
 The censers sent their breathings of perfume;  
 And scented waters mingled with the breath  
 Of flowers that died as they rejoiced in death;  
 The tulip, with its globe of rainbow light;  
 The red rose, as it languished with delight;  
 The bride-like hyacinth, drooping as with shame;  
 And the anemone, whose cheek of flame

Is golden, as it were the flower of sun,  
 In his noon hour, most loved to look upon.  
 At first, the pillared halls were still and lone,  
 As if some fairy palace, all unknown  
 To mortal eye or step. This was not long.  
 Wakened the lutes, and rose the sound of song ;  
 And the wide mirrors glittered with the crowd  
 Of changing shapes ; the young, the fair, the proud ;  
 Came thronging in.

— — — — —

### Time, Hope, and Memory.

*Hood.*

— — — — —

**H** EARD a gentle maiden, in the spring,  
 Set her sweet sighs to music, and thus sing :  
 “ Fly through the world, and I will follow thee  
 Only for looks that may turn back on me.

“ Only for roses that your chance may throw,  
 Though withered I will wear them on my brow,  
 To be a thoughtful fragrance to my brain,  
 Warmed with such love that they will bloom again.

“ Thy love before thee, I must tread behind,  
 Kissing thy footprints, though to me unkind ;  
 But trust not all her fondness though it seem,  
 Lest thy true love should rest on a false dream.

“ Her face is smiling, and her voice is sweet ;  
 But smiles betray, and music sings deceit ;

And words speak false, yet, if thy welcome prove,  
I'll be their echo, and repeat their love.


“ Only if wakened to sad truth at last,  
The bitterness to come, and sweetness past,  
When thou art vexed, then turn again, and see  
Thou hast loved Hope, but Memory loved thee.”



### Little Rose.

*Blackwood's Mag.*




 HE comes with fairy footsteps ;  
 Softly their echoes fall ;  
 And her shadow plays, like a summer shade,  
 Across the garden wall.  
 The golden light is dancing bright  
 'Mid the mazes of her hair,  
 And her fair young locks are waving free  
 To the wooing of the air.

Like a sportive fawn she boundeth  
 So gleefully along ;  
 As a wild young bird she caroleth  
 The burden of a song.  
 The summer birds are clustering thick  
 Around her dancing feet,  
 And on her cheek the clustering breeze  
 Is breaking soft and sweet.

---

The very sunbeams seem to linger  
Above that holy head,  
And the wild flowers at her coming  
Their richest fragrance shed.  
And O, how lovely light and fragrance  
Mingle in the life within !  
O, how fondly do they nestle  
Round the soul that knows no sin !


She comes, the spirit of our childhood, -  
A thing of mortal birth,  
Yet beareth still a breath of heaven,  
To redeem her from the earth.  
She comes in bright-robed innocence,  
Unsoiled by blot or blight,  
And passeth by our wayward path  
A gleam of angel light.

O, blesséd things are children !  
The gifts of heavenly love ;  
They stand betwixt our heavenly hearts  
And better things above.  
They link us with the spirit world  
By purity and truth,  
And keep our hearts still fresh and young  
With the presence of their youth.



## Poesy.

O. W. Holmes.


 HERE breathes no being but has some pretence  
 To that fine instinct called poetic sense ;  
 The rudest savage roaming through the wild,  
 The simplest rustic, bending o'er his child,  
 The infant listening to the warbling bird,  
 The mother smiling at its half-formed word ;  
 The boy uncaged, who tracks the fields at large,  
 The girl turned matron to her babe-like charge ;  
 The freeman casting with unpurchased hand  
 The vote that shakes the turrets of the land ;  
 The slave, who, slumbering on his rusted chain,  
 Dreams of the palm-trees on his burning plain ;  
 The hot-checked reveller, tossing down the wine,  
 To join the chorus " Auld lang syne ;"  
 The gentle maid, whose azure eye grows dim,  
 While Heaven is listening to her evening hymn ;  
 The jewelled beauty, when her steps draw near  
 The circling dance and dazzling chandelier ;  
 E'en trembling age, when spring's renewing air  
 Waves the thin ringlets of his silvered hair. —  
 All, all are glowing with the inward flame,  
 Whose wider halo wreathes the poet's name,  
 While, unembalmed, the silent dreamer dies.  
 His memory passing with his smiles and sighs.  
 If glorious visions, born for all mankind,  
 The bright auroras of our twilight mind ;



If fancies, varying as the shapes that lie  
Stained on the windows of the sunset sky ;  
If hopes, that beckon with delusive gleams,  
Till the eye dances in the void of dreams ;  
If passions, following with the winds that urge  
Earth's wildest wanderer to her farthest verge, —  
If these on all some transient hours bestow  
Of rapture tingling with its hectic glow,  
Then all are poets ; and, if earth had rolled  
Her myriad centuries, and her doom were told,  
Each moaning billow of her shoreless wave  
Would wail its requiem o'er a poet's grave.



## Advice to a Reckless Youth.

*Ben. Jonson.*



**W**HAT would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman:  
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive,  
That would I have you do ; and not to spend  
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,  
Or every foolish brain that humors you.  
I would not have you to invade each place,  
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,  
Till men's affections, or your desert,  
Should worthily invite you to your rank.  
He that is so respectless in his courses,  
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.

Nor would I you should melt away yourself  
 In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect  
 To make a blaze of gentry to the world,  
 A little puff of scorn extinguish it,  
 And you be left like an unsavory snuff,  
 Whose property is only to offend.  
 I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself;  
 Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;  
 But moderate your expenses now (at first)  
 As you may keep the same proportion still.  
 Nor stand so much on your gentility,  
 Which is an airy and mere borrowed thing,  
 From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,  
 Except you make, or hold it.



## Good Counsail.

*Chaucer.*



**F**LY fro the presse, and dwell with sothfastnesse.  
 Suffise unto thy good though it be small,  
 For horde hath hate, and climbing tikelnesse,  
 Prease hath envy, and wele is blent over all,  
 Savour no more than thee behové shall,  
 Rede well thyselve that other folk canst rede,  
 And trowth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

Peiné thee not ech crooked to redresse,  
 In trust of her that tourneth as a ball;

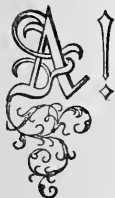
Great rest standèth in little businesse,  
 Beware also to spurne againe a nall,  
 Strive not as doth a crocké with a wall,  
 Demé thy selfe that demest others' dede,  
 And trouth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

That thee is sent receive in buxomnesse,  
 The wrastling of this world asketh a fall,  
 Here is no home, here is but wildernessse,  
 Forth, pilgrime ! forth, beast, out of thy stall !  
 Looke up on high, and thanké God of all !  
 Weivé thy lusts, and let thy ghost thee lede,  
 And trouth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.



## Freedom.

*John Barbour.*



FREDOME is a nobill thing !  
 Fredome mayse man to haiff liking !  
 Fredome all solace to man giffis :  
 He levys at ese that frely levys !  
 A noble hart may haiff nane ese,  
 Na ellys nocht that may him plese,  
 Gyff fredome faillythe : for fre liking  
 Is yearnyt our all othir thing  
 Na he, that ay hasè levyt fre,  
 May nocht knaw weill the propyrte,  
 The angyr, na the wrechyt dome,  
 That is cowplyt to foule thyrlidome.

Bot gyff he had asavit it,  
 Than all perquer he suld it wyt;  
 And suld think fredome mar to pryse  
 Than all the gold in warld that is.



## The Ministry of Angels.

*Spenser.*



AND is there care in heaven? And is there love  
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,  
 That may compassion of their evils move?  
 There is:—else much more wretched were the case  
 Of men than beasts: but O the exceeding grace  
 Of Highest God! that loves his creatures so,  
 And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,  
 That blessed angels he sends to and fro,  
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,  
 To come to succour us that succour want!  
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
 The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,  
 Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant!  
 They for us fight, they watch, and dewly ward,  
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant;  
 And all for love, and nothing for reward;  
 O why should hevenly God to men have such regard!

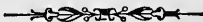
## The Pleasures of Heaven.

*Ben Jonson.*



**H**ERE all the happy souls that ever were,  
Shall meet with gladness in one theatre ;  
And each shall know there one another's face,  
By beatific virtue of the place.  
There shall the brother with the sister walk,  
And sons and daughters with their parents talk,  
But all of God : they still shall have to say,  
But make him all in all their theme that day ;  
That happy day that never shall see night !  
Where he will be all beauty to the sight ;  
Wine or delicious fruits unto the taste ;  
A music in the ears will ever last ;  
Unto the scent, a spicery or balm ;  
And to the touch, a flower, like soft as palm.  
He will all glory, all perfection be,  
God in the Union and the Trinity !  
That holy, great, and glorious mystery,  
Will there revealed be in majesty,  
By light and comfort of spiritual grace ;  
The vision of our Saviour face to face,  
In his humanity ! to hear him preach  
The price of our redemption, and to teach,  
Through his inherent righteousness in death,  
The safety of our souls and forfeit breath !


What fulness of beatitude is here !  
 What love with mercy mixed doth appear !  
 To style us friends, who were by nature foes !  
 Adopt us heirs by grace, who were of those  
 Had lost ourselves ; and prodigally spent  
 Our native portions and possessed rent !  
 Yet have all debts forgiven us ; an advance  
 By imputed right to an inheritance  
 In his eternal kingdom, where we sit,  
 Equal with angels, and co-heirs of it.



### To Blossoms.

*Robert Herrick.*




 AIR pledges of a fruitful tree,  
 Why do you fall so fast ?  
 Your date is not so past,  
 But you may stay yet here awhile,  
 To blush and gently smile,  
 And go at last.

What ! were ye born to be  
 An hour or half's delight,  
 And so to bid good night ?  
 'Tis pity nature brought ye forth  
 Merely to show your worth,  
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
 May read how soon things have  
 Their end, though ne'er so brave :  
 And after they have shown their pride,  
 Like you awhile, they glide  
 Into the grave.



### Vertue.

*George Herbert.*




**S**WEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
 The bridall of the earth and skie :  
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave  
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
 Thy root is ever in its grave,  
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,  
 A box where sweets compacted lie,  
 My musick shows ye have your closes,  
 And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,  
 Like season'd timber, never gives ;  
 But though the whole world turn to coal,  
 Then chiefly lives.

## Love.


*Samuel Butler.*

**L**OVE is too great a happiness  
For wretched mortals to possess ;  
For could it hold inviolate  
Against those cruelties of fate  
Which all felicities below  
By rigid laws are subject to,  
It would become a bliss too high  
For perishing mortality ;  
Translate to earth the joys above ;  
For nothing goes to Heaven but Love.  
All love at first, like generous wine,  
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine ;  
For when 'tis settled on the lee,  
And from the impurer matter free,  
Becomes the richer still the older,  
And proves the pleasanter the colder.  
As at the approach of winter, all  
The leaves of great trees use to fall,  
And leave them naked, to engage  
With storms and tempests when they rage,  
While humbler plants are found to wear  
Their fresh green liveries all the year ;  
So when their glorious season 's gone  
With great men, and hard times come on,  
The greatest calamities oppress  
The greatest still, and spare the less.



## Mariner's Hymn.

*Mrs. Southey.*



**L**AUNCH thy bark, mariner !  
Christian, God speed thee !  
Let loose the rudder-bands —  
Good angels lead thee !  
Set thy sails warily,  
Tempests will come ;  
Steer thy course steadily ;  
Christian, steer home !

Look to the weather-bow,  
Breakers are round thee ;  
Let fall the plummet now,  
Shallows may ground thee.  
Reef in the foresail there ;  
Hold the helm fast !  
So — let the vessel wear —  
There swept the blast.

“ What of the night, watchman ?  
What of the night ? ”  
“ Cloudy — all quiet —  
No land yet — all's right .’  
Be wakeful, be vigilant —  
Danger may be  
At an hour when all seemeth  
Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?  
 Clean out the hold —  
 Hoist up thy merchandise,  
 Heave out thy gold;  
 There — let the ingots go —  
 Now the ship rights;  
 Hurrah! the harbor's near —  
 Lo! the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet  
 At inlet or island;  
 Straight for the beacon steer,  
 Straight for the high land.  
 Crowd all thy canvas on,  
 Cut through the foam —  
 Christian! cast anchor now —  
 Heaven is thy home!



### Peace.

*George Herbert.*



WEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly  
 crave,  
 Let me once know.  
 I sought thee in a secret cave,  
 And ask'd, if Peace were there.  
 A hollow winde did seem to answer, No;  
 Go seek elsewhere.

I did; and going did a rainbow note :  
Surely, thought I,  
This is the lace of Peace's coat :  
I will search out the matter.  
But while I lookt the clouds immediately  
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden and did spy  
A gallant flower,  
The crown Imperiall: Sure, said I,  
Peace at the root must dwell.  
But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devoure  
What show'd so well.

At length I met a rey'rend good old man ;  
Whom when for Peace  
I did demand, he thus began :  
There was a Prince of old  
At Salem dwelt, who liv'd with good increase  
Of flock and fold.

He sweetly liv'd ; yet sweetnesse did not save  
His life from foes.  
But after death out of his grave,  
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat :  
Which many wondring at, got some of those  
To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse  
Through all the earth :  
For they that taste it do rehearse,

That vertue lies therein ;  
 A secret vertue, bringing peace and mirth  
 By flight of sinne.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,  
 And grows for you ;  
 Make bread of it : and that repose  
 And peace, which ev'ry where  
 With so much earnestnesse you do pursue  
 Is onely there.



## Rule Britannia.

*Thomson.*



WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sung the strain :  
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves !  
 Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,  
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,  
 Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all.  
 Rule Britannia, &c.

---

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;  
As the loud blast that tears the skies  
Serves but to root thy native oak.  
Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;  
All their attempts to bend thee down  
Will but arouse thy generous flame,  
And work their woe and thy renown.  
Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;  
All shall be subject to the main,  
And every shore it circles thine.  
Rule Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;  
Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
Rule Britannia, &c.



## The Maid's Lament.

*Landon.*



I LOVED him not ; and yet, now he is gone,  
I feel I am alone.

I checked him while he spoke ; yet could he speak,  
Alas ! I would not check.

For reasons not to love him once I sought,  
And wearied all my thought

To vex myself and him : I now would give  
My love could he but live

Who lately lived for me, and when he found  
'Twas vain, in holy ground

He hid his face amid the shades of death !  
I waste for him my breath

Who wasted his for me ; but mine returns,  
And this lone bosom burns

With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,  
And waking me to weep

Tears that had melted his soft heart : for years  
Wept he as bitter tears !

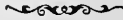
“ Merciful God ! ” \* such was his latest prayer,  
“ These may she never share ! ”

Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold  
Than daisies in the mould,

Where children spell athwart the churchyard gate  
His name and life's brief date.

Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,  
And O ! pray, too, for me !

## Home.

*Montgomery.*

**H**ERE is a land, of every land the pride,  
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;  
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,  
And milder moons emparadise the night ;  
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,  
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth :  
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores  
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,  
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,  
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;  
In every clime the magnet of his soul,  
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;  
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,  
The heritage of nature's noblest race,  
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,  
While in his softened looks benignly blend  
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend ;  
Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife  
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life !  
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,  
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;

Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.  
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?  
 Art thou a man? — a patriot? — look around;  
 O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
 That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!



### Address to the Ocean.

*Procter.*

(Barry Cornwall.)



THOU vast Ocean! ever-sounding Sea!  
 Thou vast symbol of a drear immensity!  
 Thou thing that windest round the solid world  
 Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled  
 From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,  
 Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.  
 Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep  
 Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.  
 Thou speakest in the east and in the west  
 At once, and on thy heavily laden breast  
 Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life  
 Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.  
 The earth hath naught of this: no chance or change  
 Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare  
 Give answer to the tempest-wakened air;  
 But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range  
 At will, and wound its bosom as they go:  
 Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow:



But in their stated rounds the seasons come,  
 And pass like visions to their wonted home ;  
 And come again, and vanish ; the young Spring  
 Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming ;  
 And Winter always winds his sullen horn,  
 When the wild Autumn, with a look forlorn,  
 Dies in his stormy manhood ; and the skies  
 Weep, and flowers sicken, when the summer flies.  
 Oh ! wonderful thou art, great element :  
 And fearful in thy spleeny humors bent,  
 And lovely in repose ; thy summer form  
 Is beautiful ; and when thy silver waves  
 Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,  
 I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,  
 Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,  
 And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach —  
 Eternity — Eternity — and Power.



**Jeanie Morrison.**

*Wm. Motherwell.*




'VE wandered east, I've wandered west,  
 Through mony a weary way ;  
 But never, never can forget  
 The love of life's young day !  
 The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,  
 May weel be black gin Yule ;  
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart  
 Where first fond love grows cool.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
The thochts o' bygane years  
Still fling their shadows owre my path,  
And blind my een wi' tears !  
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,  
And sair and sick I pine,  
As memory idly summons up  
The blythe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we loved ilk ither weel,  
'Twas then we twa did part ;  
Sweet time !—sad time !—twa bairns at schule,  
Twa bairns, and but ae heart !  
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,  
To lear ilk ither lear ;  
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,  
Remembered ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,  
When sitting on that bink,  
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,  
What our wee heads could think.  
When baith bent down owre ae braid page.  
Wi' ae buik on our knee,  
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but  
My lesson was in thee.

O mind ye how we hung our heads,  
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,

---

Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin', said,  
We cleek'd thegither hame?  
And mind ye o' the Saturdays —  
The schule then skaled at noon —  
When we ran aff to speel the braes —  
The broomy braes o' June?

The throssil whistled in the wood,  
The burn sung to the trees,  
And we with Nature's heart in tune  
Concerted harmonies;  
And on the knowe aboon the burn,  
For hours thegither sat  
In the siletness o' joy, till baith  
Wi' very gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
Tears trinkled down your check,  
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane  
Had ony power to speak!  
That was a time, a blessed time,  
When hearts were fresh and young,  
When freely gushed all feelings forth,  
Unsyllabled — unsung!



## The Exile's Song.

*Robert Gilfillan.*



**H**! why left I my hame?  
 Why did I cross the deep?  
 Oh! why left I the land  
 Where my forefathers sleep?  
 I sigh for Scotia's shore,  
 And I gaze across the sea,  
 But I canna get a blink  
 O' my ain countrie!

The palm-tree waveth high,  
 And fair the myrtle springs;  
 And, to the Indian maid,  
 The bulbul sweetly sings.  
 But I dinna see the broom  
 Wi' its tassels on the lea,  
 Nor hear the lintie's sang  
 O' my ain countrie!

Oh! here no Sabbath bell  
 Awakes the Sabbath morn,  
 Nor song of reapers heard  
 Among the yellow corn:  
 For the tyrant's voice is here,  
 And the wail o' slaverie;  
 But the sun of freedom shines  
 In my ain countrie!

'There's a hope for every woe,  
 And a balm for every pain,  
 But the first joys o' our heart  
 Come never back again.  
 There's a track upon the deep,  
 And a path across the sea ;  
 But the weary ne'er return  
 To their ain countrie !



## Ten Years Ago.

*Maric Alexander Watts.*



**T**OO am changed — I scarce know why —  
 Can feel each flagging pulse decay ;  
 And youth and health, and visions high,  
 Melt like a wreath of snow away ;  
 Time cannot sure have wrought the ill ;  
 Though worn in this world's sickening strife,  
 In soul and form, I linger still  
 In the first summer month of life ;  
 Yet journey on my path below,  
 Oh ! how unlike — ten years ago !

But look not thus : I would not give  
 The wreck of hopes that thou must share,  
 To bid those joyous hours revive,  
 When all around me seemed so fair.


We've wandered on in sunny weather,  
 When winds were low, and flowers in bloom,  
 And hand in hand have kept together,  
 And still will keep, 'mid storm and gloom ;  
 Endeared by ties we could not know  
 When life was young — ten years ago !

Has Fortune frowned ? Her frowns were vain,  
 For hearts like ours she could not chill ;  
 Have friends proved false ? Their love might wane.  
 But ours grew fonder, firmer still.  
 Twin barks on this world's changing wave,  
 Steadfast in calms, in tempests tried ;  
 In concert still our fate we'll brave,  
 Together cleave life's fitful tide ;  
 Nor mourn, whatever winds may blow,  
 Youth's first wild dreams — ten years ago !



### We Met.

*Thomas Haynes Bayly.*




W E met — 'twas in a crowd — and I thought he  
 would shun me ;  
 He came — I could not breathe, for his eye was  
 upon me ;  
 He spoke — his words were cold, and his smile  
 was unaltered ;  
 I knew how much he felt, for his deep-toned  
 voice falter'd.

I wore my bridal robe, and I rivall'd its whiteness ;  
 Bright gems were in my hair, how I hated their brightness !  
 He called me by my name, as the bride of another —  
 Oh, thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my mother !

And once again we met, and a fair girl was near him :  
 He smiled, and whispered low — as I once used to hear him.  
 She leant upon his arm — once 'twas mine, and mine only —  
 I wept, for I deserved to feel wretched and lonely.  
 And she will be his bride ! at the altar he'll give her  
 The love that was too pure for a heartless deceiver.  
 The world may think me gay, for my feelings I smother —  
 Oh, thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my mother !



From "The Lays of Ancient Rome."

*Macaulay.*



**H**EN out spake brave Horatius,  
 The captain of the gate :  
 "To every man upon this earth  
 Death cometh soon or late.  
 And how can man die better  
 Than facing fearful odds,  
 For the ashes of his fathers,  
 And the temples of his gods ; —

"And for the tender mother  
 Who dandled him to rest,

And for the wife who nurses  
His baby at her breast,  
And for the holy maidens  
Who feed the eternal flame,  
To save them from false Sextus,  
That wrought the deed of shame?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,  
With all the speed ye may;  
I, with two more to help me,  
Will hold the foe in play.  
In yon straight path a thousand  
May well be stopped by three.  
Now, who will stand on either hand,  
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;  
A Ramnian proud was he:  
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
And keep the bridge with thee."  
And out spake strong Herminius;  
Of Titian blood was he:  
"I will abide on thy left side,  
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,  
"As thou say'st, so let it be."  
And straight against that great array  
Forth went the dauntless three.  
For Romans in Rome's quarrel  
Spared neither land nor gold,  
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,  
In the brave days of old.



Then none was for a party ;  
 Then all were for the state ;  
 Then the great men helped the poor,  
 And the poor man loved the great ;  
 Then lands were fairly portioned ;  
 Then spoils were fairly sold ;  
 The Romans were like brothers  
 In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman  
 More hateful than a foe,  
 And the tribunes beard the high,  
 And the fathers grind the low.  
 As we wax hot in faction,  
 In battle we wax cold :  
 Wherefore men fight not as they fought  
 In the brave days of old.



## Castles in the Air.

*James Ballantine.*



**H**E bonnie, bonnie bairn, sits pokin' in the ase,  
 Glowerin' in the fire wi' his wee round face ;  
 Laughin' at the fuffin' lowe — what sees he there ?  
 Ha ! the young dreamer's biggin' castles in the air !

His wee chubby face, an' his tousy curly pow,  
 Are laughin' an' noddin' to the dancin' lowe,

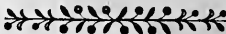
He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his sunny hair,  
Glow'rin' at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towerin' to the moon,  
He sees little sodgers pu'in' them a' doun ;  
Warlds whomlin' up an' doun, bleezin' wi' a flare,  
Losh ! how he loups, as they glimmer in the air !

For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken ?  
He's thinkin' upon naething, like mony mighty men,  
A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us stare,  
There are mair folks than him biggin' castles in the air.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak him cauld ;  
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak him auld ;  
His brow is brent sae braid, so pray that Daddy Care  
Wad let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air.

He'll glower at the fire, and he'll keek at the light ;  
But mony sparkling stars are swallow'd up by Night ;  
Aulder een than his are glamour'd by a glare,  
Hearts are broken — heads are turned — wi' castles in  
the air.



## The Men of Old.

*R. M. Milnes.*



KNOW not that the men of old  
 Were better than men now,  
 Of heart more kind, of hand more bold.  
 Of more ingenuous brow :  
 I heed not those who pine for force  
 A ghost of time to raise,  
 As if they thus could check the course  
 Of these appointed days.

Still is it true, and over-true,  
 That I delight to close  
 This book of life self-wise and new,  
 And let my thoughts repose  
 On all that humble happiness  
 The world has since foregone —  
 The daylight of contentedness  
 That on those faces shone !

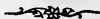
With rights, though not too closely scanned,  
 Enjoyed, as far as known —  
 With will, by no reverse unmanned —  
 With pulse of even tone —  
 They from to-day and from to-night  
 Expected nothing more  
 Than yesterday and yesternight  
 Had proffered them before.

A man's best things are nearest him,  
 Lie close about his feet,  
 It is the distant and the dim  
 That we are sick to greet :  
 For flowers that grow our hands beneath  
 We struggle and aspire —  
 Our hearts must die, except they breathe  
 The air of fresh desire.



## Clear the Way.

*Charles Mackay.*



**WHEN** of thought! be up, and stirring  
 Night and day :  
 Sow and seed — withdraw the curtain —  
 Clear the way!  
 Men of action, aid and cheer them,  
 As ye may!  
 There's a fount about to stream,  
 There's a light about to beam,  
 There's a warmth about to glow,  
 There's a flower about to blow;  
 There's a midnight blackness changing  
 Into gray;  
 Men of thought and men of action,  
 Clear the way!


Once the welcome light has broken,  
    Who shall say  
What the unimagined glories  
    Of the day?  
What the evil that shall perish  
    In its ray?  
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;  
Aid it, hopes of honest men;  
Aid it, paper — aid it, type —  
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,  
And our earnest must not slacken  
    Into play.  
Men of thought and men of action,  
    Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish  
    From the day;  
And a brazen wrong to crumble  
    Into clay.  
Lo! the right's about to conquer;  
    Clear the way!  
With the Right shall many more  
Enter smiling at the door;  
With the giant Wrong shall fall  
Many others, great and small,  
That for ages long have held us  
    For their prey.  
Men of thought and men of action,  
    Clear the way!



## From "Babe Christabel."

*Gerald Massey.*


 ND thou hast stolen a jewel, Death !  
 Shall light thy dark up like a star,  
 A beacon kindling from afar  
 Our light of love, and fainting faith.  
 Through tears it gleams perpetually,  
 And glitters through the thickest glooms,  
 Till the eternal morning comes  
 To light us o'er the jasper sea.

With our best branch in tenderest leaf,  
 We've strewn the way our Lord doth come ;  
 And, ready for the harvest home,  
 His reapers bind our ripest sheaf.

Our beautiful bird of light hath fled :  
 Awhile she sat with folded wings —  
 Sang round us a few hoverings —  
 Then straightway into glory sped.

And white-winged angels nurture her ;  
 With heaven's white radiance robed and crowned,  
 And all love's purple glory round,  
 She summers on the hills of myrrh.

Through childhood's morning-land, serene  
 She walked betwixt us twain, like love ;  
 While, in a robe of light above,  
 Her better angel walked unseen. —

Till life's highway broke bleak and wild ;  
Then, lest her starry garments trail  
In mire, heart bleed, and courage fail,  
The angel's arms caught up the child.

Her wave of life hath backward rolled  
To the great ocean ; on whose shore  
We wander up and down, to store  
Some treasures of the times of old : —

And aye we seek and hunger on  
For precious pearls and relics rare,  
Strewn on the sands for us to wear  
At heart for love of her that's gone.

O weep no more ! there yet is balm  
In Gilead ! Love doth ever shed  
Rich healing where it nestles — spread  
O'er desert pillows some green palm !

Strange glory streams through life's wild rents,  
And through the open door of death  
We see the heaven that beckoneth  
To the beloved going hence.

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed ;  
The best fruit loads the broken bough ;  
And in the wounds our sufferings plough,  
Immortal love sows sovereign seed.



## The Grandmother.

*Victor Hugo.*



OTHER of our own dear mother, good old  
grandam, wake and smile!

Commonly your lips keep moving when you're  
sleeping all the while;

For between your prayer and slumber scarce  
the difference is known;

But to-night you're like the image of Madonna  
cut in stone,

With your lips without a motion or a breath — a single  
one.

Why more heavily than usual dost thou bend thy old gray  
brow?

What is it we've done to grieve thee that thou'lt not  
caress us now?

Grandam, see, the lamp is paling, and the fire burns fast  
away;

Speak to us, or fire and lamp-light will not any longer  
stay,

And thy two poor little children, we shall die as well as  
they.

Ah! when thou shalt wake and find us near the lamp  
that's ceased to burn,

Dead, and when thou speakest to us, deaf and silent in  
our turn —



Then how great will be thy sorrow! then thou'lt cry for  
us in vain,

Call upon thy saint and patron for a long, long time, and  
fain,

And a long, long time embrace us ere we come to life  
again!

Only feel how warm our hands are; wake and place thy  
hands in ours;

Wake, and sing us some old ballad of the wandering  
troubadours.

Tell us of those knights whom fairies used to help to  
love and fame;

Knights who brought, instead of posies, spoils and tro-  
phies to their dame,

And whose war-cry in the battle was a lady's gentle name.

Tell us what's the sacred token wicked shapes and sprites  
to scare!

And of Lucifer — who was it saw him flying through the  
air?

What's the gem that's on the forehead of the King of  
Gnomes displayed?

Does Archbishop Turpin's psalter, or Roland's enormous  
blade,

Daunt the great black King of Evil? — say, which makes  
him most afraid?

Or thy large old Bible reach us, with its pictures bright  
and blue,

Heaven all gold, and saints a-kneeling, and the infant  
Jesus too,

In the manger with the oxen; and the kings; and soft  
and slow  
O'er the middle of the pages guide our fingers as we go,  
Reading some of that good Latin, speaks to God from *us*,  
you know.

Grandam, see, the light is failing — failing; and upon the  
hearth,  
And around the blackened ingle, leaps the shadow in its  
mirth.  
Ha! perhaps the sprites are coming! yes, they'll soon  
be at the door;  
Wake, oh, wake! and if you're praying, dearest grandam,  
pray no more;  
Sure, you do not wish to fright us, you who cheered us  
aye before?

But thine arms are colder, colder; and thine eyes so  
closèd are:  
'Twas but lately you did tell us of another world afar;  
And of heaven you were discoursing, and the grave where  
people lie —  
Told us life was short and fleeting, and of death — that  
all must die.  
What *is* death? dear grandam, tell us what it is. — You  
don't reply!

Long time did those slender voices moan and murmur all  
alone;  
Still the aged dame awaked not, though the golden morn-  
ing shone.

Soon was heard the dismal tolling of the solemn funeral  
bell ;  
Mournfully the air resounded ; and, as silent evening fell,  
One who passed that door half-opened those two little  
ones espied,  
With the holy book before them, kneeling at the lone  
bedside.



## The Skeleton in Armor.

*Longfellow.*



**S**PEAK ! speak ! thou fearful guest !  
Who, with thy hollow breast  
Still in rude armor drest,  
Comest to daunt me !  
Wrapt not in eastern balms,  
But with thy fleshless palms  
Stretched, as if asking alms,  
Why dost thou haunt me ?”

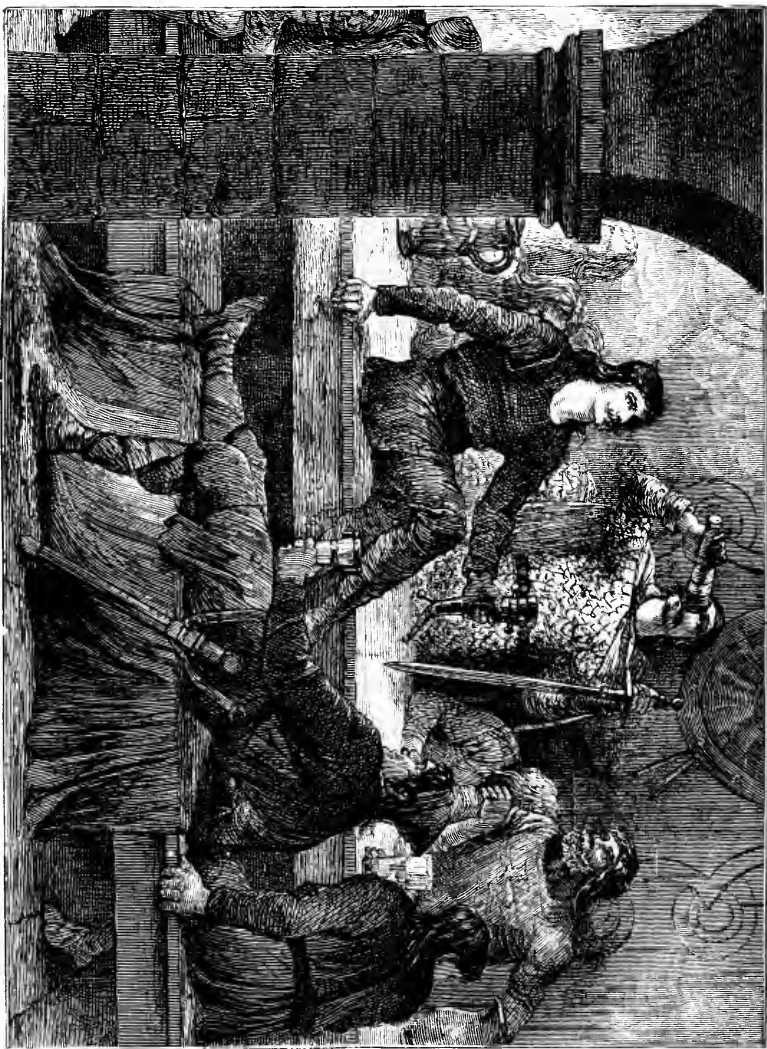
Then from those cavernous eyes  
Pale flashes seemed to rise,  
As when the northern skies  
Gleam in December ;  
And like the water's flow  
Under December's snow,  
Came a dull voice of woe  
From the heart's chamber .

“ I was a Viking old !  
My deeds, though manifold,  
No Skald in song has told,  
    No Saga taught thee !  
Take heed that in thy verse  
Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
Else dread a dead man’s curse !  
    For this I sought thee.

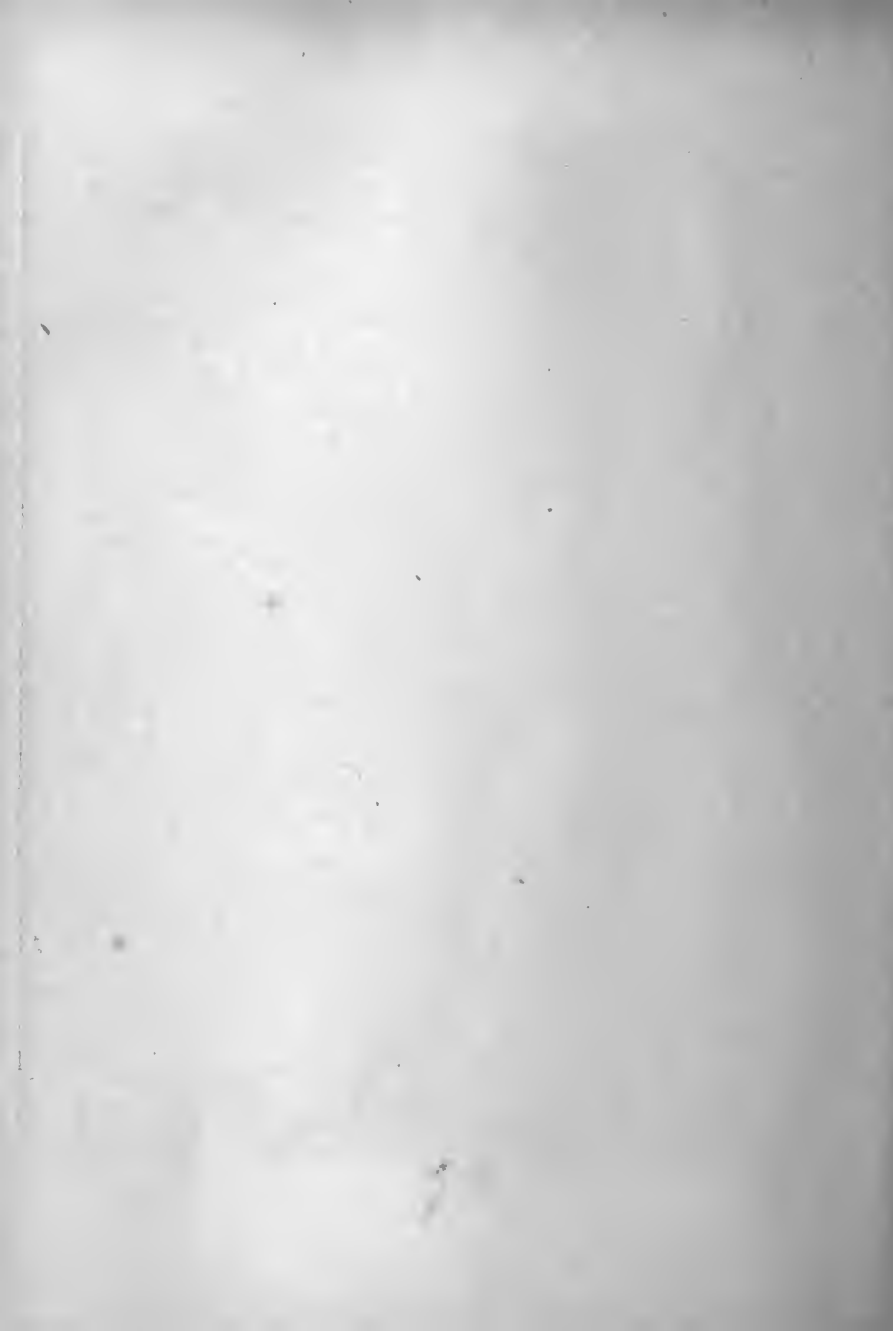
“ Far in the Northern land,  
By the wide Baltic’s strand,  
I, with my childish hand,  
    Tamed the ger-falcon ;  
And, with my skates fast bound,  
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,  
That the poor whimpering hound  
    Trembled to walk on.

“ Oft to his frozen lair  
Tracked I the grisly bear,  
While from my path the hare  
    Fled like a shadow ;  
Oft through the forest dark  
Followed the were-wolf’s bark,  
Until the soaring lark  
    Sang from the meadow.

“ But when I older grew,  
Joining a corsair’s crew,  
O’er the dark sea I flew  
    With the marauders.



“Many a wassail bout  
Wore the long winter out.” — Page 359.



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Wild was the life we led ;  
Many the souls that sped,  
Many the hearts that bléd,  
By our stern orders.

“ Many a wassail bout  
Wore the long winter out ;  
Often our midnight shout  
Set the cocks crowing,  
As we the Bersek's tale  
Measured in cups of ale,  
Draining the oaken pail  
Filled to o'erflowing.

“ Once, as I told in glee  
Tales of the stormy sea,  
Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
Burning, yet tender ;  
And, as the white stars shine  
On the dark Norway pine,  
On that dark heart of mine  
Fell their soft splendor.

“ I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
Yielding, yet half afraid,  
And in the forest's shade  
Our vows were plighted.  
Under its loosened vest  
Fluttered her little breast,  
Like birds within their nest  
By the hawk frightened.

---

“ Bright in her father’s hall  
Shields gleamed upon the wall,  
Loud sang the minstrels all,  
    Chanting his glory ;  
When of old Hildebrand  
I asked his daughter’s hand,  
Mute did the minstrels stand  
    To hear my story.

“ While the brown ale he quaffed,  
Loud then the champion laughed  
And, as the wind-gusts waft  
    The sea-foam brightly,  
So the loud laugh of scorn,  
Out of those lips unshorn,  
From the deep drinking-horn  
    Blew the foam lightly.

“ She was a Prince’s child,  
I but a Viking wild,  
And though she blushed and smiled,  
    I was discarded !  
Should not the dove so white  
Follow the sea-mew’s flight ?  
Why did they leave that night  
    Her nest unguarded ?

“ Scarce had I put to sea,  
Bearing the maid with me —  
Fairest of all was she  
    Among the Norsemen ! —



---

When, on the white sea-strand,  
Waving his armed hand,  
Saw we old Hildebrand,  
    With twenty horsemen.

“Then launched they to the blast;  
Bent like a reed each mast;  
Yet we were gaining fast,  
    When the wind failed us;  
And with a sudden flaw  
Came round the gusty skaw,  
So that our foe we saw  
    Laugh as he hailed us.

“And as, to catch the gale,  
Round veered the flapping sail,  
Death was the helmsman’s hail —  
    Death without quarter!  
Mid-ships, with iron keel  
Struck we her ribs of steel;  
Down her black hulk did reel  
    Through the black water!

“As with his wings aslant,  
Sails the fierce cormorant,  
Seeking some rocky haunt,  
    With his prey laden,  
So toward the open main,  
Beating to sea again,  
Through the wild hurricane  
    Bore I the maiden.

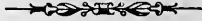
“ Three weeks we westward bore,  
And when the storm was o'er,  
Cloud-like we saw the shore  
    Stretching to leeward ;  
There, for my lady's bower,  
Built I the lofty tower  
Which, to this very hour,  
    Stands looking seaward.

“ There lived we many years ;  
Time dried the maiden's tears ;  
She had forgot her fears,  
    She was a mother.  
Death closed her mild blue eyes ;  
Under that tower she lies ;  
Ne'er shall the sun arise  
    On such another !

“ Still grew my bosom then.  
Still as a stagnant fen !  
Hateful to me were men —  
    The sunlight hateful !  
In the vast forest here,  
Clad in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon my spear,  
    O, death was grateful !

“ Thus, seamed with many scars,  
Bursting its prison bars,  
Up to its native stars  
    My soul ascended !

There from the flowing bowl  
 Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
*Skoal!* to the Northland! *skoal!*"  
 Thus the tale ended.



## The Present Crisis.

*James Russell Lowell.*



WHEN a deed is done for Freedom, through the  
 broad earth's aching breast  
 Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on  
 from east to west,  
 And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the  
 soul within him climb  
 To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy  
 sublime

Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of  
 Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantane-  
 ous throe,  
 When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems to  
 and fro;  
 At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing start,  
 Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute lips  
 apart,  
 And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath  
 the Future's heart.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a  
chill,

Under continent to continent, the sense of coming ill,  
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his sympathies  
with God

In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up by  
the sod,

Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving in the nobler  
clod!

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears  
along,

Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right  
or wrong;

Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast  
frame

Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy  
or shame; —

In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal  
claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to  
decide,

In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil  
side;

Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the  
bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon  
the right, —

And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that darkness and  
that light!

---

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou  
    shalt stand,  
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust  
    against our land ?  
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is  
    strong ;  
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her  
    throng  
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all  
    wrong.

Backward look across the ages and the beacon-moments  
    see,  
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through Ob-  
    livion's sea ;  
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry  
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet  
    earth's chaff must fly ;  
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath  
    passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger ; history's pages but  
    record  
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and  
    the Word ;  
Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the  
    throne, —  
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim  
    unknown,  
Staudeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above  
    his own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is  
great,  
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm  
of fate ;  
But the soul is still oracular : amid the market's din  
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave  
within, —  
“ They enslave their children's children who make com-  
promise with sin.”

Slavery, the earthborn Cyclops, fellest of the giant  
brood,  
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have drenched  
the earth with blood,  
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our purer  
day,  
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable  
prey : —  
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless chil-  
dren play ?

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her  
wretched crust,  
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to  
be just ;  
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands  
aside,  
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,  
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had  
denied

Count me o'er Earth's chosen heroes, — they were souls  
that stood alone  
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious  
stone ; —  
Stood serene and down the future saw the golden beam  
incline  
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith  
divine,  
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's  
supreme design.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I  
track,  
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns  
not back,  
And these mounts of anguish number how each genera-  
tion learned  
One new word of that grand *Credo* which in prophet-  
hearts hath burned  
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to  
heaven upturned.

For humanity sweeps onward : where to-day the martyr  
stands,  
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his  
hands ;  
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling  
fagots burn,  
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe re-  
turn  
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves  
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves ;  
Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light  
a crime ; —

Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men  
behind their time ?

Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make Ply-  
mouth rock sublime ?

They were men of present valor, stalwart old icono-  
clasts,

Unconvinced by ax or gibbet that all virtue was the  
Past's ;

But we make their truth our falsehood; thinking that hath  
made us free,

Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits  
flee

The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them  
across the sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them ; we are traitors  
to our sires,

Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit altar  
fires ;

Shall we make their creed our jailer ? Shall we, in our  
haste to slay,

From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral  
lamps away

To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of to-  
day ?



New occasions teach new duties ; Time makes ancient  
 good uncouth ;  
 They must upward still, and onward, who would keep  
 abreast of Truth ;  
 Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires ! we ourselves must  
 Pilgrims be,  
 Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the des-  
 perate winter sea,  
 Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-  
 rusted key.



### Song of the Stars.

*Bryant.*



**W**HEN the radiant morn of creation broke,  
 And the world in the smile of God awoke,  
 And the empty realms of darkness and death  
 Were moved through their depths by his mighty  
 breath,  
 And orbs of beauty and spheres of flame,  
 From the void abyss by myriads came, —  
 In the joy of youth as they darted away,  
 Through the widening wastes of space to play,  
 Their silver voice in chorus rang,  
 And this was the song the bright ones sang :

“ Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,  
 The fair, blue fields that before us lie, —

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Each sun, with the worlds that round him roll,  
Each planet, poised on her turning pole ;  
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,  
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

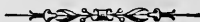
“For the source of glory uncovers his face,  
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space ;  
And we drink as we go the luminous tides  
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides :  
Lo ! yonder the living splendors play ;  
Away, on our joyous path, away !

“Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,  
In the infinite azure, star after star,  
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass !  
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass !  
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,  
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods  
lean.

“And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,  
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower ;  
And the morn and eve, with their pomp of hues,  
Shift o'er the bright planets, and shed their dews ;  
And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,  
With her shadowy cone the night goes round !

“Away, away ! in our blossoming bowers,  
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,  
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,  
See, Love is brooding, and Life is born ;  
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,  
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.”

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,  
 To weave the dance that measures the years !  
 Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent  
 To the furthest wall of the firmament, —  
 The boundless, visible smile of Him,  
 To the veil of whose brow your lamps are dim !



## Bingen on the Rhine.

*Mrs. E. C. Norton.*



SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,  
 There was lack of woman's nursing, there was  
 dearth of woman's tears ;  
 But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-  
 blood ebbed away,  
 And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he  
 might say.

The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,  
 And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native  
 land :

Take a message and a token to some distant friends of  
 mine ;

For I was born at Bingen, — at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and  
 crowd around,

To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard-  
 ground,

That we fought the battle bravely, and, when the day was  
done,  
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;  
And 'mid the dead and dying were some grown old in  
wars, —  
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many  
scars;  
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn  
decline, —  
And one had come from Bingen, — fair Bingen on the  
Rhine.

“ Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her old  
age;  
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a  
cage;  
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child  
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce  
and wild;  
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,  
I let them take whate'er they would, — but kept my  
father's sword;  
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used  
to shine,  
On the cottage wall at Bingen, — calm Bingen on the  
Rhine.

“ Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with droop-  
ing head,  
When the troops come marching home again, with glad  
and gallant tread,

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast  
eye,  
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;  
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name,  
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,  
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword  
and mine),  
For the honor of old Bingen, — dear Bingen on the  
Rhine.

“ There's another — not a sister; in the happy days  
gone by  
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in  
her eye; \*  
Too innocent for coquetry, — too fond for idle scorning, —  
O, friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes  
heaviest mourning!  
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be  
risen,  
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison) —  
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight  
shine  
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, — sweet Bingen on the  
Rhine.

“ I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, — I heard, or seemed  
to hear,  
The Gerran songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and  
clear;  
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,  
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and  
still;

---

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with  
friendly talk,  
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered  
walk!  
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine, —  
But we meet no more at Bingen, — loved Bingen on the  
Rhine.”

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, — his grasp  
was childish weak, —  
His eyes put on a dying look, — he sighed, and ceased  
to speak;  
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had  
fled, —  
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead!  
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked  
down  
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses  
strewn;  
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed  
to shine,  
As it shone on distant Bingen, — fair Bingen on the  
Rhine.



## Love.

*Jean Ingelow.*  
From "Songs of Seven."

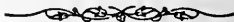


**L**EANED out of window, I smelt the white clover,  
 Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;  
 "Now if there be footsteps, he comes, my one  
 lover —  
 Hush, nightingale, hush! O, sweet nightin-  
 gale, wait  
 Till I listen and hear  
 If a step draweth near;  
 For my love, he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,  
 A cluster of stars bangs like fruit on the tree:  
 The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer; —  
 To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?  
 Let the star-clusters glow,  
 Let the sweet waters flow,  
 And cross quickly to me.

"You night-moths that hover where honey brims over  
 From sycamore blossoms, or settle, or sleep;  
 You glow-worms shine out, and the pathway discover  
 To him that comes darkling along the rough steep  
 Ah, my sailor, make haste,  
 For the time runs to waste,  
 And my love lieth deep —

“ Too deep for swift telling ; and yet, my one lover,  
 I’ve conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night.”  
 By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover,  
 And all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight.  
 But I’ll love him more, more  
 Than e’er wife loved before,  
 Be the days dark or bright.



### Evelyn Hope.

*Browning.*



BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead !  
 Sit and watch by her side an hour.  
 That is her book-shelf, this her bed ;  
 She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,  
 Beginning to die, too, in the glass.  
 Little has yet been changed, I think ;  
 The shutters are shut — no light may pass,  
 Save two long rays through the hinge’s chink.

Sixteen years old when she died !  
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name —  
 It was not her time to love ; beside,  
 Her life had many a hope and aim.  
 Duties enough and little cares ;  
 And now was quiet, now astir —  
 Till God’s hand beckoned unawares,  
 And the sweet white brow is all of her.



Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope ?

What! your soul was pure and true ;  
The good stars met in your horoscope,  
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew ;  
And just because I was thrice as old,  
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,  
Each was naught to each, must I be told ?  
We were fellow-mortals — naught beside ?

No, indeed! for God above

Is great to grant, as mighty to make,  
And creates the love to reward the love ;  
I claim you still, for my own love's sake !  
Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,  
Through worlds I shall traverse not a few ;  
Much is to learn, and much to forget,  
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come — at last it will —

When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,  
In the lower earth — in the years long still —  
That body and soul so pure and gay ;  
Why your hair was amber I shall divine,  
And your mouth of your own geranium's red --  
And what you would do with me, in fine,  
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,

Given up myself so many times,  
Gained me the gains of various men,  
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes ;

Yet one thing — one — in my soul's full scope,  
 Either I missed or itself missed me —  
 And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!  
 What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;  
 My heart seemed full as it could hold —  
 There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,  
 And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.  
 So, hush! I will give you this leaf to keep;  
 See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.  
 There, that is our secret! go to sleep:  
 You will wake, and remember, and understand.



## Giving in Marriage.

*Jean Ingelow.*

From "Songs of Seven."



O bear, to nurse, to rear,  
 To watch, and then to lose:  
 To see my bright ones disappear,  
 Drawn up like morning dews.  
 To bear, to nurse, to rear,  
 To watch, and then to lose:  
 This have I done when God drew near  
 Among his own to choose.

To hear, to heed, to wed,  
And with thy lord depart,  
In tears that he, as soon as shed,  
Will let no longer smart.  
To hear, to heed, to wed,  
This while thou didst, I smiled ;  
For now it was not God who said,  
“ Mother, give ME thy child.”

O fond, O fool and blind,  
To God I gave with tears ;  
But when a man like grace would find,  
My soul put by her fears :  
O fond, O fool and blind :  
God guards in happier spheres ;  
That man will guard where he did bind  
Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,  
Fair lot that maidens choose ;  
Thy mother's tenderest words are said,  
Thy face no more she views.  
Thy mother's lot, my dear,  
She doth it naught accuse :  
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,  
To love — and then to lose.



## The Children's Hour.

*Longfellow.*



ETWEEN the dark and the daylight  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet;  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence,  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway;  
A sudden raid from the hall;  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle-wall.

They climb up into my turret,  
O'er the arms and back of my chair ;  
If I try to escape, they surround me ;  
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen,  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old mustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all ?

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you into the dungeon,  
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever —  
Yes, forever and a day ;  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away.



## Youth, that Pursuest.

*R. M. Milnes.*



**Y**OUTH, that pursuest, with such eager pace,  
 Thy even way,  
 Thou pantest on to win a mournful race :  
 Then stay ! O stay !

**P**ause and luxuriate on thy sunny plain :  
 Loiter — enjoy ;  
 Once past, thou never wilt come back again,  
 A second boy.


The hills of manhood wear a noble face  
 When seen from far ;  
 The mist of light from which they take their grace,  
 Hides what they are.

The dark and weary path those cliffs between  
 Thou canst not know ;  
 And how it leads to regions never green,  
 Dead fields of snow.

Pause while thou may'st, nor deem that fate thy gain,  
 Which, all too fast,  
 Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain,  
 A man at last.

## Among the Beautiful Pictures.

*Alice Cary.*


**A**MONG the beautiful pictures  
 That hang on Memory's wall,  
 Is one of a dim old forest,  
 That seemeth best of all ;  
 Not for its gnarled oaks olden,  
 Dark with the mistletoe ;  
 Not for the violets golden  
 That sprinkle the vale below ;

Not for the milk-white lilies  
 That lean from the fragrant ledge,  
 Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,  
 And stealing their golden edge ;  
 Not for the vines on the upland,  
 Where the bright red berries rest ;  
 Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,  
 It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother  
 With eyes that were dark and deep ;  
 In the lap of that old dim forest  
 He lieth in peace asleep ;  
 Light as the down of the thistle,  
 Free as the winds that blow,  
 We roved there the beautiful summers,  
 The summers of long ago ;

But his feet on the hills grew weary,  
 And one of the autumn eves  
 I made for my little brother  
 A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded  
 My neck in a meek embrace,  
 As the light of immortal beauty  
 Silently covered his face ;  
 And when the arrows of sunset  
 Lodged in the tree-tops bright,  
 He fell, in his saint-like beauty,  
 Asleep by the gates of light.  
 Therefore of all the pictures  
 That hang on Memory's wall,  
 The one of the dim old forest  
 Seemeth the best of all.



### Each and All.

*Emerson.*



**L**ITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown  
 Of thee from the hill-top looking down ;  
 The heifer that lows in the upland farm,  
 Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm ;  
 The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,  
 Deems not that great Napoleon  
 Stops his horse, and lists with delight,  
 Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height.



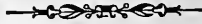
Nor knowest thou what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.  
All are needed by each one —  
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,  
Singing at dawn on the alder-bough ;  
I brought him home, in his nest, at even ;  
He sings the song, but it pleases not now ;  
For I did not bring home the river and sky ;  
He sang to my ear — they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore ;  
The bubbles of the latest wave  
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,  
And the bellowing of the savage sea  
Greeted their safe escape to me.  
I wiped away the weeds and foam —  
I fetched my sea-born treasures home ;  
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things  
Had left their beauty on the shore,  
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,  
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed ;  
Nor knew her beauty's best attire  
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.  
At last she came to his hermitage,  
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage ;  
The gay enchantment was undone —  
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said: "I covet truth;  
 Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;  
 I leave it behind with the games of youth." —  
 As I spoke, beneath my feet  
 The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,  
 Running over the club-moss burrs;  
 I inhaled the violet's breath;  
 Around me stood the oaks and firs;  
 Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;  
 Over me soared the eternal sky,  
 Full of light and of deity;  
 Again I saw, again I heard,  
 The rolling river, the morning bird;  
 Beauty through my senses stole —  
 I yielded myself to the perfect whole.



## The Present.

*Adelaide A. Procter.*



O not crouch to-day, and worship,  
 The old Past whose life is fled:  
 Hush your voice with tender reverence;  
 Crowned he lies, but cold and dead:  
 For the Present reigns our monarch,  
 With an added weight of hours:  
 Honor her, for she is mighty!  
 Honor her, for she is ours!

See, the shadows of his heroes  
Girt around her cloudy throne ;  
Every day the ranks are strengthened  
By great hearts to him unknown ;  
Noble things the great Past promised ;  
Holy dreams both strange and new ;  
But the Present shall fulfil them,  
What he promised, she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,  
She is heir to all his fame ;  
And the light that lightens round her  
Is the lustre of his name.  
She is wise with all his wisdom,  
Living on his grave she stands ;  
On her brow she bears his laurels,  
And his harvest in her hands.

Coward, can she reign and conquer  
If we thus her glory dim ?  
Let us fight for her as nobly  
As our fathers fought for him.  
God, who crowns the dying ages,  
Bids her rule and us obey :  
Bids us cast our lives before her,  
Bids us serve the great To-day.



## The Bells.

*Edgar A. Poe.*



HEAR the sledges with the bells —  
     Silver bells —  
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells  
     How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
     In the icy air of night!  
 While the stars that oversprinkle  
     All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
     With a crystalline delight;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells  
     From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
     Bells, bells, bells —  
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells,  
     Golden bells!  
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!  
     Through the balmy air of night  
     How they ring out their delight  
     From the molten-golden notes!  
     And all in tune,  
     What a liquid ditty floats  
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats  
     On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,  
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!  
     How it swells!  
     How it dwells  
     On the Future! how it tells  
     Of the rapture that impels  
 To the swinging and the ringing  
     Of the bells, bells, bells —  
     Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
     Bells, bells, bells —  
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells —  
     Brazen bells!  
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!  
     In the startled ear of night  
     How they scream out their affright!  
     Too much horrified to speak,  
     They can only shriek, shriek,  
     Out of tune,  
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,  
 In a mad exostulation with the deaf and frantic fire  
     Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
     With a desperate desire,  
     And a resolute endeavor,  
     Now — now to sit or never,  
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
     Oh, the bells, bells, bells!  
     What a tale their terror tells  
     Of despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar !  
What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the palpitating air !  
Yet the ear, it fully knows,  
By the twanging  
And the clanging,  
How the danger ebbs and flows ;  
Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
In the jangling  
And the wrangling,  
How the danger sinks and swells,  
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—  
Of the bells —  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells —  
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells !

Hear the tolling of the bells —  
Iron bells !  
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !  
In the silence of the night  
How we shiver with affright  
At the melancholy menace of their tone !  
For every sound that floats  
From the rust within their throats,  
Is a groan :  
And the people — ah, the people —  
They that dwell up in the steeple,  
All alone,  
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,  
In that muffled monotone,


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Feel a glory in so rolling  
 On the human heart a stone —  
 They are neither man nor woman —  
 They are neither brute nor human —  
 They are Ghouls !  
 And their king it is who tolls ;  
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,  
 A pæan from the bells !  
 And his merry bosom swells  
 With the pæan of the bells !  
 And he dances and he yells ;  
 Keeping time, time, time, ♪  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the pæan of the bells —  
 Of the bells ;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the throbbing of the bells —  
 Of the bells, bells, bells,  
 To the sobbing of the bells ;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 As he knells, knells, knells,  
 In a happy Runic rhyme,  
 To the rolling of the bells —  
 Of the bells, bells, bells —  
 To the tolling of the bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells, —  
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.



## Rain in Summer.

*Longfellow.*



**H**OW beautiful is the rain!  
After the dust and the heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,  
Like the tramp of hoofs!  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing spout!  
Across the window-pane  
It pours and pours;  
And swift and wide,  
With a muddy tide,  
Like a river down the gutter roars  
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks  
At the twisted brooks;  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool;  
His fevered brain  
Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.



From the neighboring school  
Come the boys,  
With more than their wonted noise  
And commotion ;  
And down the wet streets  
Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Engulfs them in its whirling  
And turbulent ocean.

In the country on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;  
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,  
With their dilated nostrils spread,  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale,  
And the vapors that arise  
From the well-watered and smoking soil.  
For this rest in the furrow after toil  
Their large and lustrous eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,  
 From under the sheltering trees,  
 The farmer sees  
 His pastures and his fields of grain,  
 As they bend their tops  
 To the numberless beating drops  
 Of the incessant rain.  
 He counts it as no sin  
 That he sees therein  
 Only his own thrift and gain.

. . . . .



## About Ben Adhem and the Angel.

*Leigh Hunt.*



**A**BOU Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)  
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
 An angel writing in a book of gold : —  
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
 And to the Presence in the room he said,  
 "What writest thou?" — The vision raised its head,  
 And, with a look made of all sweet accord,  
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."  
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so."  
 Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,

But cheerly still ; and said, " I pray thee then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night  
It came again with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,  
And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.



## The Inchcape Rock.

*R. Southey.*



O stir in the air, no stir in the sea,  
The ship was as still as she could be,  
Her sails from heaven received no motion,  
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock  
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock ;  
So little they rose, so little they fell,  
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok  
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;  
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,  
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surges' swell,  
The Mariners heard the warning bell ;

And then they knew the perilous Rock,  
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,  
All things were joyful on that day;  
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,  
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen,  
A darker speck on the ocean green;  
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,  
And he fixed his eye on a darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,  
It made him whistle, it made him sing;  
His heart was mirthful to excess,  
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;  
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,  
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,  
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,  
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;  
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,  
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound,  
The bubbles rose and burst around;

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Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock  
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,  
He scoured the seas for many a day ;  
And now grown rich with plundered store,  
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky  
They cannot see the sun on high ;  
The wind hath blown a gale all day,  
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,  
So dark it is they see no land.  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,  
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

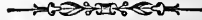
"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar ?  
For methinks we should be near the shore ;  
Now where we are I cannot tell,  
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong ;  
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,  
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock ;  
Cried they, "It is the Inchcape Rock !"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,  
He curst himself in his despair ;

The waves rush in on every side,  
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear  
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,  
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell  
The fiends below were ringing his knell.



## The Rainbow.

*J. Keble.*



FRAGMENT of a rainbow bright  
Through the moist air I see,  
All dark and damp on yonder height,  
All bright and clear to me.

An hour ago the storm was here,  
The gleam was far behind,  
So will our joys and grief appear,  
When earth has ceased to blind.

Grief will be joy if on its edge  
Fall soft that holiest ray,  
Joy will be grief if no faint pledge  
Be there of heavenly day.

## Only a Curl.

*Mrs. Browning.*



**F**RIENDS of faces unknown, and a land  
 Unvisited over the sea,  
 Who tell me how lonely you stand  
 With a single gold curl in the hand,  
 Held up to be looked at by me, —

While you ask me to ponder, and say  
 What a father and mother can do  
 With the bright fellow-locks put away,  
 Out of reach, beyond kiss, in the clay,  
 Where the violets press nearer than you, —

Shall I speak like a poet, or run  
 Into weak woman's tears for relief?  
 Oh, children — I never lost one;  
 Yet my arm's round my own little son,  
 And Love knows the secret of grief.

And I feel what it must be and is,  
 When God draws a new angel so,  
 Through the house of a man up to His,  
 With a murmur of music you miss,  
 And a rapture of light you forego:

How you think, staring on at the door  
 Where the face of your angel flashed in,  
 That its brightness, familiar before,  
 Burns off from you ever the more  
 For the dark of your sorrow and sin.

“God lent him and takes him,” you sigh.  
 Nay, there let me break with your pain :  
 God’s generous in giving, say I,  
 And the thing which he gives, I deny  
 That he ever can take back again.

He *gives* what he gives : I appeal  
 To all who bear babes ; in the hour  
 When the veil of the body we feel  
 Rent around us — while torments reveal  
 The motherhood’s advent in power, —

And the babe cries — has each of us known  
 By apocalypse — God being there  
 Full in nature — the child is our own,  
 Life of life, love of love, moan of moan,  
 Through all changes, all times, everywhere, —

He’s ours, and forever. Believe,  
 O father ! — O mother, look back  
 To the first love’s assurance ! To give  
 Means, with God, not to tempt or deceive,  
 With a cup thrust in Benjamin’s sack.



He gives what he gives. Be content!  
He resumes nothing given — be sure!  
God lend? Where the usurers lent  
In his temple, indignant he went,  
And scourged away all those impure.

He lends not, but gives to the end,  
As he loves to the end. If it *seem*  
That he draws back a gift, comprehend  
'Tis to add to it, rather, amend,  
And finish it up to your dream, —

Or keep, as a mother may, toys  
Too costly, though given by herself,  
Till the room shall be stiller from noise,  
And the children more fit for such joys,  
Kept over their heads on the shelf.


So look up, friends! you who indeed  
Have possessed in your house a sweet piece  
Of the heaven which men strive for, must need  
Be more earnest than others are — speed  
Where they loiter, persist where they cease.

You know how one angel smiles there, —  
Then, courage. 'Tis easy for you  
To be drawn by a single gold hair  
Of that curl, from earth's storm and despair  
'To the safe place above us. Adieu.

## Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True.

*Dinah Maria Mulock.*

“Dowglas, Dowglas, tendir and treu.”

OULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,  
 In the old likeness that I knew,  
 I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,  
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,  
 I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do:  
 Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,  
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O to call back the days that are not!  
 My eyes were blinded, your words were few;  
 Do you know the truth now up in heaven,  
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas,  
 Not half worthy the like of you;  
 Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—  
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,  
 Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew,  
 As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,  
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

## Ring Out, Wild Bells.

*Tennyson.*



ING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
 The year is dying in the night —  
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new —  
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
 The year is going, let him go;  
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
 For those that here we see no more;  
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
 And ancient forms of party strife;  
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
 The faithless coldness of the times;  
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
 The civic slander and the spite :  
 Ring in the love of truth and right,  
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;  
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;  
 Ring out the darkness of the land —  
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

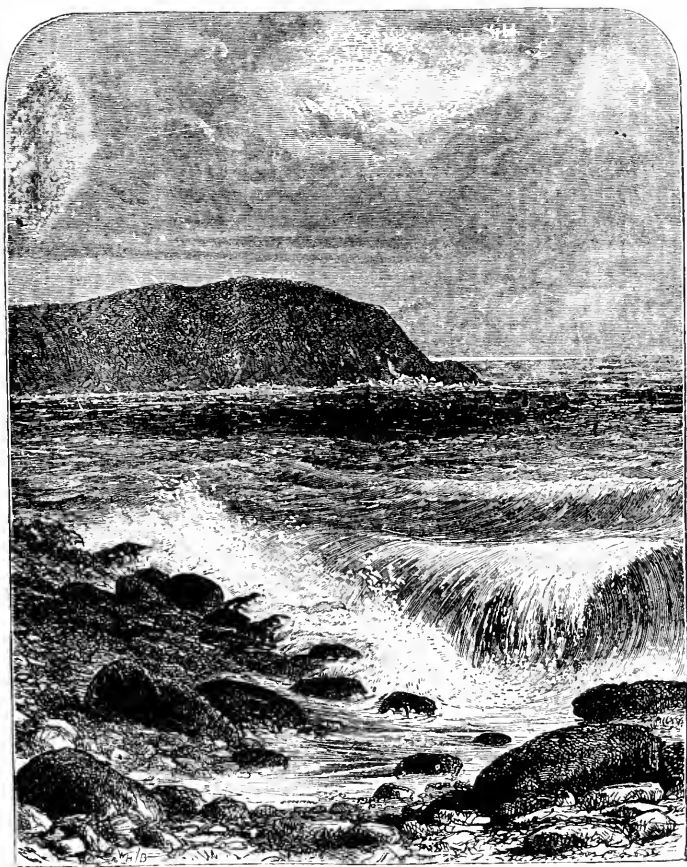


## Strive, Wait, and Pray.

*Adelaide A. Procter*



**STRIVE**: yet I do not promise  
 The prize you dream of to-day  
 Will not fade when you think to grasp it,  
 And melt in your hand away ;  
 But another and holier treasure,  
 You would now perchance disdain,  
 Will come when your toil is over,  
 And pay you for all your pain.



“Break. Break, Break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O sea.” — Page 405.



Wait: yet I do not tell you  
 The hour you long for now  
 Will not come with its radiance vanished,  
 And a shadow upon its brow;  
 Yet, far through the misty future,  
 With a crown of starry light,  
 An hour of joy you know not  
 Is winging her silent flight.

Pray: though the gift you ask for  
 May never comfort your fears —  
 May never repay your pleading —  
 Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;  
 An answer, not that you long for,  
 But diviner will come one day;  
 Your eyes are too dim to see it,  
 Yet strive, and wait, and pray.



## Break, Break, Break.

*Tennyson.*



REAK, break, break,  
 On thy cold gray stones, O sea!  
 And I would that my tongue could utter  
 The thoughts that arise in me.  
 O well for the fisherman's boy  
 That he shouts with his sister at play!  
 O well for the sailor lad  
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on  
 To the haven under the hill ;  
 But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
 And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,  
 At the foot of thy crags, O sea !  
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
 Will never come back to me.

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### The Gifts of God.

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*Herbert.*



WHEN God at first made man,  
 Having a glass of blessings standing by,  
 "Let us," said he, "pour on him all we can ;  
 Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,  
 Contract into a span."

So strength first made a way ;  
 Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure ;  
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,  
 Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,  
*Rest* in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said he,  
 "Bestow this jewel also on my creature,  
 He would adore my gifts instead of me,  
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature ;  
 So both should losers be.



“ Yet let him keep the rest,  
 But keep them with repining restlessness ;  
 Let him be sick and weary, that at least,  
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness  
 May toss him to my breast.”



### Incompleteness.

*Adelaide A. Procter.*



NOTHING resting in its own completeness,  
 Can have worth or beauty : but alone  
 Because it leads and tends to further sweetness,  
 Fuller, higher, deeper, than its own.

Spring's real glory dwells not in the meaning,  
 Gracious though it be, of her blue hours ;  
 But is hidden in her tender leaning  
 Toward the summer's richer wealth of flowers

Dawn is fair, because her mists fade slowly  
 Into day which floods the world with light ;  
 Twilight's mystery is so sweet and holy,  
 Just because it ends in starry night.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth  
 Toward a truer, deeper Life above :  
 Human love is sweetest when it leadeth  
 To a more divine and perfect love.

Childhood's smiles unconscious graces borrow  
 From strife that in a far-off future lies;  
 And angel glances veiled now by life's sorrow,  
 Draw our hearts to some beloved eyes.

Learn the mystery of progression duly:  
 Do not call each glorious change decay;  
 But know we only hold our treasures truly,  
 When it seems as if they passed away.

Nor dare to blame God's gifts for incompleteness;  
 In that want their beauty lies; they roll  
 Toward some infinite depth of love and sweetness,  
 Bearing onward man's reluctant soul.



## The Return of Youth.

*Bryant.*



**TH**Y friend, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime,  
 For thy fair youthful years, too swift of flight;  
 Thou musest with wet eyes upon the time  
 Of cheerful hopes that filled the world with  
 light, —  
 Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was  
 strong,  
 And quick the thought that moved thy tongue to speak,  
 And willing faith was thine, and scorn of wrong  
 Summoned the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward on the coming days,  
Shuddering to feel their shadow o'er thee creep :  
A path, thick-set with changes and decays,  
Slopes downward to the place of common sleep ;  
And they who walked with thee in life's first stage,  
Leave, one by one, thy side ; and, waiting near,  
Thou seest the sad companions of thy age, —  
Dull love of rest, and weariness, and fear.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,  
Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die ;  
Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,  
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky ; —  
Waits like the morn, that folds her wing and hides,  
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour ;  
Waits like the vanished Spring, that slumbering bides  
Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand  
On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet  
Than when at first he took thee by the hand,  
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet.  
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,  
Life's early glory to thine eyes again ;  
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill  
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then

Hast thou not glimpses, in the twilight here,  
Of mountains where immortal morn prevails ?  
Comes there not through the silence, to thine ear,  
A gentle rustling of the morning gales ?


A murmur, wafted from that glorious shore,  
 Of streams that water banks forever fair;  
 And voices of the loved ones gone before,  
 More musical in that celestial air?



## Labor and Rest.

*Dinah Maria Mulock.*




 TWO hands upon the breast,  
 And labor's done;  
 Two pale feet crossed in rest,  
 The race is run;  
 Two eyes with coin-weights shut,  
 And all tears cease;  
 Two lips where grief is mute,  
 And wrath at peace! —

So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot, —  
 God in his mercy answereth not.

Two hands to work addressed

Aye for his praise;

Two feet that never rest,

Walking his ways;

Two eyes that look above,

Still through all tears;

Two lips that breathe but love,

Nevermore fears:

So pray we afterward low on our knees; —

Pardon those erring prayers!

Father, hear these!

## The Sands o' Dee.

*C. Kingsley.*



MARY, go and call the cattle home,  
 And call the cattle home,  
 And call the cattle home,  
 Across the sands o' Dee!"

The western wind was wild and dank with foam,  
 And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,  
 And o'er and o'er the sand,  
 And round and round the sand,  
 As far as eye could see ;  
 The blinding mist came down and hid the land —  
 And never home came she.

Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair? —  
 A tress o' golden hair,  
 O' drowned maiden's hair,  
 Above the nets at sea.

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair  
 Among the stakes on Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,  
 The cruel crawling foam,  
 The cruel hungry foam,  
 To her grave beside the sea ;  
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,  
 Across the sands o' Dee.

## The Wreck of the Hesperus.

*Longfellow.*



**T** was the schooner *Hesperus*,  
That sailed the wintry sea ;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,  
Had sailed the Spanish Main :  
“ I pray thee put into yonder port,  
For I fear the hurricane.

“ Last night the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see ! ”  
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the north-east ;  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength ;  
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.

“ Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,  
And do not tremble so ;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,  
Against the stinging blast ;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

“ O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,  
O say, what may it be ? ”  
“ 'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast ! ”  
And he steered for the open sea.

“ O father ! I hear the sound of guns,  
O say, what may it be ? ”  
“ Some ship in distress that cannot live  
In such an angry sea ! ”

“ O father ! I see a gleaming light,  
O say, what may it be ? ”  
But the father answered never a word, —  
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

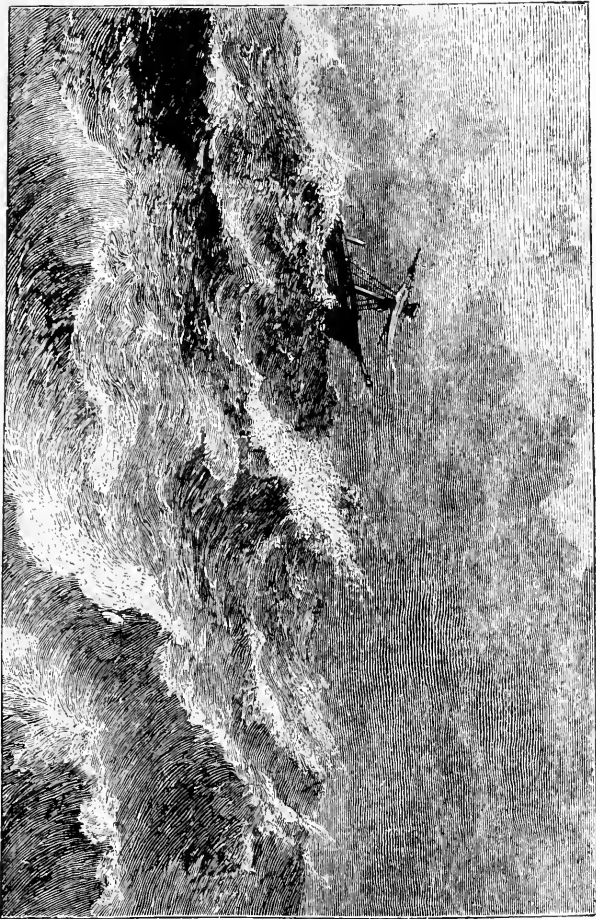
Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed  
That savèd she might be ;  
And she thought of Christ who stilled the waves  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept  
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
A sound came from the land ;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf  
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew  
Like icicles from her deck.





“Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept,  
Towards the reef of Norman’s Woe.”—Page 414.



She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks they gored her sides  
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds all sheathed in ice,  
With the masts went by the board ;  
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank,  
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared.

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes ;  
And he saw her hair like the brown sea-weed,  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,  
In the midnight and the snow ;  
Heaven save us all from a death like this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe !



## The Summer Shower.

*T. B. Read.*



BEFORE the stout harvesters falleth the grain,  
As when the strong storm-wind is reaping the  
plain,  
And loiters the boy in the briery lane ;  
But yonder aslant comes the silvery rain,  
Like a long line of spears brightly burnished  
and tall.

Adown the white highway like cavalry fleet,  
It dashes the dust with its numberless feet.  
Like a murmurless school, in their leafy retreat,  
The wild birds sit listening the drops round them beat ;  
And the boy crouches close to the blackberry wall.

The swallows alone take the storm on their wing,  
And, taunting the tree-sheltered laborers, sing,  
Like pebbles the rain breaks the face of the spring,  
While a bubble darts up from each widening ring ;  
And the boy in dismay hears the loud shower fall.

But soon are the harvesters tossing their sheaves ;  
The robin darts out from his bower of leaves ;  
The wren peereth forth from the moss-covered eaves ;  
And the rain-spattered urchin now gladly perceives  
That the beautiful bow bendeth over them all.

## The Old Man's Comforts.

*R. Southey.*

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**Y**OU are old, Father William," the young man cried,  
 " The few locks which are left you are gray ;  
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,  
 Now tell me the reason, I pray."

" In the days of my youth," Father William re-  
 plied,

" I remembered that youth would fly fast,  
 And abused not my health and my vigor at first,  
 That I never might need them at last."

" You are old, Father William," the young man cried,  
 " And pleasures with youth pass away ;  
 And yet you lament not the days that are gone,  
 Now tell me the reason, I pray."

" In the days of my youth," Father William replied,  
 " I remembered that youth could not last ;  
 I thought of the future whatever I did,  
 That I never might grieve for the past."

" You are old, Father William," the young man cried,  
 " And life must be hastening away ;  
 You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death,  
 Now tell me the reason, I pray."


“ I am cheerful, young man,” Father William replied,  
 “ Let the cause thy attention engage :  
 In the days of my youth I remembered my God,  
 And He hath not forgotten my age.”



## Autumn.

*P. B. Shelley.*




 HE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,  
 The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are  
 dying ;  
 And the year  
 On the earth, her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves  
 dead  
 Is lying.  
 Come, Months, come away,  
 From November to May,  
 In your saddest array, —  
 Follow the bier  
 Of the dead cold year,  
 And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is crawling,  
 The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling  
 For the year ;  
 The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone  
 To his dwelling.

Come, Months, come away ;  
 Put on white, black, and gray ;  
 Let your light sisters play ;  
 Ye, follow the bier  
 Of the dead cold year,  
 And make her grave green with tear on tear.



### To Daffodils.

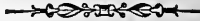
*R. Herrick.*



**F**AIR daffodils, we weep to see  
 You haste away so soon ;  
 As yet the early rising sun  
 Has not attained his noon :  
     Stay, stay,  
 Until the hastening day  
     Has run  
 But to the even-song ;  
 And having prayed together, we  
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you ;  
 We have as short a spring ;  
 As quick a growth to meet decay  
 As you, or any thing :  
     We die.

As your hours do ; and dry  
 Away  
 Like to the summer's rain,  
 Or as the pearls of morning dew,  
 Ne'er to be found again.



## The Fountain.

*James Russell Lowell.*



INTO the sunshine,  
 Full of the light,  
 Leaping and flashing  
 From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,  
 Whiter than snow,  
 Waving so flower-like  
 When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,  
 Rushing in spray,  
 Happy at midnight,  
 Happy by day!



---

Ever in motion,  
Blithesome and cheery,  
Still climbing heavenward,  
Never weary ;

Glad of all weathers,  
Still seeming best,  
Upward or downward  
Motion thy rest ;

Full of a nature  
Nothing can tame,  
Changed every moment,  
Ever the same ;

Ceaseless aspiring,  
Ceaseless content,  
Darkness or sunshine  
Thy element ;

Glorious fountain !  
Let my heart be  
Fresh, changeful, constant,  
Upward like thee !



## The Noble Nature.

*B. Johnson.*

**T**is not growing like a tree  
 In bulk, doth make man better be ;  
 Or standing long an oak three hundred year,  
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere ;  
 A lily of a day  
 Is fairer far in May,  
 Although it fall and die that night —  
 It was the plant and flower of Light.  
 In small proportions we just beauty see ;  
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

## Life's "Good-Morning."

*Anna Letitia Barbauld.*

**L**IFE! we've been long together,  
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;  
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear ;  
 Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;  
 Then steal away, give little warning,  
 Choose thine own time ;  
 Say not Good-Night, but in some brighter clime  
 Bid me Good-Morning.

## Haste Not! Rest Not!

*Goethe.*

(Anon. Translation.)

**W**ITHOUT haste! without rest!  
 Bind the motto to thy breast;  
 Bear it with thee as a spell;  
 Storm or sunshine, guard it well!  
 Heed not flowers that 'round thee bloom,  
 Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not! Let no thoughtless deed  
 Mar for aye the spirit's speed!  
 Ponder well, and know the right,  
 Onward then, with all thy might!  
 Haste not! years can ne'er atone  
 For one reckless action done.

Rest not! Life is sweeping by,  
 Go and dare, before you die;  
 Something mighty and sublime  
 Leave behind to conquer time!  
 Glorious 'tis to live for aye,  
 When these forms have passed away

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait;  
 Meekly bear the storms of fate!  
 Duty be thy pclar guide; —  
 Do the right whate'er betide!  
 Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,  
 God shall crown thy work at last.

## Bringing our Sheaves with Us.

*Elizabeth Akers.*

THE time for toil has passed, and night has come, —  
 The last and saddest of the harvest eves;  
 Worn out with labor long and wearisome,  
 Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,  
 Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,  
 Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves  
 That I am burdened, not so much with grain,  
 As with a heaviness of heart and brain; —  
 Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless, — yet their trifling weight  
 Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;  
 For long I struggled with my hopeless fate,  
 And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late —  
 Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat —  
 Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;  
 Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet  
 I kneel down reverently and repeat,  
 “Master, behold my sheaves!”

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,  
 With evening dew upon their folded leaves,

Can claim no value or utility, —  
Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty be  
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew ;  
For well I know thy patient love perceives  
Not what I did, but what I strove to do, —  
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,  
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.



## The Chambered Nautilus.

*Oliver W. Holmes.*



**H**IS is the ship of pearl which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main —  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purple wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the syren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their stream-  
ing hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl :  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl !  
And every chambered cell  
Where its dim-dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,

Before thee lies revealed —  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil :  
Still as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old  
no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap forlorn !  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that  
sings :

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll !  
Leave thy low-vaulted past !  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !



## The Old World and the New.

*George Berkeley.*



HE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime  
 Barren of every glorious theme,  
 In distant lands now waits a better time  
 Producing subjects worthy fame :


In happy climes where, from the genial sun  
 And virgin earth, such scenes ensue ;  
 The force of art by nature seems outdone,  
 And fancied beauties by the true :

In happy climes the seat of innocence,  
 Where nature guides and virtue rules ;  
 Where men shall not impose for truth and sense  
 The pedantry of courts and schools :

There shall be sung another golden age,  
 The rise of empire and of arts ;  
 The good and great inspiring epic rage,  
 The wisest heads and noblest hearts.


Not such as Europe breeds in her decay,—  
 Such as she bred when fresh and young,  
 When heavenly flame did animate her clay,  
 By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way :  
 The four first acts already past,  
 A fifth shall close the drama with the day ;  
 Time's noblest offspring is his last.



## A Strip of Blue.

*Lucy Larcom.*




DO not own an inch of land,  
 But all I see is mine —  
 The orchard and the mowing-fields,  
 The lawns and gardens fine.  
 The winds my tax-collectors are,  
 They bring me tithes divine —  
 Wild scents and subtle essences,  
 A tribute rare and free :  
 And more magnificent than all,  
 My window keeps for me  
 A glimpse of blue immensity —  
 A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns  
 Great fleets and argosies ;  
 I have a share in every ship  
 Won by the inland breeze  
 To loiter on yon airy road  
 Above the apple-trees.




I freight them with my untold dreams,  
Each bears my own picked crew ;  
And nobler cargoes wait for them  
Than ever India knew —  
My ships that sail into the East  
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes —  
The people of the sky —  
Guests in white raiment coming down  
From Heaven, which is close by :  
I call them by familiar names,  
As one by one draws nigh,  
So white, so light, so spirit-like,  
From violet mists they bloom !  
The aching wastes of the unknown  
Are half reclaimed from gloom,  
Since on life's hospitable sea  
All souls find sailing-room.


The ocean grows a weariness  
With nothing else in sight ;  
Its east and west, its north and south,  
Spread out from morn to night :  
We miss the warm, caressing shore,  
Its brooding shade and light.  
A part is greater than the whole ;  
By hints are mysteries told ;  
The fringes of eternity —  
God's sweeping garment-fold,  
In that bright shred of glimmering sea,  
I reach out for, and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,  
Float in upon the mist ;  
The waves are broken precious stones —  
Sapphire and amethyst,  
Washed from celestial basement walls,  
By suns unsetting kissed.  
Out through the utmost gates of space,  
Past where the gay stars drift,  
To the widening Infinite, my soul  
Glides on a vessel swift ;  
Yet loses not her anchorage  
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child :  
The threshold of God's door  
Is that clear band of chrysoptase ;  
Now the vast temple floor,  
The blinding glory of the dome  
I bow my head before :  
The universe, O God, is home,  
In height or depth to me ;  
Yet here upon thy footstool green  
Content am I to be ;  
Glad when is opened to my need  
Some sea-like glimpse of thee.



## Song.

*R. M. Milnes.*

WANDERED by the brook-side,  
I wandered by the mill, —  
I could not hear the brook flow,  
The noisy wheel was still ;  
There was no burr of grasshopper,  
Nor chirp of any bird ;  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,  
I watched the long, long shade,  
And as it grew still longer  
I did not feel afraid ;  
For I listened for a footfall,  
I listened for a word, —  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not ;  
The night came on alone ;  
The little stars sat one by one  
Each on his golden throne ;  
The evening air passed by my cheek,  
The leaves above were stirred, —  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,  
 When some one stood behind ;  
 A hand was on my shoulder,  
 I knew its touch was kind :  
 It drew me nearer, nearer ;  
 We did not speak a word, —  
 For the beating of our own hearts  
 Was all the sound we heard.



## John Burns of Gettysburg.

*Bret Harte.*



AVE you heard the story that gossips tell  
 Of Burns of Gettysburg? — No? Ah, well :  
 Brief is the glory that hero earns,  
 Briefér the story of poor John Burns :  
 He was the fellow who won renown, —  
 The only man who didn't back down  
 When the rebels rode through his native town :  
 But held his own in the fight next day,  
 When all his townsfolk ran away.  
 That was in July, sixty-three,  
 The very day that General Lee,  
 Flower of Southern chivalry,  
 Baffled and beaten, backward reeled  
 From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.  
 I might tell how, but the day before,  
 John Burns stood at his cottage-door,

Looking down the village street,  
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,  
He heard the low of his gathered kine,  
And felt their breath with incense sweet ;  
Or I might say, when the sunset burned  
The old farm gable, he thought it turned  
The milk that fell, in a babbling flood  
Into the milk-pail, red as blood !  
Or how he fancied the hum of bees  
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.  
But all such fanciful thoughts as these  
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,  
Who minded only his own concerns,  
Troubled no more by fancies fine  
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine,—  
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,  
Slow to argue, but quick to act.  
That was the reason, as some folks say,  
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right  
Raged for hours the heady fight,  
Thundered the battery's double bass, —  
Difficult music for men to face ;  
While on the left — where now the graves  
Undulate like the living waves  
That all that day unceasing swept  
Up to the pits the rebels kept —  
Round-shot ploughed the upland glades,  
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades ;

Shattered fences here and there  
Tossed their splinters in the air ;  
The very trees were stripped and bare ;  
The barns that once held yellow grain  
Were heaped with harvests of the slain ;  
The cattle bellowed on the plain,  
The turkeys screamed with might and main,  
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest  
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,  
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.  
How do you think the man was dressed ?  
He wore an ancient long buff vest,  
Yellow as saffron, — but his best ;  
And, buttoned over his manly breast,  
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,  
And large gilt buttons, — size of a dollar, —  
With tails that the country-folk called “ swaller.”  
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,  
White as the locks on which it sat.  
Never had such a sight been seen  
For forty years on the village green,  
Since old John Burns was a country beau,  
And went to the “ quiltings ” long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day,  
Veterans of the Peninsula,  
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away ;  
And striplings, downy of lip and chin, —  
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in, —

Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,  
Then at the rifle his right hand bore ;  
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,  
With scraps of a slangy *répertoire* :  
“ How are you, White Hat ? ” “ Put her through.”  
“ Your head ’s level,” and “ Bully for you ! ”  
Called him “ Daddy,” — begged he’d disclose  
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,  
And what was the value he set on those ;  
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,  
Stood there picking the rebels off, —  
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crown hat,  
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

’Twas but a moment, for that respect  
Which clothes all courage their voices checked,  
And something the wildest could understand  
Spake in the old man’s strong right hand ;  
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown  
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown ;  
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe  
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw  
In the antique vestments and long white hair,  
The Past of the Nation in battle there ;  
And some of the soldiers since declare  
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,  
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,  
That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest :  
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed

Broke at the final charge and ran.  
 At which John Burns — a practical man —  
 Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,  
 And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns :  
 This is the moral the reader learns :  
 In fighting the battle, the question 's whether  
 You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather !



## Questions of the Hour.

*Sarah M. B. Piatt.*



O angels wear white dresses, say ?  
 Always, or only in the summer ? Do  
 Their birthdays have to come like mine, in May ?  
 Do they have scarlet sashes then, or blue ?

“ When little Jessie died last night,  
 How could she walk to Heaven — it is so far ?  
 How did she find the way without a light ?  
 There wasn't even any moon or star.

“ Will she have red or golden wings ?  
 Then will she have to be a bird, and fly ?  
 Do they take men like presidents and kings  
 In hearses with black plumes clear to the sky ?



“ How old is God ? Has he gray hair ?  
Can he see yet ? Where did he have to stay  
Before — you know — he had made — Anywhere ?  
Who does he pray to — when he has to pray ?

“ How many drops are in the sea ?  
How many stars ? — well, then, you ought to know  
How many flowers are on an apple-tree ?  
How does the wind look when it doesn't blow ?

“ Where does the rainbow end ? And why  
Did — Captain Kidd — bury the gold there ? When  
Will this world burn ? And will the firemen try  
To put the fire out with the engines then ?

“ If you should ever die, may we  
Have pumpkins growing in the garden, so  
My fairy godmother can come for me,  
When there's a prince's ball, and let me go ?


“ Read Cinderella just once more —  
What makes — men's other wives — so mean ? ” I know  
That I was tired, it may be cross, before  
I shut the painted book for her to go.

Hours later, from a child's white bed  
I heard the timid, last queer question start :  
“ Mamma, are you — my stepmother ? ” it said.  
The innocent reproof crept to my heart.



## The Doorstep.

*E. C. Stedman.*

 HE conference-meeting through at last,  
We boys around the vestry waited  
To see the girls come tripping past  
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.  
Not braver he that leaps the wall  
By level musket-flashes litten,  
Than I, who stepped before them all  
Who longed to see me get the mitten

But no ; she blushed and took my arm !  
We let the old folks have the highway,  
And started toward the Maple Farm  
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,  
'Twas nothing worth a song or story ;  
Yet that rude path by which we sped  
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,  
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming ;  
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,  
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff, —  
O sculptor, if you could but mould it!  
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,  
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone, —  
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended.  
At last we reached the foot-worn stone  
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home ;  
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered,  
We heard the voices nearer come,  
Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,  
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,  
But yet I knew she understood  
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,  
The moon was slyly peeping through it,  
Yet hid its face, as if it said,  
"Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known  
The kiss of mother and of sister,  
But somehow, full upon her own  
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth, — I kissed her

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still, —  
O listless woman, weary lover! —  
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill  
I'd give — but who can live youth over?

## Larvæ.

*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

Y little maiden of four years old —  
 No myth, but a genuine child is she,  
 With her bronze-brown eyes and her curls of  
 gold —  
 Came, quite in disgust, one day to me.

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm,  
 As the loathsome touch seemed yet to thrill her,  
 She cried, “O mother! I found on my arm  
 A horrible, crawling caterpillar!”

And with mischievous smile she could scarcely smother,  
 Yet a glance in its daring half awed and shy,  
 She added, “While they were about it, mother,  
 I wish they’d just finished the butterfly!”


They were words to the thought of the soul that turns  
 From the coarser form of a partial growth,  
 Reproaching the infinite patience that yearns  
 With an unknown glory to crown them both.

Ah, look thou largely, with lenient eyes,  
 On whatso beside thee may creep and cling,  
 For the possible glory that underlies  
 The passing phase of the meanest thing!

What if God’s great angels, whose waiting love  
 Beholdeth our pitiful life below  
 From the holy height of their heaven above,  
 Couldn’t bear with the worm till the wings should grow?

## Spinning.

*Helen Fiske Hunt.*

IKE a blind spinner in the sun,  
I tread my days ;  
I know that all the threads will run  
Appointed ways ;  
I know each day will bring its task,  
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name  
Of that I spin ;  
I only know that some one came,  
And laid within  
My hand the thread, and said, " Since you  
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast  
And tangled fly,  
I know wild storms are sweeping past,  
And fear that I  
Shall fall ; but dare not try to find  
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure  
That tint and place,  
In some great fabric to endure  
Past time and race  
My threads will have ; so from the first,  
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung  
 From one short word  
 Said over me when I was young —  
 So young I heard  
 It, knowing not that God's name signed  
 My brow, and sealed me his, though blind.


But whether this be seal or sign  
 Within, without,  
 It matters not. The bond divine  
 I never doubt.  
 I know He set me here, and still,  
 And glad, and blind, I wait His will; —

But listen, listen, day by day,  
 To hear their tread  
 Who bear the finished web away,  
 And cut the thread,  
 And bring God's message in the sun:  
 "Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

---

### The Ballad of Babie Bell.

*T. B. Aldrich.*

AVE you not heard the poets tell  
 How came the dainty Babie Bell  
 Into this world of ours?  
 The gates of heaven were left ajar:  
 With folded hands and dreamy eyes,  
 Wandering out of Paradise,  
 She saw this planet, like a star.

Hung in the glistening depths of even, —  
Its bridges, running to and fro,  
O'er which the white-winged Angels go,  
    Bearing the holy Dead to heaven.

She touched a bridge of flowers, — those feet  
So ligh they did not bend the bells  
Of the celestial asphodels!  
They fell like dew upon the flowers,  
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!  
And thus came dainty Babie Bell.  
    Into this world of ours.

She came and brought delicious May,  
    The swallows built beneath the eaves; . . .  
    Like sunlight in and out the leaves,  
The robins went the livelong day;  
The lily swung its noiseless bell,  
    And o'er the porch the trembling vine  
    Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.  
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!  
O, earth was full of singing-birds,  
And opening spring-tide flowers,  
When the dainty Babie Bell  
    Came to this world of ours!

O Babie, dainty Babie Bell,  
How fair she grew from day to day!  
    What woman-nature filled her eyes,  
    What poetry within them lay:  
    Those deep and tender twilight eyes,

So full of meaning, pure and bright  
As if she yet stood in the light  
Of those oped gates of Paradise.  
And so we loved her more and more :  
Ah, never in our hearts before  
Was love so lovely born :  
We felt we had a link between  
This real world and that unseen, —  
The land beyond the morn.  
And for the love of those dear eyes,  
For love of her whom God led forth,  
(The mother's being ceased on earth  
When Babie came from Paradise,) —  
For love of Him who smote our lives,  
And woke the chords of joy and pain,  
We said, *Dear Christ!* — Our hearts bent down  
Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white  
And red with blossoms when she came,  
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime :  
The clustered apples burnt like flame,  
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,  
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,  
The grapes hung purpling in the grange :  
And time wrought just as rich a change  
In little Babie Bell.  
Her lissome form more perfect grew,  
And in her features we could trace,  
In softened curves, her mother's face !  
Her angel-nature ripened too.



---

We thought her lovely when she came,  
But she was holy, saintly now . . .  
Around her pale angelic brow  
We saw a slender ring of flame!

God's hand had taken away the seal  
That held the portals of her speech;  
And oft she said a few strange words  
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.  
She never was a child to us,  
We never held her being's key;  
We could not teach her holy things:  
She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees:  
We saw its shadow ere it fell,  
The knowledge that our God had sent  
His messenger for Babie Bell.  
We shuddered with unlanguage'd pain,  
And all our hopes were changed to fears,  
And all our thoughts ran into tears  
Like sunshine into rain.  
We cried aloud in our belief,  
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!  
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,  
And perfect grow through grief."  
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;  
Her heart was folded deep in ours.  
Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,  
 The messenger from unseen lands :  
 And what did dainty Babie Bell ?  
 She only crossed her little hands,  
 She only looked more meek and fair !  
 We parted back her silken hair :  
 We wove the roses round her brow,  
 White buds, the summer's drifted snow, —  
 Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers !  
 And thus went dainty Babie Bell  
 Out of this world of ours !



### Bust of Dante.

*Thomas W. Parsons.*



SEE, from this counterfeit of him  
 Whom Arno shall remember long,  
 How stern of lineament, how grim,  
 The father was of Tuscan song.  
 There but the burning sense of wrong,  
 Perpetual care and scorn, abide ;  
 Small friendship for the lordly throng ;  
 Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,  
 No dream his life was — but a fight.  
 Could any Beatrice see  
 A lover in that anchorite ?

---

To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight  
Who could have guessed the visions came  
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,  
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,  
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,  
The rigid front, almost morose,  
But for the patient's hope within,  
Declare a life whose course hath been  
Unsullied still, though still severe,  
Which, through the wavering days of sin,  
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look  
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,  
With no companion save his book,  
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;  
Where, as the Benedictine laid  
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,  
The single boon for which he prayed  
The convent's charity was rest.

Peace dwells not here — this rugged face  
Betrays no spirit of repose;  
The sullen warrior sole we trace,  
The marble man of many woes.  
Such was his mien when first arose  
The thought of that strange tale divine,  
When hell he peopled with his foes,  
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all  
The tyrant canker-worms of earth ;  
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,  
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth ;  
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth ;  
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime ;  
But valiant souls of knightly worth  
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time ! whose verdicts mock our own,  
The only righteous judge art thou ;  
That poor old exile, sad and lone,  
Is Latium's other VIRGIL now :  
Before his name the nations bow ;  
His words are parcel of mankind,  
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,  
The marks have sunk of DANTE's mind.



# INDEX TO FIRST LINES.



## A.

	PAGE
Announced by all the trumpets of the sky . . . . .	43
As unto the bow the cord is . . . . .	45
An ardent spirit dwells with Christian love . . . . .	59
A night had passed away among the hills . . . . .	87
Away and away, o'er the deep sounding tide . . . . .	103
A ruined city! In the heart . . . . .	109
A rock there is whose homely front . . . . .	126
Art thou the same mysterious traveller . . . . .	135
A life of struggle, grief, and pain . . . . .	137
All day long, with a vacant stare . . . . .	151
Another little wave upon the sea of life . . . . .	169
As twilight fades upon the west . . . . .	170
Awake thy cloud-harp, angel of the rain! . . . . .	186
All in a moment, through the gloom were seen . . . . .	193
And thou remembered Sagamore . . . . .	194
Admiring Nature in her wildest grace . . . . .	195
As angels sport amid the stars . . . . .	221
A mighty and a mingled throng . . . . .	225
A father sat by the chimney-post . . . . .	233
As some fair violet, loveliest of the glade . . . . .	238
All night the booming minute-gun . . . . .	246
As one without a friend, one summer eve . . . . .	257
Among the joys, 'tis one at eve to sail . . . . .	266
A little rose bloomed in the way . . . . .	280
An easy task it is to tread . . . . .	286
A freedom is a nobill thing . . . . .	325
And is there care in heaven . . . . .	326
And thou hast stolen a jewel, Death! . . . . .	352
A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers . . . . .	371

Among the beautiful pictures . . . . .	383
Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase . . . . .	394
A fragment of a rainbow bright . . . . .	398

**B.**

But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad? . . . . .	61
Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board . . . . .	121
Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead! . . . . .	376
Between the dark and the daylight . . . . .	380
Break, break, break . . . . .	406
Before the stout harvesters falleth the grain . . . . .	416

**C.**

Count not thy life by calendars; for years . . . . .	68
Call it not vain; they do not err . . . . .	291
Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas . . . . .	402

**D.**

Domestic love! not in proud palace halls . . . . .	29
Down to the vale this water steers . . . . .	78
Disasters come not singly . . . . .	201
Do not crouch to-day, and worship . . . . .	386
Do angels wear white dresses, say? . . . . .	436

**E.**

Electric essence permeates the air . . . . .	289
--	-----

**F.**

Fleety hath passed the year; the seasons came . . . . .	37
Found dead! dead and alone . . . . .	65
From harmony, from heavenly harmony . . . . .	101
Freshly the cool breath of the coming eve . . . . .	113
Father of Light, great God of Heaven . . . . .	146
Fame, wisdom, love, and power were mine . . . . .	206
Fly fro the prease, and dwell with sothfastnesse . . . . .	324
Fair pledges of a fruitful tree . . . . .	328
Friends of faces unknown, and a land . . . . .	399
Fair daffodils, we weep to see . . . . .	419

**G.**

God bless the little feet that never go astray . . . . .	90
God bless our father land . . . . .	271

## H.

How beautiful is night . . . . .	42
Heaven opened wide her ever-during gates . . . . .	71
Here's to the Hero of Moultrie . . . . .	132
His words seemed oracles . . . . .	171
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank . . . . .	290
Hear the sledges with the bells . . . . .	388
How beautiful is the rain . . . . .	392
Have you heard the story that gossips tell . . . . .	432
Have you not heard the poets tell . . . . .	442

## I.

In what rich harmony, what polished lays . . . . .	22
I wandered lonely as a cloud . . . . .	28
I walked with him one melancholy night . . . . .	40
I love my God, my country, kind and kin . . . . .	62
I had a dream, which was not all a dream . . . . .	73
I came, but she was gone . . . . .	79
I met a girl the other day . . . . .	83
It is sad to see the light of beauty wane away . . . . .	86
Is there, for honest poverty . . . . .	123
In the west, the weary day . . . . .	148
In the little southern parlor of the house you may have seen . . . . .	166
I arise from dreams of thee . . . . .	183
I fill this cup to one made up . . . . .	184
I'll woo thee, world, again . . . . .	187
It fades! it shifts! and appears . . . . .	190
I saw her in the festive halls . . . . .	202
I saw a pale young orphan boy . . . . .	215
If thou hast ever felt that all on earth . . . . .	216
I stand on the brink of a river . . . . .	226
I am not — I cannot be old . . . . .	231
I love thy singing, sacred as the sound of hymns . . . . .	258
In the quarries should you toil . . . . .	259
I saw her when life's tide was high . . . . .	260
I have tasted each varied pleasure . . . . .	262
I hold that Christian grace abounds . . . . .	279
I said to Time, "This venerable pile . . . . .	281
If the road grow dark before you reach . . . . .	297
I remember, I remember, the house where I was born . . . . .	303
It was the autumn of the year . . . . .	306
I saw a little girl . . . . .	312
I heard a gentle maiden, in the spring . . . . .	319
I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone . . . . .	336

I've wandered east, I've wandered west . . . . .	339
I too am changed — I scarce know why . . . . .	343
I know not that the men of old . . . . .	349
I leaned out of window, I smelt the white clover . . . . .	375
It was the schooner Hesperus . . . . .	412
Into the sunshine . . . . .	420
It is not growing like a tree . . . . .	422
I do not own an inch of land . . . . .	428
I wandered by the brook-side . . . . .	431

## K.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one . . . . .	124
--	-----

## L.

Look Nature through, 'tis revolution all . . . . .	64
Like a gale that sighs along . . . . .	178
Let Fate do her worst; there are relics of Joy . . . . .	214
Lost! lost! lost! a gem of countless price . . . . .	245
Love is too great a happiness . . . . .	330
Launch thy bark, mariner . . . . .	331
Little thinks in the field, yon red-cloaked clown . . . . .	384
Life, we've been long together . . . . .	422
Like a blind spinner in the sun . . . . .	441

## M.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage . . . . .	23
Minutely trace man's life . . . . .	39
My loved, my honored, much respected friend . . . . .	91
Man knows not love — such love as woman feels . . . . .	138
My gun shines in the misty air . . . . .	229
Maud Muller on a summer's day . . . . .	240
Men of thought! be up, and stirring . . . . .	350
Mother of our own dear mother . . . . .	354
My friend, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime . . . . .	408
My little maiden of four years old . . . . .	440

## N.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray . . . . .	27
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note . . . . .	35
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled . . . . .	159
Not where the chimes of the Sabbath bell . . . . .	268
No specious splendor of this stone . . . . .	270
No bird-song floated down the hill . . . . .	318
No stir in the air, no stir in the sea . . . . .	395
Nothing resting in its own completeness . . . . .	407



## O.

O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause . . . . .	44
One year ago—a ringing voice . . . . .	66
Once in the flight of ages past . . . . .	81
O Nature! all thy seasons please the eye . . . . .	118
O'er the river they beckon to me . . . . .	128
One heart 's enough for me . . . . .	134
One more unfortunate . . . . .	139
O saw ye not fair Ines? . . . . .	162
Once upon a midnight dreary . . . . .	172
O the long and dreary Winter . . . . .	196
O that the chemist's magic art . . . . .	207
O not by graves should tears be shed . . . . .	212
Our life is comely as a whole . . . . .	239
O thou vast Ocean! ever-sounding Sea! . . . . .	338
Oh! why left I my home? . . . . .	342
O Mary, go and call the cattle home . . . . .	411

## P.

Press on! surmount the rocky steeps . . . . .	69
---	----

## R.

Ring, joyous chords!—ring out again . . . . .	57
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky . . . . .	403

## S.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain . . . . .	25
She stood like an angel just wandered from heaven . . . . .	54
See! how he strives to rescue from the flood . . . . .	60
Stately yon vessel sails adown the tide . . . . .	77
Speak gently; in this world of ours . . . . .	85
Somewhat back from the village street . . . . .	111
Stern land! we love thy woods and rocks . . . . .	191
Such let me seem till such I be . . . . .	204
So live, that when thy summons comes to join . . . . .	244
She twirled the string of golden beads . . . . .	293
She blossomed in the country . . . . .	299
She comes with fairy footsteps . . . . .	320
Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright . . . . .	329
Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? . . . . .	332
Speak! speak! thou fearful guest! . . . . .	357
Strive; yet I do not promise . . . . .	404
See, from this counterfeit of him . . . . .	446

## T.

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops . . . . .	20
The gayets hours trip lightly by . . . . .	21
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day . . . . .	30
The tear down Childhood's cheek that flows . . . . .	36
The groves were God's first temples . . . . .	38
To give a cup of water; yet its draught . . . . .	41
The violet loves a sunny bank . . . . .	70
Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light . . . . .	84
To be, or not to be, that is the question . . . . .	98
There are in this rude stunning tide . . . . .	99
The trumpet's voice hath roused the land . . . . .	100
This ancient silver bowl of mine . . . . .	104
The chestnuts shine through the cloven rind . . . . .	107
These, as they change, Almighty Father, these . . . . .	119
There is a pleasure in the pathless woods . . . . .	122
Two hundred years! — two hundred years . . . . .	133
The poet dreamt of Heaven . . . . .	143
The pathway of the sinking moon . . . . .	144
The soul, secure in her existence, smiles . . . . .	145
Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean . . . . .	150
The night wind with a desolate moan swept by . . . . .	153
'Tis summer eve, when heaven's ethereal bow . . . . .	157
There, through the long, long summer hours . . . . .	158
They grew in beauty side by side . . . . .	164
The spark of life is like a spark of fire . . . . .	165
The melancholy days are come . . . . .	188
'Twas a summery day in the last of May . . . . .	192
There is a little mystic clock . . . . .	208
There's not a cheaper thing on earth . . . . .	213
The day is done, and the darkness . . . . .	223
There are gains for all our losses . . . . .	228
'Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed . . . . .	234
There are moments in life that are never forgot . . . . .	235
Three pairs of dimpled arms, as white as snow . . . . .	237
Then came the mad retreat; the whirlwind snows . . . . .	248
The shadows lay along Broadway . . . . .	252
'Tis early dawn — and all around . . . . .	254
The fountains mingle with the river . . . . .	256
The breeze blew fair, the waving sea . . . . .	263
The world, dear John, as the old folks told us . . . . .	265
True happiness had no localities . . . . .	269
'Tis not for man to trifle; life is brief . . . . .	272
There is in life no blessing like affection . . . . .	278

'Twas in the summer time so sweet . . . . .	283
There's a little low hut by the river side . . . . .	287
Thou hast been where the rocks of coral grow . . . . .	295
The ports of death are sins; of life, good deeds . . . . .	298
'Twas a sunny day, and the morning psalm . . . . .	300
The soul of music slumbers in the shell . . . . .	304
The old year is passing away, Maud . . . . .	305
There is no charm in time . . . . .	308
The feast is o'er! Now brimming wine . . . . .	309
The bell strikes one; we take no note of time . . . . .	311
The old man sat by the chimney side . . . . .	313
'Tis past: the iron North has spent his rage . . . . .	315
There was a feast that night . . . . .	318
There breathes no being but has some pretence . . . . .	322
There all the happy souls that ever were . . . . .	327
There is a land, of every land the pride . . . . .	337
Then out spake brave Horatius . . . . .	345
The bonnie, bonnie bairn, sits pokin' in the ase . . . . .	347
To bear, to nurse, to rear . . . . .	378
Two hands upon the breast . . . . .	410
The warm sun is failing . . . . .	418
The time for toil has passed, and night has come . . . . .	424
This is the ship of pearl which, poets feign . . . . .	425
The muse disgusted at an age and clime . . . . .	427
The conference-meeting through at last . . . . .	438

## U.

Upon thy pictured lineaments I looked . . . . .	185
---	-----

## W.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long . . . . .	17
When I am old — and O how soon . . . . .	55
We love the well-beloved place . . . . .	63
Who are the nobles of the earth . . . . .	76
We watched her breathing through the night . . . . .	89
Where, where are all the birds that sang . . . . .	108
When my last sunset is under a cloud . . . . .	131
We were crowded in the cabin . . . . .	142
Wouldst thou live long? The only means are these . . . . .	161
Walk with the Beautiful and with the Grand . . . . .	168
When all the fiercer passions cease . . . . .	179
What is the bigot's torch the tyrant's chain . . . . .	205
When gentle Twilight sits . . . . .	210
When Life his lusty course began . . . . .	218

We do not make our thoughts; they grow in us . . . . .	224
We call it hallowed ground . . . . .	236
When chill November's surly blast . . . . .	249
We live in deeds, not years . . . . .	253
Why do I weep? to leave the vine! . . . . .	284
When from the sacred garden driven . . . . .	302
What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman . . . . .	323
When Britain first at Heaven's command . . . . .	334
We met—'twas in a crowd . . . . .	344
When a deed is done for Freedom . . . . .	363
When the radiant morn of creation broke . . . . .	369
When God at first made man . . . . .	406
Without haste! without rest! . . . . .	423

## Y.

Young bride, — a wreath for thee . . . . .	120
Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun . . . . .	125
Yet sometimes, in the gay and noisy street . . . . .	130
You must wake and call me early . . . . .	273
You see the slender spire that peers . . . . .	285
Youth that pursuest with such eager pace . . . . .	382
You are old, Father William, the young man cried . . . . .	417





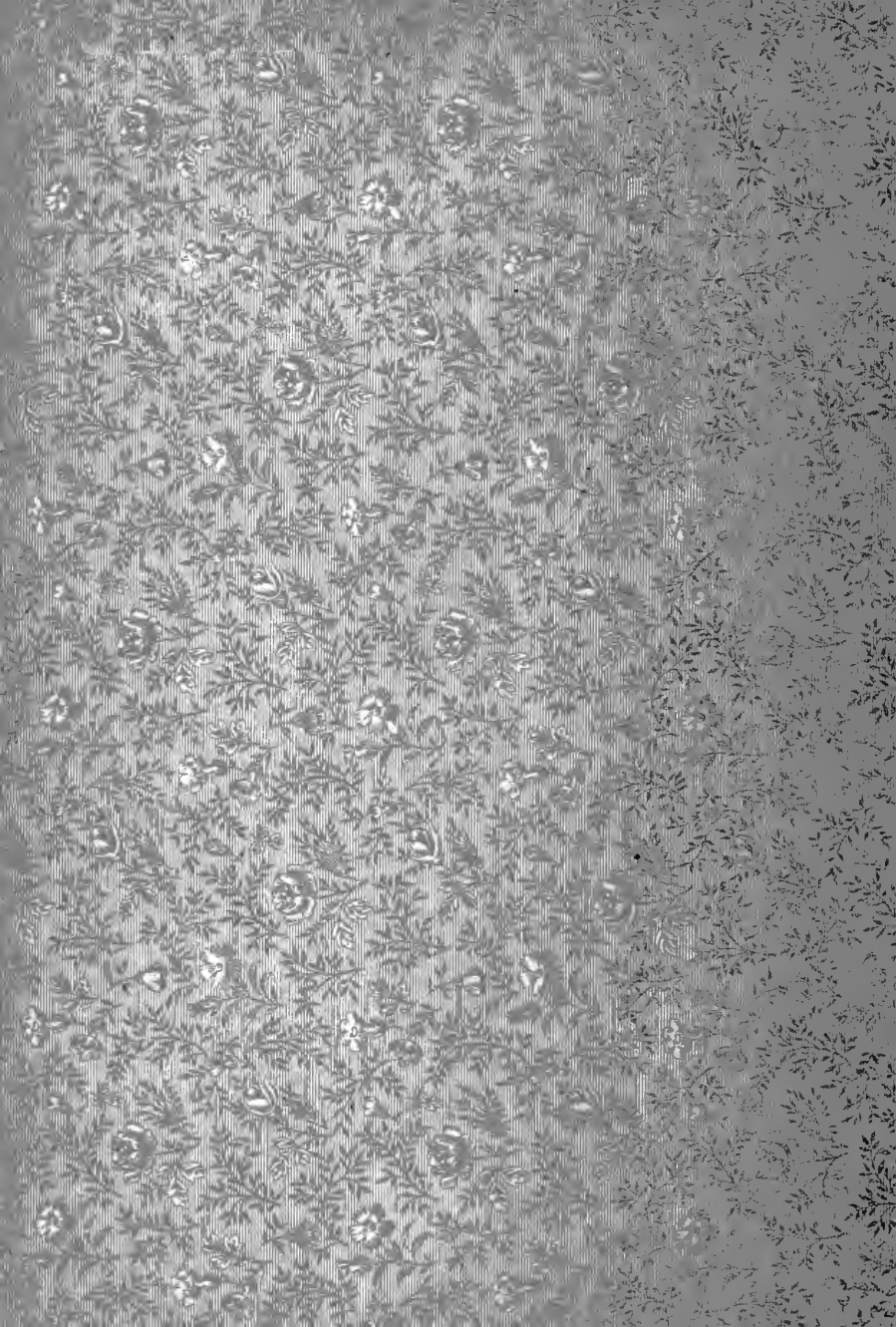


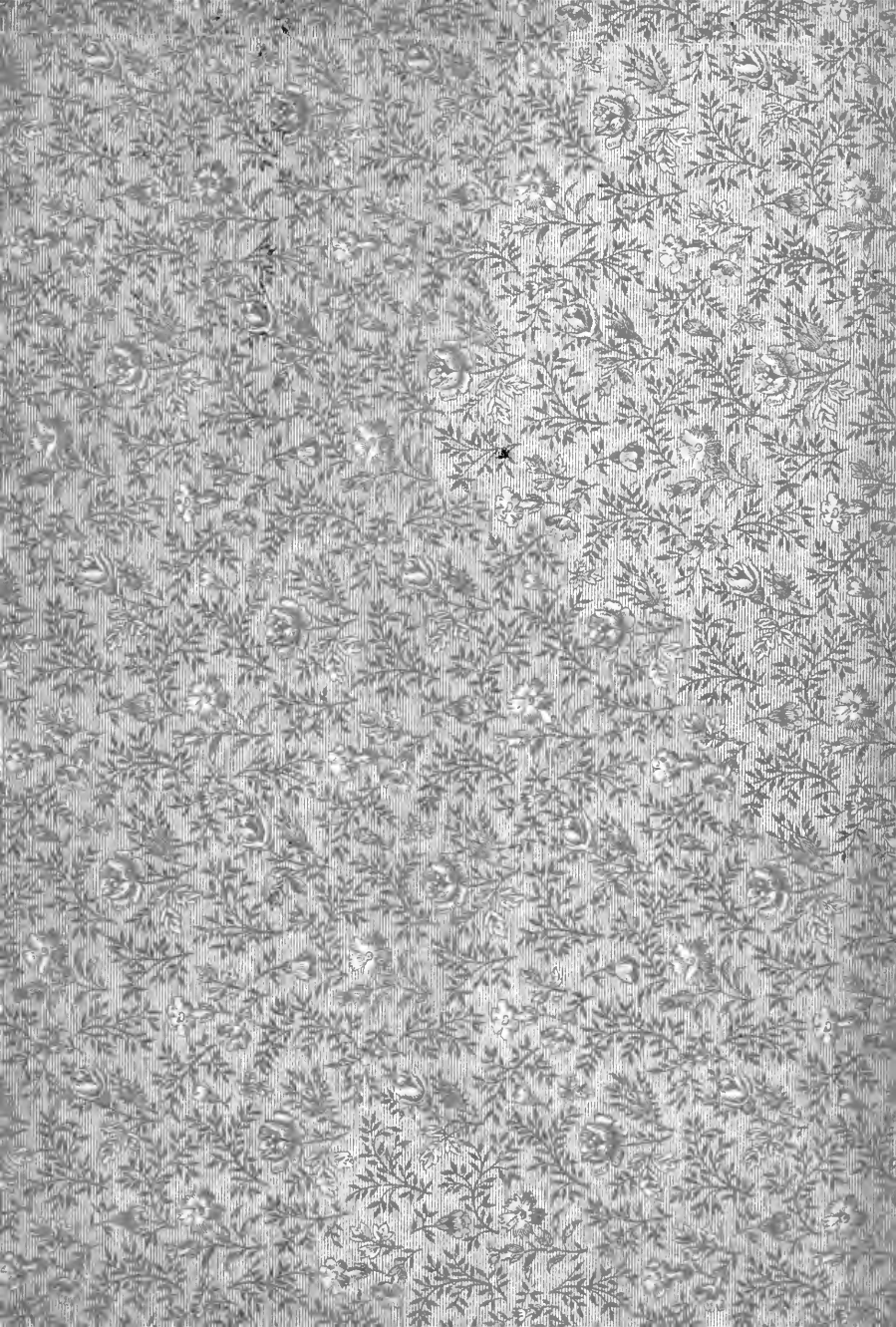














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